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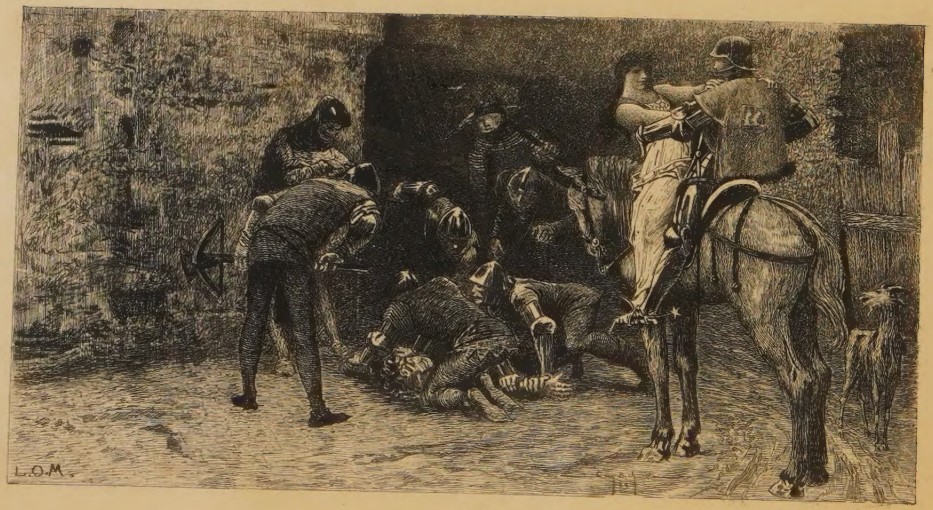
THE NOVELS

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

OF

VICTOR HUGO


L.O.M.

The gypsy gracefully gained her seat upon the officer's saddle, rested both her hands upon the young man's shoulders, and looked fixedly at him for a few seconds * *

—Notre-Dame of Paris, Vol. I., 53.

The Bankers Library Edition
Notre-Dame
PQ 2388 .N6 E5 vol. 1.

PQ
2288
.N6
E5
vol. 1

The Buckner Library Edition

Notre-Dame of Paris

by

Victor Hugo

WITH ETCHINGS

NEW YORK AND BOSTON
E. B. HALL & CO., INCORPORATED
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NOTE

Of the many English translations of *Notre-Dame of Paris* that have appeared, none has been deemed quite suitable for the present illustrated edition. Victor Hugo is one of the masters of literature whose themes are especially difficult to render in a foreign tongue. If translated too literally, the English becomes harsh, disconnected; if rendered into modern, well-rounded phrases, the virility, the peculiar historical accent, disappear. In *Notre-Dame of Paris*, the mediæval Latin flavor, the intimate knowledge of the times, the manners and customs, the old Paris,—the distinguishing characteristics of this effort of genius which have revived for us, like a phantasmagoria, the life of the fifteenth century,—difficult enough for a master of modern French, are still more difficult to render in modern English. In the necessary fidelity to this supreme characteristic a single word, an accent, is of value,—it behooves the translator to consider his quantities even more carefully, if

possible, than did the author himself,—working as he does in an alien tongue as well as an alien time. It is with this conception of his task that the present translator has endeavored to accomplish it.

Quotations in Latin, Spanish and other languages are translated. The notes added at the end of the volume, it is hoped, will aid the reader in setting before himself still more clearly this presentation of mediæval life,—so veracious, though clothed in the garb of fiction.

J. Carroll Beckwith.

Sherwood Studios,
New York.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

A few years ago while visiting or, to speak more properly, exploring Notre-Dame, the author of this book discovered in a dark recess of one of the towers the following word carved on the wall:

ΑΝΑΓΚΗ

Those Greek capitals, black with age and cut pretty deep into the stone—a certain Gothic peculiarity of form and attitude, showing them to have been the work of some hand of the Middle Ages—and, above all, their grim and fatal meaning (DOOM)—impressed the author profoundly.

Whose, he questioned himself, whose, he strove to conjecture, could be the soul in pain that was unwilling to quit this world without leaving behind such a vivid record of crime or of misfortune stamped on the walls of the old church?

Since that time, these walls have been whitewashed or rubbed smooth—I forget which—and the inscription has disappeared. This is in fact how the wonderful churches of the Middle Ages have been treated for the last two hundred years. Mutilation attacks them from all quarters—from within as well as from without: they are whitewashed by the priest, curry-combed by the architect, and demolished by the mob.

Hence, save the perishing memoir here devoted to it by the author of this book, nothing remains to-day of the mysterious word cut in the gloomy tower of Notre-Dame, nothing of the unknown destiny that it summarized so mournfully. The man that wrote the word upon the wall vanished centuries ago from the midst of the generations; the word in its turn vanished from the walls of the church; and the church itself, perhaps soon, will vanish forever from the face of the earth.

That word was the text upon which this book has been written.

FEBRUARY, 1831.

NOTE ADDED TO THE EDITION OF 1832

Through some misunderstanding the announcement has been made that this edition was to be enlarged by several "new" chapters. "Unpublished" is the proper word. For, if "new" means "lately written," the chapters added to this edition are anything but "new." They were written when the rest of the work was written; they date from the same epoch, have sprung from the same thought, and have at all times formed portion of the manuscript of *Notre-Dame of Paris.*

Besides, the author fails to understand how new developments *can* be added to a work of this kind. Such a work is not to be manufactured to order. A romance is *born* into the world, so to speak, complete with all its chapters, a drama complete in all its scenes. You must not suppose that it is a mere question of convenience to decide what number of parts shall combine to make this *whole,* this mysterious microcosm that you call a drama or a

romance. Grafting, mortising, soldering, patching of any kind, is here totally out of place. Such works should spring forth at one bound, and then stay as they are for good and all. Once it is made, the thing admits of no revising, no retouching. The book once published, the sex, virile or not, once recognized and proclaimed, the babe's cry once heard, it is born—there it is—such as it is—father or mother can no longer better it—it is in the world—in the sun and air—let it take its chances to live or die!

Has your book missed? Don't add chapters then to a miscarriage. Is it incomplete? You should have completed it while you were at it. Has your tree grown up crooked? Never more will come the time to straighten it. Is your novel consumptive, droopy, unable to live? The vital air that it needs it is now too late to supply. Does your drama limp? It won't move the better for a wooden leg.

The author is therefore particularly desirous to have the public aware of the fact that the chapters now added have not been written expressly for this edition. It is for a very simple reason that they have not appeared before. Just as the printers were busy at the first edition of *Notre-Dame*, a small package containing three chapters of the story was

mislaid and could not be found. What was to be done? Write them over again, or let them go? The author began to reflect that the only two of these chapters long enough to be of any importance treated exclusively of art and history, and therefore in no way whatever affected the march of the drama; that the public could never notice any omission; and that he himself, the author, was the only one that would ever know the secret of the missing links. Therefore he concluded to let the chapters go. Besides, since all must be known, his laziness shrank from the task of rewriting three lost chapters. To write a new work would be far easier.

These chapters — the last one of Book Fourth, and the whole of Book Fifth—are, however, now recovered, and he takes the first opportunity to insert them in their proper place.

The reader has therefore the whole work now before him, such as the author dreamed it, such as he wrote it, good or bad, lasting or short-lived, such in fact as he wished it to be.

It is not to be doubted that these recovered chapters will find little value in the eyes of such readers as—with no imputation on their taste or judgment—will never look for more in *Notre-Dame* than the run of the action and

the development of the plot. But there are possibly other readers who will not deem it useless to study the hidden æstheticism and philosophy of the book, who, while reading *Notre-Dame*, will take pleasure in detecting under the guise of romance something very different from romance, and will be delighted to pursue through the fanciful vision of the poet—pardon such conceited expressions—the ever-present system of the historian and the constant aim of the artist.

It is for this second class of readers especially that the chapters added to this edition will complete *Notre-Dame*, admitting that it is worth completing.

In one of these chapters—that treating on the present decline of architecture and the impending death of this prince of arts—the author expresses and develops an opinion which he has carefully reflected over, so that unfortunately it has now become a fixed one—though of course he earnestly hopes that the future will prove him to be wrong. He does not deny that art, in each and every one of its various forms, has everything to hope for from the rising generations, whose budding genius we can already witness in our studios and workshops. The grain is indeed in the furrow, and the harvest should be a plentiful one. Only —here is his opinion, examine the second

volume of this edition for his reason—he is afraid that the sap has altogether left the old architectural soil that had been for many centuries art's best nursery.

Still, our young artists of to-day are so full of life, power, of predestination, so to speak, that, especially in the present schools of architecture, the professors, who are the worst possible, sometimes send forth, not only unknown to themselves but even in spite of themselves, most excellent pupils—precisely the contrary to Horace's potter who wished to make vases, but could never get beyond a saucepan—*Currit rota, urceus exit* (the wheel turns and turns, all that comes out is a pipkin).

But whatever the future of architecture may be, in whatever way our young artists may solve the question finally, it is the duty of us outsiders while waiting for new monuments to be careful to preserve the old. If at all possible, let us inspire the nation with a love for the architecture of the nation. This the author candidly declares to be the principal object of his book, one of the principal aims of his life.

Notre-Dame of Paris has already given perhaps some correct notions regarding art in the Middle Ages, that wonderful art so little known by some and, worst still, so misknown by others. But the author by no means

considers his self-imposed task as finished. Far from it. Often as he has pleaded the cause of our old architecture, loudly as he has denounced the profanations, the demolitions, the impieties to which it has been subjected, he will do so again. He has pledged himself to return often to the question, and often he will return. He will be just as unflinching in defending our historic buildings as the iconoclasts of our schools and academies have been rabid in attacking them. It is extremely painful to see into what hands the architecture of the Middle Ages has fallen and to watch how the "plaster-slashers" of the present day are treating the wrecks of this majestic art. It is even worse than painful. It is disgraceful for us intelligent men to look on calmly while this is done, or at most to show our dissatisfaction by merely hooting at the transgressors. For I speak not only of what is going on in the provinces, but of what takes place every day at our doors, before our windows, in Paris, in the "great" city, the literary city, the city of the press, of language, of thought!

To conclude this note, I must record in black and white a few of the acts of vandalism that are every day projected, debated, started, continued, and carried out to the bitter end, under our very eyes, under the eyes of all

lovers of art, under the eyes of our critics, apparently paralyzed and struck dumb at the audacity. When we pulled down the archbishop's palace, we perhaps did no great harm, the building being one of rather poor taste. But the mischief was that the very same blow destroyed the bishop's palace also, a rare and precious waif of the fourteenth century. The vandal architect never saw the difference. He pulled up good grain, tares and all. As to which was which he neither knew nor cared.

They are talking of demolishing the admirable chapel of Vincennes and using its stones for some fortification—without Daumesnil even asking for such a thing. That wreck, the Bourbon Palace, we are repairing and restoring at immense expense, and at the same time we allow the magnificent stained glass windows of the Sainte Chapelle to be ruined by continued exposure to the equinoctial gales. For some days past we have seen scaffolding on the tower of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, and one of these mornings we shall find the pickax there busy at its work. One mason has built a white cottage between the venerable towers of the Palace of Justice; another has mutilated Saint Germain des Près, the feudal abbey of three belfries; a third is ready and willing to tear down Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and all these masons—they call

themselves architects—are paid by the State, or by the royal purse, and they wear green coats. Every injury that false taste can inflict on correct taste these "architects" are guilty of. Even while I am writing, one of them is omnipotent in the Tuileries, where he has left an ugly scar on the face of Philibert Delorme by striking him right between the two eyes. It is certainly one of the most intolerable grievances of our day to witness the effrontery with which this gentleman's "architecture" has presumed to waddle over one of the most delicate façades of the Renaissance!

PARIS, October 20, 1832.

BOOK ONE

BOOK I.

I.

THE GREAT HALL

One morning, three hundred and forty-eight years, six months and nineteen days ago, the Parisians were awakened by a grand peal from all the bells, within the triple enclosure of the City, the University and the Town.

Yet the 6th of January, 1482, was not a day of which history has preserved any record. There was nothing remarkable in the event that so early in the morning set in commotion the bells and the bourgeois of Paris. It was neither a sudden attack made by Picards or by Burgundians; nor a shrine carried in procession; nor a student fight in the city of Laas; nor the entry of "our most dread lord the King;" nor even a goodly stringing up of thieves, male and female, on the Place de la Justice. Nor was it a sudden arrival, so common in the fifteenth century, of some ambassador and his train, all belaced and beplumed. Only about two days ago, indeed, the last cavalcade of this kind, Flemish envoys commissioned to conclude the marriage treaty

between the young dauphin and Margaret of Flanders, had made entry into Paris, to the great annoyance of Cardinal Bourbon. To please the king, his Eminence had undertaken to give gracious reception to the rough crowd of Flemish burgomasters, and to entertain them at his Hôtel de Bourbon with a "very fine morality, burletta and farce," whilst a beating rain was all the time drenching his magnificent tapestries at his portals.

But on this 6th of January, what "set in motion the whole *populaire* of Paris," as Jehan of Troyes, the old chronicler, phrases it, was the fact of its being a double holiday, united since time immemorial—the Epiphany, or Feast of the Kings, and the *Fête des fous*, or Feast of the Fools. To celebrate such a day there was to be a bonfire kindled on the Place de Grève, a maypole raised at the Chapelle de Braque, and a mystery performed in the Palace of Justice. Proclamation had been made the evening before, to the sound of the trumpet, in all the public squares by the provost's men in fine coats of purple camlet, with great white crosses on the breast.

Crowds of people had accordingly been flocking all the morning, their houses and shops shut up, from all quarters of the town towards one of the three places appointed. Everyone had made his selection—the bon-

fire, the maypole, or the mystery. Thanks to the good common sense so characteristic of the Parisian sight-seers, the greater part of the multitude directed their steps either towards the bonfire, which was quite in season, or towards the mystery, which was to be performed in the Grande Salle, or great hall of the Palace of Justice, well roofed and well sheltered—wisely leaving the poor, ill-garlanded maypole to shiver all alone under a January sky in the cemetery of the Chapelle de Braque.

The greatest crowds, however, were to be found on the approaches to the Palace of Justice, because it was known that the Flemish ambassadors, who had arrived two days previously, intended to be present, not only at the performance of the mystery, but also at the election of the Fool's Pope, which was likewise to take place in the Great Hall.

On that day it was no easy matter to make one's way into the Great Hall, then and long afterwards considered to be the largest covered apartment in the world (Sauval, the Paris historian, it is hardly necessary to state, had not yet measured the great hall in the château of Montargis). The open square in front of the Palace, thronged with people, presented to the gazers from the windows the aspect of a sea into which five or six streets, like the

mouths of so many rivers, every moment discharged fresh floods of human heads. The waves of this deluge, constantly increasing, broke against the angles of the houses that projected here and there, like so many promontories, into the irregularly shaped basin of the square. In the centre of the high Gothic façade of the Palace, the great triple-faced staircase, continually ascended and descended by the restless multitudes, with currents breaking on the intermediate landing or streaming over the two lateral slopes, flowed like a waterfall tumbling into a lake. In the square itself, the noise made by the shouting, laughing, tramping of these thousands of feet, great as it was, was redoubled every now and then, as something occurred to check, disturb or eddy the stream that surged towards the great staircase. At one time it was an archer clubbing somebody; at another it was the prancing horse of a provost's sergeant kicking right and left—the regular good old way to establish order, handed down from the *provostry* to the *constablery*, from the *constablery* to the *marshalry*, and from the *marshalry* to the *gendarmerie* of our Paris of to-day.

At the doors, at the windows, at the skylights, and on the roofs, swarmed thousands of good-natured *bourgeois* faces, looking calmly and quietly at the Palace, at the crowd, and

asking nothing more to look at; for many honest Paris folks are quite content with gazing at the gazers, and can even regard a wall with intense interest when they think there is something going on behind it.

If we, men of 1830, could possibly mingle in imagination with those Parisians of the fifteenth century, and enter with them, pulled, elbowed, crushed, into the Great Hall, that proved so small on this 6th of January, 1482, we should witness a spectacle at once interesting and charming, where everything would be so very old as to appear perfectly new.

If the reader consent, we shall cross the threshold of the Great Hall together. Let me endeavor to reproduce the impression made on his senses as we struggle through the surging crowd in frock, smock, jerkin, doublet, and every conceivable dress of the period.

At first our ears are stunned with the buzzing, our eyes are dazzled with the glare. Over our heads is the roof, consisting of a double vault of pointed arches, lined with carved wood, painted light blue, and sprinkled with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. Under our feet the marble floor, like a checkerboard, is alternated with black and white squares. A few paces from us stands an enormous pillar, then another, then a third, seven altogether, extending the whole length of the Hall, and supporting the central

line that separates the double vaults of the roof. Around the first four are dealers' stands, glittering with glass and tinsel ware; around the other three are oaken benches, worn and polished by the gowns of the lawyers and the breeches of those that employ them. Everywhere around the building, along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, appears an interminable line of the statues of the kings of France, from Pharamond down—the sluggards, with arms pendent and eyes downcast, the warriors, with arms and heads boldly raised on high. In the long Gothic windows, the stained glass shines with a thousand colors. In the wide entrances the doors are richly and delicately carved. Everywhere all around—on vaults, pillars, walls, lintels, panels, doors, and statues—glows a rich tint of blue and gold, already a little faded, but even seventy years later, in spite of dust and cobwebs, Du Breul, the historian, will see enough to admire it from tradition.

If the reader now represents to himself this vast hall, visible in the pale light of a January day, filled with a motley and noisy mob drifting along the walls and eddying around the seven pillars, he will have some faint idea of the picture in general, whose curious details we shall now try to indicate more precisely.

It is certain, that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henry IV., no documents of his trial would have been deposited in the Palace registry, no accomplices would have been interested in causing the said documents to disappear, no incendiaries would have been obliged, lacking a better method, to burn the registry in order to burn the documents, and to burn the Palace in order to burn the registry. Therefore there would have been no fire of 1618. The old Palace would be still standing, with its Grand Hall, and I could say to my reader, "Go and look at it"—which would be a great convenience for us both; saving me from writing, him from reading, my imperfect description. Which goes to prove the novel truth: the results of great events are beyond calculation.

It is true that it is very possible that Ravaillac did not have any accomplices; secondly, that his accomplices, if by chance he had any, had nothing to do with the conflagration of 1618. There are two other explanations, both very plausible. According to the first it was set on fire and consumed by a shooting star, a foot wide and a cubit high, that fell on the Palace, as everyone knows, on the 7th of March after midnight. For the second is quoted the quatrain of Théophile:

Certes, ce fut un triste jeu
Quand à Paris Dame Justice,
Pour avoir mangé trop d'épice,
Se mit tout le palais en feu.

[It was certainly poor fun when Lady Justice set fire to her palace in Paris just because she had eaten too many *sugar-plums* (*bribes*)].

But whatever we may think of this triple explanation, political, physical and poetical, one fact is unfortunately but too true—the burning itself. Thanks to this catastrophe, thanks especially to the various successive restorations which effectually finished up whatever little the conflagration had spared, we have hardly any remains to-day of this first abode of the kings of France, of this palace, the elder sister of the Louvre, already so old in the times of Philip the Fair that traces could then be found of the magnificent buildings erected by King Robert and described by Helgaldus. Almost every portion of it has disappeared. What has become of the chamber of the chancellery, where Saint Louis "consummated his marriage?" The garden where he administered justice "clad in a cotte of camlet, a surcoat of tiretaine without sleeves, and over all a mantle of black sendal, reclining upon carpets by the side of Joinville?" Where is the chamber of the Emperor Sigismond? that of Charles IV.? that of

John Lackland? Where is the staircase whence Charles VI. proclaimed his gracious amnesty? Where are the flagstones on which Marcel murdered, before the young dauphin's eyes, the Marshals of Normandy and of Champagne? Where is the gate at which Anti-pope Benedict's bull was torn to pieces, and from which those who had brought it started on their procession through Paris, coped and mitred in derision, to make *amende honorable?* Where is the Great Hall itself with its gildings, its azure, its pointed arches, its statues, its pillars, its vast vaulted roofs all checkered and variegated with carvings? and the golden chamber? Where is the marble lion, kneeling at the gate, like the lions before Solomon's throne, head down, tail between legs, in the attitude of humility that force should present when before Justice? Where are the beautiful doors, the splendid windows? Where the chiseled ironwork that threw Biscornette into despair? Where is Du Hancy's delicate cabinet-work? What has time, what have men done with these wonders? What has been given to us in exchange for all this Gallic history, for all this Gothic art? For art, we have the heavy flat arches of De Brosse, the tasteless architect of the portal of St. Gervais; and for history, we have the twaddling Souvenirs of the Big Pillar,

still resounding with the Patrus' small gossip. Neither being much to speak of, let us return to the story taking place in the real Great Hall of the real old Palace.

The two ends of this gigantic parallelogram were occupied differently. At the west end could be seen the famous Marble Table, said to be of one single block, and so long, wide and high that "no other such slice of marble was ever seen in the world," as is recorded by the old chroniclers in a style that would have given an appetite to Gargantua. The east end contained the little chapel lately built by Louis XI., in which he had himself sculptured in stone kneeling before the Virgin, and to which he had also brought, without concerning himself with their two niches thus left vacant in the file of royal statues, the statues of Charlemagne and Saint Louis—two saints whom he supposed to be very much in favor in Heaven as kings of France. The little chapel itself, in all the charms of newness—it had hardly been built six years—was characterized all through by the exquisite taste in delicate architecture, wonderful sculpture and fine, deep carving, which, ending our Gothic era, is perpetuated to the middle of the sixteenth century in the fairy-like fancies of the Renaissance. The little *rosace a jour*, in particular, a wheel-shaped window over the

portal, was a masterpiece of such lightness and elegance that it could be called a star of lace.

Towards the middle of the Hall, opposite the main entrance, a balcony, covered with gold brocade, backed by the wall, and accessible by a private entrance from a corridor opening into the Gilded Chamber, had been erected for the special honor of the Flemish envoys and the other grand personages invited to the representation of the mystery.

This entertainment was to be given, according to ancient customs, on the Marble Table, where all the preparations had been made since the morning. The thick marble slab, scratched by the heels of the Basochians—a famous guild of lawyers' clerks—supported a solid construction of wood, sufficiently elevated, whose upper surface, high enough to be visible from the farthest parts of the Hall, was to serve as the stage, while the interior, masked with curtains, was to be the actors' dressing-room. A ladder, standing artlessly outside, was to connect dressing-room and stage, and help exits and entrances by its solid rungs. By this ladder and this only, actor the most unexpected, scene the most entrancing, effect the most telling, was to gain access to the stage. Innocent yet venerable infancy of the mechanical resources of theatrical art!

At each of the four corners of the Marble Table stood a sergeant of the bailiff of the Palace to preserve order. The regular guardians of the people's amusements, whether on holidays or days of execution, there they now stood, stiff and motionless as statues.

The play was not to begin until the great clock of the Palace had struck the last stroke announcing noon. This was, no doubt, rather late for a mystery, but as ambassadors were to be present their convenience was to be regarded.

The most of the crowd had been waiting all the morning. A good many of these honest sight-seers had shivered on the grand staircase at daybreak; some even insisted that they had passed the night close to the great doorway so as to make sure of being the first to enter. The crowd, continually increasing, became by degrees too great for the room and, like a river overflowing its banks, began to rise along the walls, to swell around the pillars, and even inundate the window-sills, the tops of the columns, the cornices and every projection of the sculptures. As a matter of course, impatience, discomfort, weariness, the unrestraint of the occasion, the quarrels continually springing up from unavoidable causes —a sharp elbow,—a heavy heel,—the long delay,—all these sources of discontent at last

began to tell. The noise made by a crowd so squeezed, packed, crushed, trodden on, smothered, began to assume a tone of decided acrimony. Complaints and imprecations began to be plainly heard, against the Flemings, the Provost of the Merchants, Cardinal Bourbon, the Governor of the Palace, Margaret of Austria, the sergeants with their rods, the cold, the heat, the bad weather, the Bishop of Paris, the Fools' Pope, the pillars, the statues, this closed door, that open window,—the whole to the great amusement of the bands of students and lackeys scattered through the crowd, who mingled with all this discontentment their teasing remarks and their malicious suggestions, and pricked the general ill humor with a pin, so to speak.

There was, amongst others, a group of these joyous rascals who, after breaking the glass of a window, had established themselves boldly upon the entablature, and from there cast their looks and their railleries alternately within and without, upon the crowd in the Hall and the crowd out of doors. From their mimicry of well-known personages, their flippant remarks exchanged with their comrades from one end of the Hall to the other, and their uproarious laughter, it was easy to see that these young clerks, far from participating in the general languor or vexation, were en-

joying themselves heartily by making so much out of one spectacle that they never minded waiting for another.

"Upon my soul, it's you, Joannes Frollo de Molendino!" cried a friend in the crowd to a little blond with a pretty and malicious face straddled on an acanthus of the capital of one of the lofty columns. "Hello! Jack of the windmill! You are well named to-day, anyway, for your two legs and your two arms keep moving like the four sails that go in the wind. How long have you been perched up there?"

"Four hours at least, by the devil's mercy," answered Joannes. "I hope they will be put to my credit in purgatory. I heard the beginning of the high mass sung in the Sainte Chapelle by the King of Sicily's eight chanters."

"Sweet chanters they are too!" cried one of the students, "with voices sharper than their pointed caps. Before founding a mass for Monsieur Saint John, the king would have done well to have found out whether Monsieur Saint John liked Latin psalmody with a Provençal accent."

"It was all for the sake of employing those cursed chanters of the King of Sicily that he did it," screamed bitterly an old woman in the crowd beneath the window. "What think you of a thousand livres parisis for a mass,

and charged, too, upon the farm of the salt-water fish of the fish-market of Paris!"

"Peace, old woman!" replied a grave and portly personage, who was stopping his nose at the side of the fish-seller; "it was quite necessary to found a mass. Would you have had the king fall sick again?"

"Bravely spoken, Sir Gilles Lecornu, master furrier to the king's wardrobe!" cried the little scholar clinging to the capital.

A burst of laughter from the whole tribe of the scholars greeted the unlucky name of the poor furrier to the king's wardrobe.

"Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!" said some.

"*Cornutus et hirsutus*," (horned and hirsute), answered another.

"Oh, to be sure," continued the little imp at the top of the pillar; "what have they to laugh at? Is not worthy Gilles Lecornu brother to Maître Jehan Lecornu, provost of the king's household, son of Maître Mahiet Lecornu, first gatekeeper of the Bois de Vincennes—all citizens of Paris—all married, from father to son?"

The gayety redoubled. The stout furrier, without answering a word, strove to escape the looks fixed upon him from all sides; but he exerted himself in vain, for all his efforts served only to wedge more solidly between the shoulders of his neighbors his great apoplectic face, purple with anger and vexation.

At last one of these neighbors, fat, short, and reverend-looking, like himself, raised his voice in his behalf.

"Abominable!" he exclaimed, "that scholars should talk thus to a townsman. In my time they would have been first beaten with a fagot and then burned with it."

At this the whole tribe burst out afresh.

"Hello! who sings that stave? who's that ill-boding screech-owl?"

"Oh! I know him," said one; "it's Maître Andry Musnier."

"Because he's one of the four sworn booksellers to the University," said the other.

"All goes by fours in that shop," cried a third; "there are four nations, the four faculties, the four fêtes, the four attorneys, the four electors, and the four booksellers."

"Well, then," resumed Jehan Frollo, "we must play four devils with them."

"Musnier, we'll burn thy books."

"Musnier, we'll beat thy lackey."

"Musnier, we'll kiss thy wife—"

"The good fat Mademoiselle Oudarde—"

"Who's as fresh and buxom as if she were a widow."

"The devil take you!" growled Maître Andry Musnier.

"Maître Andry," said Jehan, still hanging

by the capital, "hold your tongue, or I'll drop on your head."

Maître Andry looked up, seemed to calculate for a moment the height of the pillar and the weight of the little rogue, multiplied in his mind that height by the square of the velocity, and was silent.

Jehan, master of the field, continued triumphantly—

"Yes, I would do it, though I am brother to an archdeacon."

"Fine fellows, in truth, are our gentlemen of the University, not even to have taken care that our privileges were respected on a day like this: for here are a maypole and a bonfire in the Town; a mystery, a fools' pope, and Flemish ambassadors, in the City; and in the University, nothing at all!"

"And yet the Place Maubert is large enough," observed one of the young clerks posted on the window seat.

"Down with the rector, the electors, and the attorneys!" cried Joannes.

"We must build a bonfire to-night in the Champ-Gaillard," continued the other, "with Maître Andry's books."

"And the desks of the scribes," said his neighbor.

"And the wands of the beadles."

"And the spitting-boxes of the deans."

"And the buffets of the attorneys."

"And the hutches of the electors."

"And the rector's stools."

"Down, then," said little Jehan, as counterpoint, "down with Maître Andry, the beadles, and the scribes—the theologians, the physicians, and the decretists—the attorneys, the electors, and the rector!"

"This is then the end of the world," muttered Maître Andry, stopping his ears.

"Apropos! the rector himself! here he comes through the Place!" cried one of those in the window seat.

Every one now strove to turn towards the Place.

"Is it really our venerable rector, Maître Thibaut?" asked Jehan Frollo du Moulin, who, as he was clinging to one of the internal pillars, could not see what was passing outside.

"Yes, yes," answered all the rest, "it is he—he himself—Maître Thibaut, the rector."

It was, in fact, the rector and all the dignitaries of the University going in procession to meet the ambassadors, and crossing at that moment the Place of the Palace. The scholars, all crowded together at the window, greeted them as they passed by with sarcasms and ironical plaudits. The rector, marching at the head of his band, received the first broadside, and it was a rough one.

"Good-day, monsieur le recteur! Hello! good-day to you!"

"How has the old gambler contrived to be here? has he really quitted his dice?"

"How he goes trotting along on his mule—its ears are not so long as his."

"Hello! good-day to you, monsieur le recteur Thibaut! *Tybalde aleator!* (Tybald the gamester)—Ah! you old imbecile! you old gambler!"

"God preserve you! did you often throw double-six last night?"

"Oh! what a scarecrow countenance; leaden, wrinkled and battered through his love of dice and gaming."

"Where are you going to now, Thibaut, *Tybalde ad dados* (Tybald of the dice)—turning your back on the University and trotting toward the town?"

"No doubt he's going to seek a lodging in the Rue Thibautodé" (*Thibaut aux dés*), cried Jehan du Moulin.

The whole gang repeated the pun with a voice of thunder and a furious clapping of hands.

"You are going to seek lodgings in the Rue Thibautodé, aren't you, monsieur le recteur, the devil's own gamester?"

Then came the turn of the other dignitaries.

"Down with the beadles! down with the mace-bearers!"

"Tell me, Robin Poussepain, who's that man there?"

"It's Gilbert de Suilly, *Gilbertus de Soliaco*, chancellor of the college of Autun."

"Here, take my shoe—you're better placed than I am—throw it in his face."

"*Saturnalitias mittimus ecce nuces.*" (We send Saturnalian nuts.)

"Down with the six theologians with their white surplices!"

"Are those the theologians? I thought they were the six white geese that Saint Geneviève gave to the Town for the fief of Roogny."

"Down with the physicians!"

"Down with the disputations, cardinal, and quadlibetary!"

"Here goes my cap at yon chancellor of Saint Geneviève—I owe him a grudge."

"True—and he gave my place in the nation of Normandy to little Ascanio Falzaspada, belonging to the province of Bourges, because he's an Italian."

"It's an injustice!" exclaimed all the scholars. "Down with the chancellor of Saint Geneviève!"

"Ho, there! Maître Joachim de Ladehors! Ho! Louis Dahuille! Ho! Lambert Hoctement!"

"The devil smother the attorney of the nation of Germany!"

"And the chaplains of the Sainte Chapelle, with their gray amices, *cum tunicis grisis!*" (with gray tunics).

"*Seu de pellibus grisis fourratis*" (or gray furred skins).

"Hello! the masters of arts! All the fine black copes; all the fine red copes!"

"That makes the rector a fine tail!"

"One would say a doge of Venice going to marry the sea."

"Now, again, Jehan! the canons of Saint Geneviève!"

"The devil take the canons!"

"Abbé Claude Choart! Doctor Claude Choart, are you seeking Marie-la-Giffarde?"

"She's in the Rue de Glatigny."

"She's making the bed for the king of the ribalds."

"She's paying her four deniers, *quatuor denarios*."

"*Aut unum bombum*."

"Would you have her pay you in the nose?"

"Comrades, there goes Maître Simon Sanguin, elector of Picardy, with his wife on the pillion."

"*Post equitem sedet atra cura*." (Black Care sits behind the horseman.)

"Stoutly, Maître Simon!"

"Good-day, monsieur l'électeur."

"Good-night, madame l'électrice."

"Now, aren't they happy, to be seeing all that?" sighed Joannes de Molendino, still from his perch on the capital.

Meanwhile the sworn bookseller to the University, Maître Andry Musnier, whispered in the ear of the king's furrier, Maître Gilles Lecornu:

"I tell you, monsieur, the world's at an end. Never were there seen such breakings-out of the students! It's the accursed inventions of the age that are ruining everything—the artillery—the serpentines—the bombards—and, above all, the printing-press, that other German pest! No more manuscripts—no more books! Printing puts an end to bookselling—the end of the world is at hand!"

"I can see it by velvets coming so much into fashion," sighed the furrier.

At that moment it struck twelve.

"Ha!" exclaimed the whole crowd, with one voice of satisfaction.

The scholars became quiet.

Then there was a great shuffling about, a great movement of feet and heads, a general detonation of coughing and blowing of noses; each one arranged himself, posted himself to the best advantage, raised himself on his toes. Then there was a deep silence, every neck remaining outstretched, every mouth open, every eye turned toward the marble table—but nothing appeared. The bailiff's four ser-

geants still kept their posts, as stiff and motionless as if they had been four painted statues. All eyes then turned toward the gallery reserved for the Flemish envoys. The door remained shut, and the gallery empty. The multitude had been waiting since the early morning for three things, that is to say, for the hour of noon, for the Flemish embassy, and for the mystery; but only the first of the three had arrived on time.

This was really too bad.

They waited one—two—three—five minutes a quarter of an hour—but nothing came. The gallery remained empty; the stage, mute. Meanwhile impatience was succeeded by displeasure. Angry words began to circulate, though as yet only in whispers. "The mystery! the mystery!" was uttered in an undertone. The heads of the multitude began to ferment. A storm, which as yet only growled, was agitating the surface of that human sea. It was our friend Jehan du Moulin that elicited the first explosion.

"The mystery! and the devil take the Flemings!" cried he, with the whole force of his lungs, twisting himself, like a serpent, about his pillar.

The multitude clapped their hands. "The mystery!" they all shouted, "and let Flanders go to all the devils!"

"We must have the mystery immediately!" resumed the scholar; "or my advice is that we hang the bailiff of the Palace in the way of comedy and morality."

"Well said!" exclaimed the people, "and let us begin the hanging with his sergeants!"

A great acclamation followed. The four poor devils of sergeants began to turn pale and look anxiously at each other. The multitude pressed toward them, and they already saw the slight wooden balustrade which separated them from the crowd bending inwards under the pressure.

The moment was critical.

"Bag them! bag them!" was shouted from all sides.

At that instant the hangings of the dressing-room which we have described above were lifted, giving passage to a personage, the mere sight of whom sufficed to stop the eager multitude, and changed their anger into curiosity as if by enchantment.

"Silence! silence!" was the cry from all sides.

The personage, but little reassured, and trembling in every limb, advanced to the edge of the marble table, making a profusion of bows, which, the nearer he approached approximated more and more to genuflexions.

Calm, however, was gradually restored. Only that slight murmur was heard which is

always exhaled from the silence of a great crowd.

"Messieurs les bourgeois," said he, "and mesdemoiselles les bourgeoises, we shall have the honor of declaiming and performing before his eminence monsieur le cardinal, a very fine morality, entitled *The Good Judgment of Madame the Virgin Mary*. I play Jupiter. His eminence is at this moment accompanying the most honorable embassy from monsieur the Duke of Austria, which is at this moment detained by hearing the harangue of monsieur the rector of the University, at the Baudets gate. As soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin."

It is certain that nothing less than the intervention of Jupiter was necessary to save the four unhappy sergeants of the bailiff of the Palace. If we had had the happiness of inventing this very true and veritable history, and had consequently been responsible for it before Our Lady of Criticism, it is not in this place, at all events, that we should have incurred any citation against us of the classical precept, *nec Deus intersit* (Ever let a god intervene), etc. Furthermore, the costume of Seigneur Jupiter was very fine, and had contributed not a little to quiet the irritated assemblage by attracting all their attention. Jupiter was clad in a brigandine covered with

black velvet and gilded nails; his head-dress was a bicoquet ornamented with silver-gilt buttons; and but for the rouge and the great beard which covered each one-half of his face—but for the scroll of gilt pasteboard sprinkled with spangles and stuck all over with shreds of tinsel, which he carried in his hand, and in which experienced eyes easily recognized his thunderbolts—and but for his flesh-colored feet, sandal-bound with ribbons *à la Grecque*—he might have borne a comparison, for the severity of his aspect, with a Breton archer of the corps of Monsieur de Berry.

II.

PIERRE GRINGOIRE

While, however, Jupiter was delivering his harangue, the satisfaction, the admiration unanimously excited by his costume, were dissipated by his words; and when he arrived at that unhappy conclusion, "as soon as the most eminent cardinal is arrived, we shall begin," his voice was lost in a thunder of hooting.

"Begin immediately! The mystery! the mystery at once!" cried the people. And above all the other voices was heard that of Joannes de Molendino, piercing through the general uproar, like the sound of the fife in a charivari at Nimes. "Begin directly!" squeaked the scholar.

"Down with Jupiter and the Cardinal de Bourbon!" vociferated Robin Poussepain and the other young clerks perched in the window.

"The morality directly!" repeated the crowd immediately; "go on! go on! The sack and the rope for the actors and the cardinal!"

Poor Jupiter, haggard, frightened, pale under his rouge, let fall his thunderbolts, took his bicoquet in his hand; then, bowing and trembling, he stammered: "His eminence —the ambassadors—Madame Margaret of Flanders"—he knew not what to say.

The fact was, he was afraid he should be hanged—hanged by the populace for waiting, or hanged by the cardinal for not having waited—on either hand he beheld an abyss, that is to say, a gallows.

Happily, some one came forward to extricate him and assume the responsibility.

An individual who stood within the railing, in the space which it left clear around the marble table, and whom no one had yet perceived, so completely was his long and slender person sheltered from every visual ray by the diameter of the pillar against which he had set his back—this individual, we say, tall, thin, pale, light complexioned—still young, though wrinkles were already visible in his forehead and his cheeks—with sparkling eyes and a smiling mouth—clad in a garment of black serge, threadbare and shining with age —approached the marble table, and made a sign to the poor sufferer. But the other, in his perturbation, did not observe it.

The new-comer advanced another step forward.

"Jupiter," said he, "my dear Jupiter!"

The other did not hear him.

At last, the tall, fair man, losing all patience, shouted almost under his nose, "Michel Giborne!"

"Who calls me?" said Jupiter, as if starting from a trance.

"I do," answered the personage clad in black.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jupiter.

"Begin directly," returned the other; "satisfy the people, and I take upon myself to appease monsieur the bailiff, who will appease monsieur the cardinal."

Jupiter now took breath. "Messeigneurs les bourgeois," cried he, at the utmost stretch of his lungs, to the multitude who continued to hoot him, "we are going to begin directly."

"*Evoe! Jupiter! plaudite, cives!*" (Well done, Jupiter! applaud, citizens!) cried the scholars.

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people. (That cry being the burden of a canticle sung in the churches at Christmas, in honor of the Nativity, whence, apparently, it was adopted by the populace as a general mark of approbation and jubilation as long as the season lasted.)

Then followed a deafening clapping of hands, and the hall still shook with acclama-

tions when Jupiter had withdrawn behind his tapestry.

Meanwhile, the unknown, who had so magically changed the "tempest into calm," as says our old and dear Corneille, had modestly retired into the penumbra of his pillar, and would no doubt have remained there, invisible, and motionless, and mute as before, if he had not been drawn from it by two young women, who, being in the first line of the spectators, had remarked his colloquy with Michel Giborne-Jupiter.

"Maître," said one of them, beckoning to him to approach.

"Hush! my dear Liénarde," said her fair neighbor, pretty, blooming, and quite courageous by virtue of her holiday attire—"it is not a clerk, it is a layman. You should not say *Maître*, but *Messire*."

"Messire!" then said Liénarde.

The unknown approached the balustrade.

"What is your pleasure with me, mesdemoiselles?" asked he impressively.

"Oh, nothing," said Liénarde, all confused. "It's my neighbor here, Gisquette la Gencienne, that wants to speak to you."

"No, no," rejoined Gisquette, blushing; "it was Liénarde that said *Maître* to you—I only told her that she should say *Messire*."

The two girls cast down their eyes. The

gentleman who asked nothing better than to enter into conversation, looked at them, smiling:

"You have nothing to say to me, then, mesdemoiselles?"

"Oh, no, nothing at all," answered Gisquette.

"Nothing," said Liénarde.

The tall, fair young man made a step to retire; but the two curious damsels were not inclined to let him go so soon.

"Messire," said Gisquette, with the impetuosity of water escaping through a sluice, or a woman taking a resolution, "you then know this soldier who is going to play Madame the Virgin in the mystery?"

"You mean the role of Jupiter," returned the unknown.

"Oh, dear, yes," said Liénarde; "is she not stupid! You are acquainted with Jupiter, then?"

"With Michel Giborne!" answered the unknown, "yes, madam."

"He has a grand beard!" answered Liénarde.

"Will it be very fine, what they are all going to say?" asked Gisquette, timidly.

"Very fine, indeed, mademoiselle," answered the informant without the least hesitation.

"What will it be?" asked Liénarde.

"*The Good Award of Madame the Virgin*—a morality, if it please you, mademoiselle."

"Ah! that's different," returned Liénarde.

A short silence followed, which was broken by the stranger. "It is a morality entirely new," said he, "which has never yet been played."

"Then is it not the same," said Gisquette, "as was played two years ago on the day of the entry of monsieur the legate, and in which three beautiful girls performed—"

"As sirens," interrupted Liénarde.

"And quite naked," added the young man.

Liénarde modestly cast down her eyes. Gisquette looked at her, and did likewise. The other continued, smiling, "It was a very pretty thing to see. But to-day it is a morality made on purpose for the Lady of Flanders."

"Will they sing pastorals?" asked Gisquette.

"Oh, fie!" said the unknown. "What! in a morality! We must not confound one kind of pieces with another. In a shepherd's song, indeed, it would be quite right."

"That's a pity," rejoined Gisquette. "That day there were, at the fountain of Ponceau, savage men and women scrambling and making gestures, singing catches, couplets and pastorals."

"That which is suitable for a legate," said the stranger, very dryly, "is not suitable for a princess."

"And near them," continued Liénarde, "played a number of bass instruments, that gave out wonderful melodies."

"And to refresh the passengers," resumed Gisquette, "the fountain threw out, by three mouths, wine, milk, and hyppocrass, and everybody drank that liked."

"And a little below the Ponceau fountain," continued Liénarde, "at the Trinity, there was a Passion performed without speech."

"Oh, yes, how I remember!" exclaimed Gisquette; "Our Lord on the cross, and the two thieves on each side of Him!"

Here the young gossips, warming in the recollection of the legate's entry, talked both at once.

"And further on, at the Artists' gate, there were other characters very richly habited"—

"And do you remember, at St. Innocent's fountain, that huntsman following a hind, with a great noise of dogs and hunting horns?"—

"And then at the meat-market, those scaffolds that represented the Bastile of Dieppe"—

"And when the legate was going by, you know, Gisquette, they gave the assault, and the English all had their throats cut"—

"And what fine characters there were over by the Châtelet gate!"

"And on the Pont-au-Change, which was all hung with cloth from one end to the other."

"And when the legate crossed over, they let fly from the bridge above two hundred dozen of all kinds of birds. Was that not a fine sight, Liénarde?"

"There will be a finer to-day," at length interrupted their interlocutor, who seemed to listen to them with impatience.

"You promise us that this shall be a fine mystery," said Gisquette.

"Without doubt," returned he. And then he added, with peculiar emphasis, "Mesdemoiselles, *I* it is who am the author of it."

"Say you so!" cried the young women, open-mouthed.

"Yes, in truth," answered the poet, bridling a little—"that is to say, there are two of us—Jehan Marchand, who has sawn the planks and put together the framework of the theatre; and I, who have written the piece. My name is Pierre Gringoire."

The author of the Cid himself could not have more proudly said, "My name is Pierre Corneille."

The reader may have observed that some time must already have elapsed since the mo-

ment at which Jupiter retired behind the drapery and that at which the author of the new morality revealed himself thus abruptly to the simple admiration of Gisquette and Liénarde. It is worthy of remark that all that assemblage, who a few minutes before had been so tumultuous, now waited quietly on the faith of the player's promise—an evidence of this everlasting truth, still daily noted in our theatres—that the best means of making the audience wait patiently is, to assure them that the performance is about to begin.

However, the schoolboy Joannes was not asleep. "Hello!" shouted he suddenly, amidst the peaceful expectation which had succeeded the disturbance. "Jupiter! Madame the Virgin! you devil's boatmen! are you joking with one another? The piece! the piece! Begin! or it is we who will begin again!"

This was enough. A music of high and low-keyed instruments now struck up underneath the stage; the hangings were lifted, and four characters in motley attire, with painted faces, issued forth, clambered up the steep ladder already mentioned, and reaching the upper platform, drew up in line before the audience, whom they saluted with a profound obeisance, whereupon the musical sounds ceased and the mystery began.

The four characters, after receiving abun-

dant payment for their salutations in the plaudits of the multitude, commenced, amidst a profound silence, the delivery of a prologue, which we gladly spare the reader. However, as is still the case in our own time, the audience paid more attention to the gowns they wore than to the parts they were enacting—and in truth they did right. They were all four clad in robes half yellow and half white, differing only in the nature of the material; the first being of gold and silver brocade, the second of silk, and the third of wool, and the fourth of coarse linen. The first character carried in the right hand a sword; the second, two golden keys; the third, a pair of scales; and the fourth, a spade: and in order to assist such indolent minds as might not have seen clearly through the transparency of these attributes, there might be read in large black letters worked at the bottom of the brocade gown, MY NAME IS NOBILITY; at the bottom of the silken one, MY NAME IS CLERGY; at the bottom of the woolen, MY NAME IS TRADE; and at the bottom of the linen garment, MY NAME IS LABOR. The sex of the two male characters was clearly indicated to every judicious spectator by the comparative shortness of their garments and the *cramignole* (flat cap) which they wore upon their heads; while the two female characters, besides that their robes

were of ampler length, were distinguishable by their hoods.

One would also have been very dull not to have discovered through the poetic drapery of the prologue, that Labor was married to Trade, and Clergy to Nobility, and that these two happy couples possessed in common a magnificent golden dolphin which they intended to adjudge only to the most beautiful damsel. Accordingly, they were going over the world in search of this beauty; and after successively rejecting the Queen of Golconda, the Princess of Trebizond, the daughter of the Cham of Tartary, etc., etc.; Labor and Clergy, Nobility and Trade, were come to rest themselves upon the marble table of the Palace of Justice, and deliver at the same time to the worthy auditory as many moral sentences and maxims as might in that day be expended upon the members of the faculty of arts, at the examinations, sophisms, determinances, figures and acts, at which the masters took their degrees.

All this was truly very fine.

Meanwhile, in all that assemblage upon which the four allegorical personages seemed to be striving which could pour out the most copious floods of metaphor, no ear was so attentive, no heart so palpitating, no eye so eager, no neck so outstretched, as were the

eye, ear, neck and heart of the author, the poet, the brave Pierre Gringoire, who a moment before had been unable to forego the joy of telling his name to two fair damsels.

He had retired a few paces from them, behind his pillar; and there it was that he listened, looked and enjoyed. The benevolent plaudits which had greeted the opening of his prologue still resounded in his breast; and he was completely absorbed in that species of ecstatic contemplation with which a dramatic author marks his ideas falling one by one from the lips of the actor, amid the silence of a crowded auditory. Happy Pierre Gringoire!

It pains us to relate, this first ecstasy was very soon disturbed. Scarcely had Gringoire's lips approached this intoxicating cup of joy and triumph before a drop of bitterness was cruelly mingled in it.

A tattered mendicant who, lost as he was among the crowd, could receive no contributions, and who, we may suppose, had not found sufficient indemnity in the pockets of his neighbors, had bethought himself of roosting on some conspicuous perch from which to attract the attention and the alms of the good people. Accordingly, during the first lines of the prologue, he had hoisted himself up by means of the pillars that supported the

reserved gallery, to the cornice which ran along the bottom of its balustrade; and there he had seated himself, soliciting the attention and the pity of the multitude by the display of his rags, and of a hideous sore that covered his right arm. He did not, however, utter a word.

His silence allowed the prologue to proceed without any distraction; and no noticeable disorder would have occurred had not, as ill luck would have it, the boy Joannes espied, from his perch at the top of one of the great pillars, the beggar and his grimaces. The young wag burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; and, regardless of the interruption to the performance, and the disturbance of the general attention, cried out in a tone of gayety, "See now! the mangy beggar there asking alms!"

Any one that has ever thrown a stone into a pond full of frogs, or fired a gun among a flock of birds, may form an idea of the effect produced by these unseasonable words dropped in the midst of the universal attention. Gringoire started as if he had felt an electric shock. The prologue stopped short; and all heads were turned tumultuously toward the mendicant, who, far from being disconcerted, found in this incident a good opportunity of reaping a harvest, and began to cry out with

a doleful whine, half shutting his eyes, "Charity! if you please."

"I say, on my soul," cried Joannes, "it's Clopin Troillefou. Hello! friend—so thy sore wasn't comfortable on thy leg, that thou'st changed it to thine arm?"

So saying he threw, with the dexterity of a monkey, a small white coin into the old greasy hat which the beggar held out with his diseased arm. The beggar received without change of expression both the alms and the sarcasm, and continued in a piteous tone, "Charity! if you please."

This episode had considerably distracted the audience; and a goodly number of the spectators, with Robin Poussepain and all the clerks leading, merrily applauded this whimsical duet which had been struck up thus unexpectedly in the middle of the prologue, between the urchin with his shrill voice, and the beggar with his imperturbable drone.

Gringoire was grievously displeased. Having recovered from his first stupefaction, he shouted earnestly to the four characters on the stage, "Go on!—what the devil!—go on;" without even deigning to cast a look of disdain at the two interrupters.

At that moment he felt some one pulling at the skirt of his coat; he turned round, not without some little annoyance, and forced

with some difficulty a smile. Nevertheless he found it necessary to do so, for it was the pretty arm of Gisquette la Gencienne, which, extended through the balustrade, thus solicited his attention.

"Monsieur," said the girl, "will they go on?"

"Surely," answered Gringoire, shocked at the question.

"Oh, then, messire," she resumed, "would you have the courtesy to explain to me—"

"What they are going to say?" interrupted Gringoire. "Well—listen."

"No," said Gisquette, "but what they have said already."

Gringoire started as if touched to the quick.

"A plague on the little stupid, witless wench!" said he between his teeth.

From that moment Gisquette ceased to exist in his mind.

Meanwhile the actors had obeyed his injunction; and the audience, observing that they were once again trying to make themselves heard, had set themselves to listen—not, however, without having lost certain points of beauty in the soldering together of the two parts of the piece which had been so abruptly cut short. Gringoire reflected bitterly. However, tranquility had been gradually restored; the schoolboy held his tongue,

the beggar counted some coin in his hat, and the piece had resumed its sway.

It was really a very fine composition, and we think it might be turned to some account, even now, by means of a few changes. The performance, rather long indeed, and rather dry, was simple; and Gringoire, in the candid sanctuary of his own judgment, admired its clearness. As may well be supposed, the four allegorical personages were a little fatigued with traveling over the three known quarters of the world without finding an opportunity of suitably disposing of their golden dolphin. Thereupon a long eulogy upon the marvelous fish with numberless delicate allusions to the young prince betrothed to Margaret of Flanders—which young prince was at that time in very dismal seclusion at Amboise, without the slightest suspicion that Labor and Clergy, Nobility and Trade, had just been making the tour of the world on his account. The dolphin aforesaid, then, was young, was handsome, was vigorous, and above all (magnificent origin of all the royal virtues!) was son of the lion of France. I declare that this bold metaphor is admirable, and that dramatic natural history, on a day of allegory and of a royal epithalamium, finds nothing at all shocking in a dolphin the son of a lion. On the contrary, it is precisely those rare and

pindaric mixtures that prove the popular enthusiasm. However, to have disarmed criticism altogether, the poet might have developed this fine idea in less than two hundred verses. It is true that the mystery was to last, according to the order of monsieur the provost, from noon till four o'clock, and that it was necessary to say something. Moreover, it was patiently listened to.

All at once, in the midst of a fine quarrel between Mademoiselle Trade and Madame Nobility, at the moment when Master Labor was pronouncing this predictive line:

Beast more triumphant ne'er in woods was seen,

the door of the reserved gallery, which had until then been so inopportunely shut, opened still more inopportunely, and the stentorian voice of the usher, abruptly announced, "His Eminence Monsieur, the Cardinal of Bourbon!"

III.

THE CARDINAL

Poor Gringoire! The noise of all the great double petards let off on Saint John's day—the discharge of a score of crooked arquebusses—the report of that famous serpentine of the Tour de Billy, which, during the siege of Paris, on Sunday, the 29th of September, 1465, killed seven Burgundians at a shot—the explosion of all the gunpowder stored at the Temple gate—would have split his ears less violently at that solemn and dramatic moment, than those few words from the lips of an usher, "His Eminence Monsieur, the Cardinal of Bourbon."

It is not that Pierre Gringoire either feared the cardinal or despised him. He was neither weak enough to do the one, nor presumptuous enough to do the other. A true eclectic, as one would say now-a-days, Gringoire was one of those firm and elevated spirits, calm and temperate, who can preserve their composure under all circumstances—*stare in dimidio rerum*

—and who are full of reason and of a liberal philosophy even while making some account of cardinals. Invaluable and uninterrupted line of philosophers—to whom wisdom, like another Ariadne, seems to have given a skein which they have gone on unwinding from the beginning of the world through the labyrinth of human affairs. They are to be found in all times, and ever the same—that is to say, ever in accord with the times. And not to mention our Pierre Gringoire, who would be their representative of the fifteenth century if we could succeed in obtaining for him the distinction which he deserves, it was certainly their spirit which animated Father du Breul in the sixteenth, when writing these words of sublime simplicity, worthy of any age: "I am a Parisian by birth, and a *parrhisian* by my speech; for *parrhisia* in Greek signifies liberty of speech, which liberty I have used even to messeigneurs the cardinals, uncle and brother to monseigneur the Prince of Conti, albeit with respect for their greatness, and without giving offence to any of their train, and that is a great deal to say."

So there was neither hatred for the cardinal, nor contempt of his presence, in the disagreeable impression which he made upon Pierre Gringoire. On the contrary, our poet had too much good sense and too threadbare a

coat not to attach a particular value to the circumstance, that several allusions in his prologue, and in particular the glorification of the dolphin, son of the lion of France, would fall upon the ear of so eminent a personage. But personal interest is not the ruling motive in the noble nature of poets. Supposing the entity of a poet to be represented by the number ten, it is certain that a chemist, on analyzing and pharmacopœizing, as Rabelais says, would find it to be composed of one part of self-interest with nine parts of self-esteem. Now, at the moment when the door was opened to admit the cardinal, Gringoire's nine parts of self-esteem, inflated and expanded by the breath of popular admiration, were in a state of prodigious enlargement, quite overwhelming and smothering that imperceptible molecule of self-interest which we just now distinguished in the constitution of poets—a precious ingredient, by-the-way, a ballast of reality and humanity, without which they would never touch the earth. It was a delight to Gringoire to see and feel that an entire assemblage (of poor varlets, it is true, but what then?) were stupefied, petrified, and breathless by the immeasurable tirades which burst from every part of his epithalamium. I affirm that he himself shared the general beatitude; and that, quite the reverse of La Fontaine,

who, at the performance of his play of "The Florentine," asked, "What poor wretch has written that rhapsody?" Gringoire would willingly have asked of his neighbor, "By whom is this masterpiece?" It may, therefore, be supposed what sort of effect was produced upon him by the brusque and tempestuous arrival of the cardinal.

His fears were but too fully realized. The entrance of his Eminence disorganized the audience completely. All eyes were turned toward the gallery, and there was a general buzz: "The cardinal! the cardinal!" repeated every tongue. The unfortunate prologue was cut short a second time.

The cardinal stopped a moment upon the threshold of the gallery; and while casting his eyes with great indifference over the assemblage the tumult redoubled. Each one wished to obtain a better view of him. Each one stretching his neck over his neighbor's shoulder.

He was in truth an exalted personage, the sight of whom was worth almost any other spectacle. Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop and Count of Lyons, and Primate of Gaul, was allied both to Louis XI., through his brother Pierre, Seigneur of Beaujeu, who had espoused the king's eldest daughter, and at the same time to Charles the Bold, through his mother, Agnes of Burgundy. Now, the

ruling, the characteristic, the distinctive feature in the character of the Primate of Gaul, was his courtier-like spirit and his devotion to power. Hence, it may well be supposed in what numberless perplexities this double relationship had involved him, and among how many temporal shoals his spiritual bark must have tacked, to have escaped foundering either upon Louis or upon Charles, the Charybdis and the Scylla which had swallowed up the Duke of Nemours and the Constable of Saint-Pol. Heaven be praised, however, he had got happily through his voyage, and reached Rome without accident. But although he was now in port—and indeed, precisely because he was in port—he never recollected, without a feeling of uneasiness, the various chances of his political life, which had so long been both perilous and laborious. So, also, he used to say, that the year 1476 had been to him both a black and white year, meaning thereby that he had lost in that one year his mother, the Duchess of Bourbonnais, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, and that mourning the one had consoled him for the other.

However, he was a very worthy man; he led a joyous cardinal's life; was wont to make merry with wine of the royal vintage of Challuau; did not detest Richarde-la-Gamoise

and Thomasse-la-Saillarde; gave alms to pretty girls rather than old women; and for all these reasons was in great favor with the populace of Paris. He always went surrounded by a little court of bishops and abbots of high degree, gallant, jovial, and fond of good eating; and more than once had the good devotees of Saint Germain d'Auxerre, in passing at night under the windows of the Hôtel de Bourbon, all blazing with light, been scandalized by hearing the same voices which had sung vespers to them in the daytime, chanting to the sound of glasses, the bacchanalian proverb of Benedict XII., the pope who had added a third crown to the tiara—*Bibamus papaliter.* (Let us drink like the popes.)

No doubt it was this popularity, so justly acquired, which, upon his entrance, prevented any unpleasant reception on the part of the mob, who a few minutes before had been so dissatisfied, and so little disposed to pay respect to a cardinal, even on the day when they were going to elect a pope. (The Lord of Misrule was called the Fools' Pope.) But the Parisians bear little malice; and besides, by ordering the performance to begin by their own authority, the good citizens had had the better of the cardinal, and this triumph satisfied them. Moreover, Monsieur le Cardinal de Bourbon

was a handsome man—he had on a vastly fine scarlet robe, which he wore in excellent style —which is to say, that he had in his favor all the women, and, consequently, the better part of the audience. Certainly it would be both injustice and bad taste to hoot a cardinal for being too late at the play when he is a handsome man, and wears well his scarlet robe.

He entered, then, saluted the company with that hereditary smile which the great have always in readiness for the people, and moved slowly towards his armchair of crimson velvet placed for his reception, looking as if some other matter occupied his mind. His escort—or what we should now call his staff—of bishops and priests, issued after him upon the gallery, not without exciting redoubled tumult and curiosity among the spectators below. All were busied in pointing them out, or in telling their names, each one striving to show that he knew at least some one of them; one pointing to the Bishop of Marseilles (Alaudet, if we remember right); some to the Dean of Saint Denis; others to Robert de Lespinasse, Abbot of the great neighboring monastery of Saint-Germain-des-Près, the libertine brother of a mistress of Louis XI.—all their names being repeated with a thousand mistakes and mispronunciations. As for the students, they swore. It

was their own day—their Feast of Fools—their saturnalia—the annual orgies of the *basoche* (Lawyers' clerks of the Parliament of Paris) and the schools. No liberty but was permissible that day. And then there were numberless wanton hussies among the crowd—Simone Quatre-livres, Agnès-la-Gadine, Robine Piédebou. Was it not the least that could be expected, that they should swear at their ease, and profane God's name a little, on such a day as that, in such a goodly company of churchmen and courtezans? And accordingly, they did not mince matters; but amidst the uproarious applause a frightful din of blasphemies and obscenities proceeded from all those tongues let loose, those tongues of clerks and scholars, tied up all the rest of the year by the fear of Saint Louis's branding-iron. Poor Saint Louis! how they set him at defiance in his own Palace of Justice! Each one of them had singled out among the newly-arrived company in the gallery some one of the cassocks, black, gray, white, or violet. As for Joannes Frollo de Molendino, and his being brother to an archdeacon, it was the red robe that he audaciously assailed, singing out as loud as he could bawl, and fixing his shameless eyes upon the cardinal, "*Cappa repleta mero!*" (Head, or hood, full of wine.)

All these particulars, which are thus clearly

detailed for the reader's edification, were so completely covered by the general hum of the multitude that they were lost before they could reach the reserved gallery; though, indeed, the cardinal would have been little moved by them; so completely did the license of the day belong to the customs of the age. He had something else to think of, which preoccupation appeared in his manner—another cause of solicitude, which followed closely behind him, and made its appearance in the gallery almost at the same time as himself. This was the Flemish embassy.

Not that he was a profound politician, or concerned himself about the possible consequences of the marriage of madame, his cousin, Margaret of Burgundy, with monsieur, his cousin, Charles, Dauphin of Vienne—nor how long the patched-up reconciliation between the Duke of Austria and the French king might endure—nor how the King of England would take this slight toward his daughter. All this gave him little anxiety; and he did honor each night to the wine of the royal vineyard of Chaillot without ever suspecting that a few flasks of that same wine (revised and corrected a little by the physician Coictier), cordially presented to Edward IV. by Louis XI., might possibly, some fine morning, rid Louis XI. of Edward IV. The most

honorable embassy of the Duke of Austria brought none of these cares to the cardinal's mind, but annoyed him in another respect. It was, in truth, somewhat hard, and we have already said a word or two about it in the first pages of this book, that he should be obliged to give welcome and entertainment—he, Charles de Bourbon—to obscure burghers; he, a cardinal, to a pack of scurvy sheriffs—he, a Frenchman and a connoisseur in good living, to Flemish beer-drinkers—and in public, too! Certes, it was one of the most irksome parts he had ever gone through for the *bon plaisir* of the king.

However, he had so perfectly studied his role, that he turned toward the door with the best grace in the world, when the usher announced in a sonorous voice, "Messieurs the Envoys of the Duke of Austria!" It is needless to say that the entire hall did likewise.

Then appeared, two by two, with a gravity which strongly contrasted with the flippant air of the cardinal's ecclesiastical train, the forty-eight ambassadors from Maximilian of Austria, having at their head the reverend father in God, Jehan, Abbot of Saint-Bertin, chancellor of the Golden Fleece, and Jacques de Goy, Lord of Dauby, high bailiff of Ghent. A deep silence now took place in the assemblage, occasionally interrupted by

smothered laughter at all the uncouth names which each of these personages transmitted with imperturbable gravity to the usher, who then gave out their names and callings, pell-mell and with all sorts of mutilations, to the crowd below. There were Maître Loys Roelof, Sheriff of the town of Louvain; Messire Clays d'Etuelde, Sheriff of Brussels; Messire Paul de Baeust, Lord of Voirmizelle, president of Flanders; Maître Jehan Coleghens, burgomaster of the city of Antwerp; Maître George de la Moere, principal sheriff of the *kuere* of the city of Ghent; Maître Gheldolf van der Hage, principal sheriff of the *parchons* of the said city; and the Sieur de Bierbecque, and Jehan Pinnock, and Jehan Dimaerzelle, etc., etc., etc., bailiffs, sheriffs and burgomasters — burgomasters, sheriffs and bailiffs—all stiff, sturdy, starched figures, dressed out in Sunday clothes of velvet and damask, and hooded with black velvet *cramignoles* decorated with great tufts of gold thread of Cyprus—good Flemish heads after all, with severe and respectable countenances, akin to those which Rembrandt has made stand out with such force and gravity from the dark background of his picture of "The Night Watch"—personages on every one of whose foreheads it was written, that Maximilian of Austria was right in

"confiding to the full," as his manifesto expressed it, "in their sense, valor, experience, loyalty and good prudence."

There was one exception, however; it was a face, subtle, intelligent, crafty-looking—a mixture of the monkey and the diplomatist—toward whom the cardinal made three steps in advance and a low bow, but who, nevertheless, was called simply Guillaume Rym, counselor and pensionary of the town of Ghent.

Few persons at that time knew aught of Guillaume Rym—a rare genius, who, in a time of revolution, would have appeared with *éclat* on the surface of events; but who, in the fifteenth century, was confined to the practice of covert intrigue and to "live in the mines," as the Duke de Saint-Simon expresses it. However, he was appreciated by the first "miner" in Europe—he frequently lent a helping hand in the secret operations of Louis XI.—all which was perfectly unknown to this multitude, who were amazed at the cardinal's politeness to that sorry-looking Flemish bailiff.

IV.

MASTER JACQUES COPPENOLE

At the moment when the pensioner of Ghent and his Eminence were exchanging a very low bow, and a few words in a tone still lower, a man of lofty stature, large-featured, and broad-shouldered, presented himself to enter abreast with Guillaume Rym, looking something like a mastiff dog by the side of a fox. His felt hat and his leathern jerkin were oddly conspicuous amidst the velvet and silk that surrounded him. Presuming it to be some groom who knew not whither he was going, the usher stopped him.

"Hold, friend! you cannot pass."

The man of the leathern jerkin shouldered him aside. "What would this fellow with me?" said he, in a thundering voice, which drew the attention of the entire hall to this strange colloquy. "Seest thou not that I am of the party?"

"Your name?" demanded the usher.

"Jacques Coppenole."

"Your titles?"

"A hosier, at the sign of the Three Chains at Ghent."

The usher shrank back. To announce sheriffs and burgomasters might indeed be endured—but a hosier!—it was too bad. The cardinal was upon thorns. The people were looking and listening. For two days his Eminence had been doing his utmost to smooth these Flemish bears into presentable shape, and this freak was too much for him. Meanwhile Guillaume Rym, with his cunning smile, went up to the usher. "Announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the sheriffs of the city of Ghent," said he to the officer in a very low whisper.

"Usher," then said the cardinal aloud, "Announce Maître Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the sheriffs of the illustrious city of Ghent."

This was an error. Guillaume Rym, by himself, would have evaded the difficulty; but Coppenole had heard the cardinal's direction.

"No! by the Holy Rood!" he cried, with his voice of thunder: "Jacques Coppenole, hosier. Dost thou hear, usher? Neither more nor less. By the Holy Rood! a hosier—that's fine enough. Monsieur the archduke has more than once sought his gloves among my hose."

A witticism is quickly appreciated in Paris

and this occasioned a burst of laughter and applause from the people below.

We must add that Coppenole was one of the people, and that the audience around him were of the people also; so that the communication between them and him had been quick, electric, and, as it were, on equal footing. The lofty airs which the Flemish hosier gave himself, while humbling the courtiers, had stirred in the plebeian breasts a certain latent feeling of dignity, of independence, which, in the fifteenth century, was as yet vague and undefined. They beheld one of their equals in this hosier, who had just borne himself so sturdily before the cardinal—a comforting reflection to poor devils accustomed to pay respect and obedience even to the servants of the sergeants of the bailiff of the Abbot of Sainte Geneviève, the cardinal's train-bearer.

Coppenole bowed haughtily to his Eminence, who returned the salute of the all-powerful burgher, formidable to Louis XI. Then, while Guillaume Rym, *sage homme et malicieux* (wise and malicious), as Philippe de Comines expresses it, followed them both with a smile of raillery and superiority, they moved each to his place—the cardinal thoughtful and out of countenance—Coppenole quite at his ease, thinking, no doubt, that, after all, his title of hosier was as good as another, and that

Mary of Burgundy, mother of that Margaret for whose marriage he was to-day treating, would have feared less the cardinal than the hosier; for no cardinal would have aroused the people of Ghent against the favorites of the daughter of Charles the Bold; nor could any cardinal, by a single word, have hardened the multitude against her tears and prayers, when the Lady of Flanders came and supplicated her people on their behalf, even to the foot of the scaffold, while the hosier had only to raise his leathern elbow to cause both your heads to be struck off, most illustrious seigneurs, Guy d'Hymbercourt and Chancellor Guillaume Hugonet.

However, the poor cardinal had not yet finished penance; he was doomed to drain to the dregs the chalice of being in such bad company.

The reader has doubtless not forgotten the audacious mendicant, who at the time of the commencement of the prologue, had climbed up to the fringes of the daïs reserved for the cardinal. The arrival of the illustrious guests had in no way disturbed him; and while the prelates and the ambassadors were packing themselves away like real Flemish herrings within the narrow compass of the tribune, he had made himself quite comfortable, with his legs bravely crossed upon the architrave.

This insolence was extraordinary; yet nobody had remarked it at the first moment, all attention being fixed elsewhere. He, for his part, took notice of nothing in the hall; he was wagging his head backward and forward with the unconcern of a Neapolitan beggar, repeating from time to time, amidst the general hum, and as if by a mechanical habit, "Charity, if you please!" and indeed, among all present, he was probably the only one who would not have deigned to turn his head on hearing the altercation between Coppenole and the usher. Now it so chanced that his hosiership of Ghent, with whom the people already were warmly in sympathy, and upon whom all eyes were fixed, went and seated himself in the front line of the gallery, just over the place where the beggar was sitting; and it excited no small amazement to see the Flemish ambassador, after scrutinizing the fellow beneath him, give him a friendly slap upon his ragged shoulder. The beggar turned. Surprise, recognition and kindly gratulation were visible in both faces; then, without giving themselves the slightest concern about the spectators, the hosier and the leper fell into conversation in a low voice, clasping each other by the hand; while the tattered arm of Clopin Trouillefou, displayed at length upon the cloth of gold that decorated

the daïs, had somewhat the appearance of a caterpillar upon an orange.

The novelty of this singular scene excited such wild gayety among the crowd that the cardinal soon remarked it: he leaned forward; and as, from the point where he was situated, he caught only an imperfect glimpse of Trouillefou's ignominious garment, he figured to himself that the beggar was soliciting alms, and, shocked at his audacity, he exclaimed, "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palace, throw me that fellow into the river."

"By God's Cross! monseigneur le cardinal," said Coppenole, without leaving hold of Clopin's hand, "this is one of my friends."

"Noël! Noël!" cried the mob. And from that moment Maître Coppenole had in Paris, as in Ghent, "great credit with the people; as men of great stature have," said Philippe de Comines, "when they are thus presuming."

The cardinal bit his lip. He leaned toward the Abbot of Sainte Geneviève, who sat next him, and said in a half-whisper:

"Pleasant ambassadors, truly, monsieur the archduke sends us to announce the Lady Margaret."

"Your Eminence's politeness," returned the abbot, "is wasted upon these Flemish grunters —*Margaritas ante porcus.*" (Pearls before swine.)

"Say rather," rejoined the cardinal, smiling, "*porcus ante Margaritam.*" (Swine before pearls.)

The whole of the little clerical court were in ecstasy at this play of words. The cardinal felt a little relieved. He was now even with Coppenole, for he too had had his pun applauded.

And now, such of our readers as have the power of generalizing an image or an idea, as we say in the style of to-day, will permit us to ask them whether they figure to themselves quite clearly the spectacle presented, at this moment when we pause to call their attention to the vast parallelogram of the great hall of the Palace.

In the middle of the western wall is a spacious and magnificent gallery hung with drapery of gold brocade, while there enters, in procession, through a small Gothic doorway, a series of grave-looking personages, announced successively by the clamorous voice of the usher; on the first benches are already seated a number of reverend figures enveloped in velvet, ermine and scarlet cloth. About this gallery, which remains silent and stately—below, in front and around—is the multitude and the noise. A thousand looks are cast from the crowd upon every face in the gallery—a thousand murmured repetitions of every name. The spectacle is indeed curious and

deserves the attention of the spectators. But what is that down there, quite at the extremity of the hall—that sort of scaffolding, with four motley-attired puppets upon it, and four others below? And at one side of the staging, who is that pale-faced man in a long black sacque? Alas! dear reader, it is Pierre Gringoire and his prologue.

We had all utterly forgotten him.

That is precisely what he had feared.

From the moment at which the cardinal entered, Gringoire had been incessantly exerting himself for the salvation of his prologue. He had first enjoined the actors, who were waiting in suspense, to proceed, and elevate their voices; then, finding that no one listened, he had stopped them; and for nearly a quarter of an hour, during which the interruption had continued, he had been constantly beating with his foot and gesticulating, calling upon Gisquette and Liénarde, and urging those near him to have the prologue proceeded with—but all in vain. No one could be turned aside from the cardinal, the embassy and the gallery—the sole centre of that vast circle of visual rays. It is to be feared also, we regret to say it, that the prologue was beginning to be a little tiresome to the audience at the moment his Eminence's arrival had made so terrible a distraction. And after

all, in the gallery, as on the marble table, it was still in fact the same spectacle—the conflict of Labor with Clergy, of Nobility with Trade; and most people liked better to see them in downright reality, living, breathing, elbowing and pushing one another in plain flesh and blood, in that Flemish embassy, in that episcopal court, under the cardinal's robe, under Coppenole's jerkin, than tricked out, painted, talking in verse, and stuffed, as it were, with straw, wearing the yellow and white gowns in which Gringoire had disguised them.

Nevertheless, when our poet saw tranquility a little restored, he bethought himself of a stratagem which might have saved the performance.

"Monsieur," said he, turning to one of his neighbors, of fair round figure, with a patient-looking countenance, "suppose they were to begin again?"

"Begin what?" said the man.

"Why, the mystery," said Gringoire.

"Just as you please," returned the other.

This demi-approbation was enough for Gringoire, and taking the affair into his own hands, he began to call out, confounding himself at the same time as much as possible with the crowd. "Begin the mystery again!—begin again!"

"The devil!" said Joannes de Molendino. "What is it they're singing out at yon end?" for Gringoire was making the noise of four people. "Tell me, comrades, is not that mystery finished? They want to begin it again; 'tis not fair."

"No! no!" cried the students, "down with the mystery!—down with it!"

But Gringoire only multiplied himself the more, and he bawled the louder—"Begin again!—begin again!"

These clamors attracted the attention of the cardinal. "Monsieur the bailiff of the Palace," quoth he to a tall, dark man who stood but a few paces from him, "are those knaves in a font of holy water that they make so much noise?"

The bailiff of the Palace was a kind of amphibious magistrate, a sort of bat of the judicial order, a compound of the rat and the bird, of the judge and the soldier.

He approached his Eminence, and with no small apprehension of his displeasure, he stammered forth an explanation of the people's refractoriness—that noon had arrived before his Eminence, and that the players had been forced to begin without waiting for his Eminence.

The cardinal laughed aloud. "I' faith," said he, "monsieur the rector of the Univer-

sity should e'en have done as much. What say you, Maître Guillaume Rym?"

"Monseigneur," answered Rym, "let us be content with having escaped one-half the play. 'Tis so much gained."

"May those rogues go on with their farce?" asked the bailiff.

"Go on—go on," said the cardinal, "'tis all the same to me; I shall read my breviary the while."

The bailiff advanced to the edge of the gallery, and shouted, after procuring silence by a motion of his hand—"Townsmen! householders! and inhabitants!—to satisfy those who will that the play should begin again, and those who will that it should finish, his Eminence orders that it shall go on."

Thus both parties were obliged to yield, although both the author and the auditors long bore a grudge on this score against the cardinal.

The characters on the stage accordingly took up their text where they had left off; and Gringoire hoped that at least the remainder of his composition would be listened to. This hope, however, was soon dispelled, like the rest of his illusions. Silence had indeed been somehow or other restored among the audience; but Gringoire had not observed that, at the moment when the cardinal had given his order for the continuance

of the play, the gallery was far from being full, and that subsequently to the arrival of the Flemish envoys there were come other persons forming part of the escort, whose names and titles, thrown out in the midst of his dialogue by the intermitted cries of the usher, made considerable ravage in it. Only imagine, in the midst of a theatrical piece, the yelp of a doorkeeper, throwing in, between the two lines of a couplet, and often between the first half of a line and the last, such parentheses as these:

"Maître Jacques Charmolue, king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court!"

"Jehan de Harlay, esquire, keeper of the office of the night-watch of the town of Paris!"

"Messire Galiot de Genoilhac, knight, seigneur of Brussac, master of the king's artillery!"

"Maître Dreux-Raguier, commissioner of our lord the king's waters and forests in the domains of France, Champagne and Brie!"

"Messire Louis de Graville, knight, councillor and chamberlain to the king, admiral of France, guardian of the Bois de Vincennes!"

"Maître Denis le Mercier, governor of the house of the blind at Paris!" etc., etc., etc.

It was becoming insupportable.

All this strange accompaniment, which made it difficult to follow the tenor of the piece, was the more provoking to Gringoire, as it was obvious to him that the interest was increasing, and that nothing was needed for his composition but to be listened to. It was, indeed, difficult to imagine a plot more ingeniously or dramatically woven. While the four personages of the prologue were bewailing their hopeless perplexity, Venus in person—*vera incessu patuit dea* (her step revealed the real goddess)—had presented herself before them, clad in a fine coat of mail, having blazoned fair upon its front the ship displayed on the escutcheon of Paris. She was come to claim for herself the dolphin promised to the most beautiful. She was supported by Jupiter, whose thunder was heard to rumble in the dressing-room; and the goddess was about to bear away the prize —that is to say, frankly, to espouse monsieur the dauphin—when a little girl dressed in white damask, and carrying a marguerite or daisy in her hand, (lucid personification of the Lady of Flanders,) had come to contend with Venus. Here were at once theatrical effect and sudden transformation. After a proper dispute, Venus, Margaret, and those behind the scenes, had agreed to refer the matter to the wise judgment of the Holy

Virgin. There was another fine part, that of Don Pedro, King of Mesopotamia; but amid so many interruptions it was difficult to discover his exact utility. All these personages climbed up the ladder to the stage.

But it was of no use; not one of these beauties was felt or understood. It seemed as if, at the cardinal's entrance, some invisible and magical thread had suddenly drawn away every look from the marble table to the gallery, from the southern extremity of the hall to its western side. Nothing could disenchant the audience; all eyes remained fixed in that direction; and the persons who successively arrived, and their cursed names, and their faces, and their dresses, made a continual diversion. The case was desperate. Save Gisquette and Liénarde, who turned aside from time to time when Gringoire pulled them by the sleeve—save the patient fat man who stood near him—no one listened to, no one looked at, the poor abandoned morality. Gringoire, in looking back upon his audience, could see nothing but profiles.

With what bitterness did he see all his fabric of poetry and of glory thus falling to pieces! Only to think that this multitude had been on the point of rebelling against monsieur the bailiff through their impatience to hear his composition: and now that they

had it, they were indifferent about it—that same performance which had begun amid such unanimous acclamation! Everlasting ebb and flow of the popular favor! Only to think, that they had been on the point of hanging the bailiff's sergeants!—what would he not have given to have returned to that blissful hour!

The usher's brutal monologue ceased at last; everybody had arrived: so that Gringoire took breath; and the actors were going on bravely, when Maître Coppenole, the hosier, rose suddenly, and Gringoire heard him deliver, in the midst of the universal attention to his piece, this abominable harangue:

"Messieurs the citizens and squires of Paris—by the Holy Rood! I know not what we be doing here. I do indeed see, down in that corner, upon that stage, some people who look as if they wanted to fight. I know not whether that be what ye call a mystery; but I do know that 'tis not amusing. They belabor one another with their tongues, but nothing more. For this quarter of an hour I've been waiting the first blow—but nothing comes—they're cowards, and maul one another but with foul words. You should have had boxers from London or Rotterdam. Aye! then indeed we should have had hard knocks, which ye might have heard even out

upon the square—but those creatures there are pitiful. They should at least give us a Morris-dance or some other piece of mummery. This is not what I was told it was to be—I'd been promised a feast of fools with an election of the Lord of Misrule. We at Ghent, too, have our Fools' Pope; and in that, by the Rood! we're behind nobody. But we do thus:—a mob comes together, as here for instance; then each in his turn goes and puts his head through a hole and makes faces at the others; he who makes the ugliest face according to general acclamation, is chosen pope. That's our way, and it's very diverting. Shall we make your pope after the fashion of my country? At any rate it will be less tiresome than listening to those babblers. If they've a mind to come and try their hands at face-making, they shall be in the game. What say ye, my masters? Here's a droll sample enough of both sexes to give us a right hearty Flemish laugh, and we can show ugly mugs enow to give us hopes of a fine grinning-match."

Gringoire would fain have replied, but amazement, resentment, and indignation deprived him of utterance. Besides, the motion made by the popular hosier was received with such enthusiasm by those townsfolk, flattered at being called squires, that all resistance

would have been unavailing. All he could now do was to go with the stream. Gringoire hid his face with both his hands, not being so fortunate as to possess a mantle wherewith to veil his countenance like the Agamemnon of Timanthes.

V.

QUASIMODO

In the twinkling of an eye, everything was ready for putting Coppenole's idea into execution. Townspeople, students and clerks had all set themselves to work. The small chapel, situated opposite to the marble table, was fixed upon to be the scene of the grimaces. The glass being broken out of one of the divisions of the pretty rose-shaped window over the doorway, left free a circle of stone through which it was agreed that the candidates should pass their heads. To reach it they had to climb upon two casks which had been laid hold of somewhere and placed one upon another. It was settled that each candidate, whether man or woman (for they might make a popess), in order to leave fresh and entire the impression of their grimace, should cover their faces and keep themselves unseen in the chapel until the moment of making their appearance. In less than an instant the chapel was filled with competitors, and the door was closed upon them.

Coppenole, from his place in the gallery, ordered everything, directed everything, arranged everything. During the confusion, the cardinal, no less out of countenance than Gringoire himself, had, on pretext of business and of the hour of vespers, retired with all his suite; while the crowd, among whom his arrival had caused so great a sensation, seemed not to be in the slightest degree interested in his departure. Guillaume Rym was the only one who remarked the retreat of his Eminence. The popular attention, like the sun, pursued its revolution; after beginning at one end of the hall it had stayed for awhile at the middle, and was now at the other end. The marble table, the brocaded gallery, had each had its season of interest; and it was now the turn of Louis XI.'s chapel. The field was henceforward clear for every sort of extravagance; no one remained but the Flemings and the mob.

The grimaces commenced. The first face that appeared at the hole, with eyelids turned up to show the red, cavernous mouth, and a forehead wrinkled in like our hussar boots in the time of the Empire, excited such an inextinguishable burst of laughter that Homer would have taken all those boors for gods. Nevertheless, the Grande Salle was anything but an Olympus, as no one could better testify

than Gringoire's own poor Jupiter. A second face, and a third, succeeded—then another—then another,—the spectators each time laughing and stamping their feet with delight. There was in this spectacle a certain delirious joy—a certain intoxication and fascination—of which it is difficult to give an idea to the reader of the present day and polite society. Let him imagine a series of visages, presenting in succession every geometrical figure, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every human expression, from that of anger to that of lust—every age, from the wrinkles of the new-born infant to those of extreme old age—every religious phantasm, from Faunus to Beelzebub—every animal profile, from the jowl to the beak, from the snout to the muzzle. Picture to yourself all the grotesque heads carved on the Pont-Neuf, those nightmares petrified by the hand of Germain Pilon, taking life and breath, and coming one after another to look you in the face with flaming eyes—all the masks of a Venetian carnival passing successively before your eye-glass—in short, a sort of human kaleidoscope.

The orgie became more and more Flemish. Teniers himself would have given but a very imperfect idea of it. Imagine the "battle" of Salvator Rosa turned to a bacchanal.

There was no longer any distinction of scholars, ambassadors, townspeople, men, or women. There was now neither Clopin Trouillefou, nor Gilles Lecornu, nor Marie Quatre-Livres, nor Robin Poussepain. All were confounded in the common license. The Grande Salle had become, as it were, one vast furnace of audacity and joviality, in which every mouth was a shout, every face a grimace, every figure a posture—the sum total howling and roaring. The strange visages that came one after another to grind their teeth at the broken window were like so many fresh brands cast upon the fire; and from all that effervescent multitude there escaped, as the exhalation of the furnace, a noise, sharp, penetrating, like the buzzing of the wings of gnats.

"Curse me," cries one, "if ever I saw the like of that."

"Only look at that face."

"It's nothing."

"Let's have another."

"Guillemette Maugerepuis, just look at that bull's muzzle—it wants nothing but horns. It can't be thy husband."

"Here comes another."

"By the pope! what sort of a grin's that?"

"Hello! that's not fair. You must show but thy face."

"That devil, Perette Calebotte! She is capable of such a trick."

"Nöel! Nöel!"

"Oh! I smother!"

"There's one that can't get his ears through"—etc., etc.

We must, however, do justice to our friend Jehan. In the midst of this infernal revel, he was still to be seen at the top of his pillar like a middy on a top-sail. He was exerting himself with incredible fury. His mouth was wide open, and there issued from it a shriek which, however, no one heard—not that it was drowned by the general clamor, all intense as that was—but because, no doubt, it attained the utmost limit of perceptible sharp notes, of the twelve thousand vibrations of Sauveur, or the eight thousand of Biot.

As for Gringoire—as soon as the first moment of depression was over, he had regained his self-possession. He had hardened himself against adversity. "Go on," he had said for the third time to his players—who, after all, were mere talking machines—then he strode up and down before the marble table; he felt tempted to go and take his turn at the hole in the chapel-window, if only to have the pleasure of making faces at the ungrateful people. "But no—that would be unworthy of us—no revenge—let us struggle to the last," muttered

he to himself—"the power of poetry over the people is great—I will bring them back. We will see which of the two shall prevail—grimaces or belles-lettres."

Alas! he was left the sole spectator of his piece.

This was worse than before; for instead of profiles, he now saw only backs.

We mistake. The big, patient man whom he had already consulted at a critical moment had remained with his face toward the stage; as for Gisquette and Liénarde, they had deserted long ago.

Gringoire was touched to the heart by the fidelity of his only remaining spectator; he went up to and accosted him, at the same time slightly shaking him by the arm, for the good man had leaned himself against the balustrade, and was taking a gentle nap.

"Monsieur," said Gringoire, "I thank you."

"Monsieur," answered the big man with a yawn, "what for?"

"I see what annoys you," returned the poet; "all that noise prevents you from hearing comfortably; but make yourself easy—your name shall go down to posterity. Your name, if you please?"

"Renauld Château, Keeper of the Seals of the Châtelet of Paris, at your service."

"Monsieur," said Gringoire, "you are here the sole representative of the Muses."

"You are too polite, monsieur," answered the Keeper of the Seals of the Châtelet.

"You are the only one," continued Gringoire, "who has given suitable attention to the piece. What do you think of it?"

"Why—why," returned the portly magistrate, but half awake—"in effect, it was very diverting."

Gringoire was obliged to content himself with this eulogy, for a thunder of applause, mingled with a prodigious exclamation, cut short their conversation. The Lord of Misrule was at last elected.

"Noël! Noël! Noël!" cried the people from all sides.

It was indeed a miraculous grin that now beamed through the Gothic aperture. After all the figures, pentagonal, hexagonal and heteroclite, which had succeeded each other at the window, without realizing that idea of the grotesque which had formed itself in the imagination of the people heated by the orgie, it required nothing less to gain their suffrages than the sublime grimace which now dazzled the assemblage. Maître Coppenole himself applauded; and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been a candidate, (and God knows his visage could attain an intensity of ugliness), acknowl-

edged himself to be outdone. We shall do likewise. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of that tetrahedron nose—that horse-shoe mouth—that small left eye overshadowed by a red bushy brow, while the right eye disappeared entirely under a monstrous wart—of those straggling teeth with breaches here and there like the battlements of a fortress —of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth projected like the tusk of an elephant—of that forked chin—and, above all, of the expression diffused over the whole—that mixture of malice, astonishment and melancholy. Imagination alone can picture this combination.

The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd precipitated itself toward the chapel, and the happy Lord of Misrule was led out in triumph. And now the surprise and admiration of the people redoubled. They found the wondrous grin to be but his ordinary face.

Or rather, his whole person was a grimace. His large head, bristling with red hair—between his shoulders an enormous hump, to which he had a corresponding projection in front—a framework of thighs and legs, so strangely gone astray that they touched only at the knees, and when viewed in front, looked like two sickles joined together by the handles —sprawling feet—monstrous hands—and yet,

with all that deformity, a certain awe-inspiring vigor, agility and courage—strange exception to the everlasting rule which prescribes that strength, like beauty, shall result from harmony. Such was the pope whom the fools had just chosen.

One would have said a giant that had been broken and awkwardly mended.

When this sort of cyclop appeared on the threshold of the chapel, motionless, squat, almost as broad as he was high—"squared by the base," as a great man has expressed it—the populace recognized him at once by his coat half red and half violet, figured over with little silver bells, and still more by the perfection of his ugliness—and exclaimed with one voice: "It's Quasimodo the bell-ringer! It's Quasimodo the hunchback of Notre-Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the bandy-legged! Noël! Noël!"

The poor devil, it seems, had a choice of surnames.

"All ye pregnant women, get out of the way!" cried the scholars.

"And all that want to be," added Joannes.

The women, in fact, hid their faces.

"Oh, the horrid baboon!" said one.

"As wicked as he is ugly," added another.

"It's the devil!" added a third.

"I have the misfortune to live near Notre-

Dame, and at night I hear him scrambling in the gutter on the roof."

"With the cats."

"He always is on our roofs."

"He casts spells at us down our chimneys."

"The other night he came and grinned at me through my attic window. I thought it was a man. I was in such a fright!"

"I'm sure he goes to meet the witches—he once left a broomstick on my leads."

"Oh, the shocking face of the hunchback!"

"Oh, the horrid creature!"

"Ugh!"

The men, on the contrary, were delighted, applauding loudly.

Quasimodo, the object of the tumult, stood in the doorway of the chapel, gloomy and grave, letting himself be admired.

One of the students (Robin Poussepain, we believe,) laughed in his face, rather too near. Quasimodo quietly took him by the belt and threw him half-a-score yards among the crowd, without uttering a word.

Maître Coppenole, wondering, went up to him. "By the Rood! Holy Father! why, thou hast the prettiest ugliness I did ever see in my life! Thou wouldst deserve to be pope at Rome as well as at Paris."

So saying, he clapped his hand merrily

upon the other's shoulder. Quasimodo never moved. Coppenole continued: "Thou art a fellow with whom I long to feast, though it should cost me a new douzain of twelve livres tournois. What say'st thou to it?"

Quasimodo made no answer.

"By the Holy Rood!" cried the hosier, "art thou deaf?"

He was indeed deaf.

However, he began to be impatient at Coppenole's manners, and he all at once turned toward him with so formidable a grinding of his teeth that the Flemish giant recoiled like a bull-dog before a cat.

A circle of terror and respect was instantly made round this strange personage, the radius of which was at least fifteen geometrical paces. And an old woman explained to Maître Coppenole that Quasimodo was deaf.

"Deaf?" cried the hosier, with his boisterous Flemish laugh. "Holy Rood! then he's a pope indeed!"

"Ho! I know him," cried Jehan, who was at last come down from his capital to have a nearer look at Quasimodo; "it's my brother the archdeacon's bell-ringer. Good-day to you, Quasimodo."

"What a devil of a man," said Robin Poussepain, who was bruised from his fall. "He shows himself—and you see he's a

hunchback. He walks—and you see he's bow-legged. He looks at you—and you see he's short an eye. You talk to him—and you find he's deaf. Why, what does this Polyphemus with his tongue?"

"He talks when he lists," said the old woman. "He's lost his hearing with ringing of the bells. He's not dumb."

"No—he's that perfection short," observed Jehan.

"And has an eye too many," added Robin Poussepain.

"No, no," said Jehan, judiciously; "a one-eyed man is much more incomplete than a blind man, for he knows what it is that's wanting."

Meanwhile, all the beggars, all the lackeys, all the cutpurses, together with the students, had gone in procession to fetch from the wardrobe of the clerks the pasteboard tiara and the mock robe appropriated to the Fools' Pope or Lord of Misrule. Quasimodo allowed himself to be arrayed in them without a frown, and with a sort of proud docility. They then seated him upon a parti-colored litter. Twelve officers of the brotherhood of Fools, laying hold of the poles that were attached to it, hoisted him upon their shoulders; and a sort of bitter and disdainful joy seemed to overspread the sullen face of the cyclop

when he beheld under his deformed feet all those heads of handsome and well-shaped men. Then the whole bawling and tattered procession set forth to make, according to custom, the inner circuit of the galleries of the Palace, before parading through the streets and squares.

VI.

ESMERALDA

We are delighted to inform our readers that during all this scene Gringoire and his piece had held out. His actors, goaded on by himself, had not ceased spouting their parts, nor had he ceased to listen. He had resigned himself to the uproar, and was determined to go on to the end, not despairing of a return of public attention. This gleam of hope revived when he saw Quasimodo, Coppenole, and the noisy train of the Fools' Pope march with great clamor out of the hall. The rest of the crowd rushing eagerly after them. "Good!" said he to himself—"there go all the marplots at last!" But, unfortunately, all the hare-brained people composed the audience. In a twinkling the great hall was empty.

It is true there still remained a few spectators, some scattered about, and others grouped around the pillars—women, old men and children—exhausted with the crush and the tumult.

A few students still remained astride the window seats looking out into the Place.

"Well," thought Gringoire, "here are still enough to hear the end of my mystery. They are few, but they are a select, a literary audience."

But a moment later a symphony, which was to have produced the greatest impression at the arrival of the Holy Virgin, was missing. Gringoire discovered that his music had been carried off by the procession of the Fools' Pope. "Do without," said he stoically.

He approached a group of townspeople who seemed to him to be talking about his piece. Here is the fragment of their conversation which he heard:

"Maître Cheneteau, you know the Hôtel de Navarre, which belonged to Monsieur de Nemours?"

"Oh, yes—opposite to the Chapelle de Braque."

"Well—the Treasury has just let it to Guillaume Alixandre, heraldry painter, for six livres eight Paris pence a year."

"How rents are rising!"

"Well, well!" said Gringoire, with a sigh —"but the others are listening."

"Comrades!" suddenly cried one of the young fellows in the windows, "Esmeralda! Esmeralda is in the Square!"

This word produced a magical effect. All who remained in the hall rushed toward the windows, climbing up the walls to see, and repeating, "Esmeralda! Esmeralda!"

At the same time was heard a great noise of applause without.

"What do they mean by Esmeralda?" said Gringoire, clasping his hands in despair. "Heavens! it seems to be the turn of the windows now!"

He turned toward the marble table, and saw that the performance was interrupted. It was precisely the moment when Jupiter was to enter with his thunder. But Jupiter remained motionless at the foot of the stage.

"Michel Giborne!" cried the irritated poet, "what art thou doing there? is that thy part?—go up, I tell thee."

"Alas!" exclaimed Jupiter, "one of the students has taken away the ladder."

Gringoire looked. It was but too true. All communication between his plot and its solution was cut off.

"The rascal!" he muttered; "and why did he take that ladder?"

"To go and see Esmeralda," cried Jupiter in a piteous tone. "He said: 'Hello! here's a ladder nobody's using;' and away he went with it."

This was the finishing blow. Gringoire received it with resignation.

"The devil take you all!" said he to the players; "and if they pay me I'll pay you."

Then he made his retreat, hanging his head, but the last in the field, like a general who has fought well.

And as he descended the winding staircase of the Palace, "A fine drove of asses and dolts are these Parisians!" he muttered between his teeth. "They come to hear a mystery, and pay no attention to it. They were occupied with everybody else—with Clopin Trouillefou—with the cardinal—with Coppenole—with Quasimodo—with the devil!—but with our Lady, the Virgin, not at all. Had I but known it, I'd have given you Virgin Marys, you wretched gapers! And I! for me to come here to see faces, and see nothing but backs!—to be a poet, and have the success of an apothecary! True it is that Homer begged his bread through the villages of Greece, and that Naso died in exile among the Muscovites. But the devil flay me if I understand what they mean by their Esmeralda. Of what language can that word be?—it must be Egyptian!"

BOOK TWO

BOOK II.

I.

FROM CHARYBDIS INTO SCYLLA

The night comes on early in January. The streets were already growing dark when Gringoire quitted the Palace. This nightfall pleased him; he longed to reach some obscure and solitary alley, that he might there meditate at his ease, and that the philosopher might lay the first healing balm to the wounds of the poet. Philosophy was, indeed, his only refuge, for he knew not where to find a lodging place. After the signal failure of his first dramatic attempt, he dared not return to that which he occupied in the Rue Grenier sur l'Eau, opposite to the Port au Foin; having reckoned upon what the provost was to give him for his epithalamium to enable him to pay to Maître Guillaume Doulx-Sire, collector of the taxes upon cloven-footed beasts brought into Paris, the six months' rent which he owed him, that is to say, twelve pence of Paris, twelve times the value of all he pos-

sessed in the world, including his breeches, his shirt and his hat. After a moment's reflection, while sheltered under the wicket-gate of the prison belonging to the treasurer of the Sainte Chapelle, as to what place of refuge he should select for the night, all the pavements of Paris being at his service, he recollected having espied, the week before, in the Rue de la Savaterie, at the door of a parliamentary counselor, a footstone for mounting on mule-back, and having remarked to himself that this stone might serve upon occasion as an excellent pillow for a beggar or a poet. He thanked Providence for having sent him this happy idea; but as he was preparing to cross the Square of the Palace in order to reach the tortuous labyrinth of the City, formed by the windings of all those sister streets, the Rue de la Barillerie, Rue de la Vieille-Draperie, Rue de la Savaterie, Rue de la Juiverie, etc., which are still standing, with their houses of nine stories, he saw the procession of the Fools' Pope, which was also issuing from the Palace, and rushing across the courtyard with loud shouts, with great glare of torches, and with Gringoire's own band of music. This sight revived the blow to his pride, and he fled. In the bitterness of his dramatic misadventure, everything which recalled to his mind the festival of the day irritated his wound, and made it bleed afresh.

He turned to cross the Bridge of Saint Michel, where he found boys running up and down with squibs and crackers.

"A plague on the fireworks!" said Gringoire; and he turned back upon the Exchange Bridge. Attached to the front of the houses at the entrance of the bridge were three banners, representing the king, the dauphin and Margaret of Flanders; and six bannerets, on which were portrayed the Duke of Austria, the Cardinal de Bourbon, and Monsieur de Beaujeu, Madame Jeanne of France, and Monsieur the bastard of Bourbon, and I know not who else, all illuminated by torches—and a crowd admiring.

"Happy painter, Jehan Fourbault!" said Gringoire, with a heavy sigh, as he turned his back upon the banners. A street lay before him; and it seemed so dark and forsaken that he hoped there to escape his mental sufferings as well as the illuminations; he plunged into it accordingly. A few moments later his foot struck against some obstacle; he stumbled and fell. It was the bundle of hawthorn which the clerks had placed in the morning at the door of a president of the Parliament in honor of the day. Gringoire bore this new accident heroically; he arose, and reached the waterside. After leaving behind him the Civil Tower and the Criminal Tower, and passing along

by the high wall of the king's gardens, on that unpaved shore in which he sank to the ankles in mud, he arrived at the western end of the City, and stood gazing for some time at the small island of the Passeur aux Vaches (cow ferryman), which has since disappeared under the bronze horse and esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The islet appeared to his eyes in the darkness as a black mass beyond the narrow stream of whitish water which separated him from it. He could discern by the rays of a small glimmering light a sort of hut in the form of a beehive, in which the ferryman sheltered himself during the night.

"Happy ferryman!" thought Gringoire, "thou dreamest not of glory! thou writest not wedding songs—what are the marriages of kings and Burgundian duchesses to thee! Thou knowest no Marguerites but the daisies which thy April greensward gives thy cows to crop!—while I, a poet, am hooted—and shiver—and owe twelve pence—and my shoe-sole is so transparent that thou mightest use it to glaze thy lantern! Thanks, ferryman! thy cabin gives rest to my eyes, and makes me forget Paris!"

He was awakened from his almost lyric ecstasy by a great double Saint John's rocket, which suddenly arose from the peaceful cabin. It was the ferryman also taking his share in

the festivities of the day, and letting off his fireworks.

This rocket sent a shiver through Gringoire.

"Oh, cursed holiday!" cried he, "wilt thou follow me everywhere—good God! even to the ferryman's hut!"

Then he looked into the Seine at his feet, and felt a horrible temptation.

"Oh!" said he, "how willingly would I drown myself—if the water were not so cold!"

Then he took a desperate resolution. It was—since he could not escape the Fools' Pope, Jehan Fourbault's paintings, the bundles of hawthorn, the squibs and the rockets—to plunge boldly into the very heart of the illumination, and go to the Place de Grêve.

"At least," thought he, "I shall perhaps get a brand to warm my fingers at the bonfire; and I shall manage to sup on some morsel from the three great shields of royal sugar that were to be set out on the public refectory."

II.

THE PLACE DE GRÈVE

There remains to-day but a small and scarcely perceptible vestige of the Place de Grève (one of the places for public executions in the old city of Paris), such as it existed formerly; all that is left is the charming turret which occupies the northern angle of the Square, and which, already buried under the ignoble whitewashing which obstructs the delicate lines of its carving, will soon, perhaps, have totally disappeared, under that increase of new houses which is so rapidly consuming all the old *façades* in Paris.

Those who, like ourselves, never pass over the Place de Grève without casting a look of pity and sympathy on this poor little tower, squeezed between two ruins of the time of Louis XV., can easily reconstruct in their mind's eye the assemblage of edifices to which it belonged, and thus imagine themselves in the old Gothic Square of the fifteenth century.

It was then, as now, an irregular place, bounded on one side by the quay, and on the three others by a series of lofty houses, narrow and sombre. In the daytime you might admire

the variety of these buildings, carved in stone or in wood, and already presenting complete examples of the various kinds of domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, going back from the fifteenth to the eleventh century—from the perpendicular window which was beginning to supersede the Gothic to the circular Roman arch which the Gothic had in turn supplanted, and which still occupied underneath the first story of that ancient house of the Tour-Rolland, forming the angle of the Place with the Seine, on the side of the Rue de la Tannerie. By night, nothing was distinguishable of that mass of buildings but the black indentation of their gables, extending its range of acute angles round three sides of the Place. For it is one of the essential differences between the towns of that day and those of the present, that now it is the fronts of the houses that look to the squares and streets, but then it was the gable ends. During the two centuries past they have turned fairly around.

In the centre of the eastern side of the Square rose a heavy and hybrid construction formed by three dwellings juxtaposed. The whole was called by three several names, describing its history, its purpose and its architecture; the Maison au Dauphin, or Dauphin's House, because Charles V., when dauphin, had lived there —the Trades House, because it was used as the Hôtel de Ville, or Town Hall—and the Maison

aux Piliers (*domus ad piloria*) or Pillar House, on account of a series of heavy pillars which supported its three stories. The City had there all that a goodly town like Paris needs; a chapel to pray in; a court-room for holding magisterial sittings, and, when needed, reprimanding the king's officers; and in the garrets an arsenal stored with artillery and ammunition. For the good people of Paris, well knowing that it was not sufficient, in every emergency, to plead and to pray for the franchises of their city, had always in reserve, in the attics of the Town Hall, some few good though rusty arquebusses.

The Square of La Grève had then that sinister aspect which it still derives from the execrable ideas which it awakens, and from the gloomy-looking Town Hall built by Dominique Bocador, which has taken the place of the Maison aux Piliers. It must be observed that a permanent gibbet and pillory, *a justice* and *a ladder*, as they were then called, erected side by side in the centre of the Square, contributed not a little to make the passer-by avert his eyes from this fatal spot, where so many beings in full life and health had suffered their last agony; and which was to give birth, fifty years later, to that Saint Vallier's fever, as it was called, that disease which was but the terror of the scaffold, the most monstrous of all maladies, inflicted as it was, not by the hand of God, but by that of man.

It is consolatory, we may remark, to reflect that the punishment of death, which, three centuries ago, with its iron wheels, with its stone gibbets, with all its apparatus for torture permanently fixed in the ground, encumbered the Square of the Grève, the Market Place, the Place Dauphine, the Croix du Trahoir, the Pig Market, the hideous Montfaucon, the Barrière des Sergens, the Place aux Chats, the Gate of Saint Denis, Champeaux, the Baudets Gate, the Porte Saint Jacques—not to mention the innumerable pillories of the provosts, of the bishop, of the chapters, of the abbots, of the priors who dealt justice—not to mention judicial drownings in the river Seine—it is consolatory to reflect that now, after losing, one after another, every fragment of her panoply, her profusion of executions, her refined and fanciful penal laws, her torture, for applying which she made anew every five years a bed of leather in the Grand Châtelet—this ancient queen of feudal society, nearly thrust from our laws and our towns, tracked from code to code, driven from place to place, now possesses, in our vast metropolis of Paris, but one dishonored corner of the Grève—but one miserable guillotine—stealthy—timid—ashamed—which seems always afraid of being taken in the act, so quickly does it disappear after giving its blow.

III.

KISSES FOR BLOWS

When Pierre Gringoire arrived at the Place de Grève he was benumbed with cold. He had gone over the Miller's Bridge to avoid the crowd on the Pont au Change and Jehan Fourbault's banners; but the wheels of all the bishop's mills had splashed him as he crossed, so that his coat was wet through; and it seemed to him that the fate of his piece had rendered him even colder. Accordingly, he hurried toward the bonfire which burned magnificently in the middle of the Place; a considerable crowd, however, encircled it.

"You villainous Parisians!" said he to himself (for Gringoire, like a true dramatic poet, was addicted to monologues), "so, now you keep me from the fire! And yet I've good need of a chimney-corner. My shoes are sponges in the water—and then, all those execrable mills have been raining upon me. The devil take the Bishop of Paris with his mills! I wonder what a bishop can do with a

mill! Does he think, from being a bishop, to turn miller? If he only wants my malediction to do so, I heartily give it him, and his cathedral, and his mills! Let us see, now, if any of those lazy rascals will disturb themselves. What are they doing there the while? Warming themselves—a fine pleasure, truly! Looking at a hundred bunches of fagots burning—a fine sight, to be sure!"

On looking nearer, however, he perceived that the circle of people was much wider than was requisite to warm themselves at the bonfire, and that this concourse was not attracted alone by the beauty of a hundred blazing bundles.

In a wide space left clear between the fire and the crowd, a young girl was dancing.

Whether she was a human being, a fairy, or an angel, was what Gringoire, skeptical philosopher and ironical poet as he was, could not at the first moment decide, so much was he fascinated by this dazzling vision.

She was not tall, but the elasticity of her slender shape made her appear so. She was a brunette, but it was obvious that in the daylight her complexion would have that golden gleam seen upon the women of Spain and of Rome. Her tiny foot, as well, was Andalusian, for it was at once tight and at ease in its light and graceful sandal. She was danc-

ing, turning, whirling upon an antique Persian carpet spread negligently under her feet; and each time as she turned and her radiant countenance passed before you, her large black eyes seemed to flash upon you.

Every look was fixed upon her, every mouth was open in the circle about her; and, indeed, while she danced to the sound of the tambourine which her two round and delicate arms lifted above her head—slender, fragile, active, as a wasp—with her golden girdle without a fold—her skirt of varied colors swelling out below her slender waist, giving momentary glimpses of her fine-formed legs—her round bared shoulders—her black hair and her sparkling eyes—she looked like something more than human.

"Truly," thought Gringoire, "'tis a salamander—a nymph—a goddess—a bacchante of Mount Mænalus!"

At that moment one of the braids of the salamander's hair became detached, and a small piece of brass that had been attached to it rolled upon the ground.

"Ah! no," said he, "'tis a gypsy."

All illusion disappeared.

She resumed her dance. She took up from the ground two swords, the points of which she supported upon her forehead, making them whirl in one direction, while she turned

in the other. She was indeed no other than a gypsy. Yet, disenchanted as was Gringoire, the scene, taken altogether, was not without its charm, not without its magic. The bonfire cast upon her a red flaring light, which flickered brightly upon the circle of faces of the crowd and the brown forehead of the young girl, and, at the extremities of the Square threw a wan reflection, mingled with the wavering shadows—on one side, upon the old dark wrinkled front of the Maison aux Piliers—on the other, upon the stone arms of the gibbet.

Among the thousand faces tinged by the scarlet light, there was one which seemed to be more than all the rest absorbed in the contemplation of the dancer. It was the face of a man, austere, calm and sombre. This man, whose costume was hidden by the crowd that surrounded him, seemed to be not more than thirty-five years of age; yet he was bald, having only a few thin tufts of hair about his temples, which were already gray; his broad and high forehead was beginning to be furrowed with wrinkles; but in his deep-set eyes there shone an extraordinary youth, an intense animation, a depth of passion. He kept them constantly fixed upon the gypsy; and while the giddy young girl of sixteen danced and swung to the delight of all, his reverie seemed to grow more and more gloomy. From time to time

a smile and a sigh met each other on his lips; but the smile was far more sad than the sigh.

The girl, breathless, stopped at last, while the crowd lovingly applauded.

"Djali!" cried the gypsy.

Gringoire then saw come up to her a little white goat, alert, brisk and glossy, with gilt horns, gilt hoofs and a gilt collar, which he had not before observed, because until that moment it had been lying crouched upon one corner of the carpet, looking at her mistress dance.

"Djali," said the dancer, "it's your turn now;" and sitting down, she gracefully held out her tambourine to the goat.

"Djali," she continued, "what month of the year is this?"

The animal lifted its fore-foot and struck one stroke upon the tambourine. It was, in fact, the first month of the year. The crowd applauded.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, turning her tambourine another way, "what day of the month is it?"

Djali lifted her little golden foot, and struck six times upon the tambourine.

"Djali!" said the gypsy, with a new turn of the tambourine, "what hour of the day is it?"

Djali struck seven strokes, and at that very

moment the clock of the Maison aux Piliers rang seven.

The people were wonderstruck.

"There is witchcraft in all that," said a sinister voice in the crowd. It was that of the bald man who had his eyes constantly upon the gypsy.

She shuddered and turned around. But the applause burst forth again and smothered the sinister exclamation.

Indeed, they so completely effaced it from her mind, that she continued to interrogate her goat.

"Djali!" said she, "how does Maître Guichard Grand-Remy, captain of the town pistoliers, go in the procession at Candlemas?"

Djali reared on her hind legs and began to bleat, marching at the same time with so seemly a gravity that the whole circle of spectators burst into a laugh at this parody of the hypocritical devotion of the captain of pistoliers.

"Djali!" resumed the girl, emboldened by this increased success, "how does Maître Jacques Charmolue, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court—how does he preach?"

The goat sat down on her haunches and began to bleat, shaking its fore-feet after so strange a fashion, that, with the exception of

the bad French and the bad Latin, it was Jacques Charmolue to the life, gesture, accent and attitude.

The crowd applauded with all their might.

"Sacrilege! profanation!" cried the voice of the bald-headed man.

The gypsy turned round again.

"Ah!" said she, "it's that ugly man!" Then putting out her lower lip beyond the upper one she made a little pouting grimace which seemed familiar to her, turned upon her heel, and began to collect in her tambourine the contributions of the multitude.

Big pieces of silver, little pieces of silver, pennies and farthings were now showered upon her. In taking her round, she all at once came in front of Gringoire; and as he, in perfect absence of mind, thrust his hand into his pocket, she stopped, expecting something. "Diable!" exclaimed the poet, finding at the bottom of his pocket the reality, that is to say, nothing at all; the pretty girl standing before him all the while, looking at him with her large eyes, holding out her tambourine, and waiting. Gringoire perspired from every pore.

Had he all the riches of Peru in his pocket, he would assuredly have given it to the dancer; but Gringoire had not the wealth of Peru—nor, indeed, was America yet discovered.

Fortunately an unexpected incident came to his relief.

"Wilt thou begone, thou Egyptian locust?" cried a harsh voice from the darkest corner of the Place.

The girl turned affrighted. This was not the voice of the bald-headed man; it was the voice of a woman—bigoted and malicious.

This cry, which frightened the gypsy, highly delighted a troop of children that were rambling about.

"It's the recluse of the Tour-Rolland," cried they with uproarious bursts of laughter—"it's the nun that's scolding. Hasn't she had her supper? Let's carry her something from the town buffet."

And they all ran toward the Maison aux Piliers.

Gringoire had availed himself of this agitation of the dancer to disappear among the crowd. The shouts of the children reminded him that he too had not supped. He therefore hastened to the public buffet. But the little rogues had better legs than he, and when he arrived they had cleared the table. They had not even left one wretched cake at five sous the pound. There remained nothing but the bare decorations against the wall—the light fleurs-de-lis intermingled with rose-trees painted there in 1434 by

Mathieu Biterne; and they offered but a meagre supper.

'Tis an unpleasant thing to go without one's dinner. 'Tis less gratifying still to go without one's supper, and not know where to sleep. Gringoire was at that point. Without food, without lodging, he found himself pressed by necessity on every hand, and he thought necessity very ungracious. He had long discovered this truth—that Jupiter created man in a fit of misanthropy, and that throughout the life of the wisest man his destiny keeps his philosophy in a state of siege. For his own part, he had never found the blockade so complete. He heard his stomach sound a truce, and he thought it very unkind that his evil destiny should reduce his philosophy by simple starvation.

He was sinking more and more deeply into this melancholy reverie, when he was suddenly startled from it by the sound of a strange but very sweet song. It was the young gypsy singing.

Her voice had the same character as her dance and her beauty. It had an undefinable charm—something clear, sonorous, aerial—winged, as it were. There was a continued succession of harmonious notes, of swells, of unexpected cadences—then simple strains, interspersed with sharp and shrill notes—then

trills that would have bewildered a nightingale —then soft undulations, which rose and fell like the bosom of the youthful songstress. The expression of her sweet face followed with singular flexibility every capricious variation of her song, from the wildest inspiration to the most chastened dignity. She seemed now all frenzy, and now all majesty.

The words that she sang were in a language unintelligible to Gringoire, and which seemed to be unknown to herself, so little did the expression which she gave in singing correspond with the sense of the words. For instance, she gave these four lines with the most sportive gayety:

Un cofre de gran riqueza	A coffer of great richness
Hallaron dentro un pilar,	In a pillar's heart was found,
Dentro del, nuevas banderas	Within it lay new banners,
Con figuras de espantar.	With figures to astound.

And a moment after, at the tone which she gave to this stanza—

Alarabes de cavallo	The Moorish horsemen
Sin poderse menear,	Without being able to move,
Con espadas, y los cuellos,	With swords, and at their necks
Ballestas de buen echar . .	Ready cross-bows . . .

Gringoire felt the tears come to his eyes. Yet above all her song breathed gayety, and she seemed to warble, like a bird, from pure lightness of heart.

The gypsy's song had disturbed Gringoire's reverie, but it was as the swan disturbs the water. He listened to it with a sort of ecstasy, and oblivion of all else. It was the first moment, for several hours, in which he felt no suffering.

The moment was short.

The same female voice which had interrupted the gypsy's dance, now interrupted her song.

"Wilt thou be silent, thou infernal cricket?" it cried, still from the same dark corner of the Place.

The poor "cricket" stopped short, and Gringoire clapped his hands over his ears.

"Oh!" he cried, "thou cursed, broken-toothed saw, that comest to break the lyre!"

The rest of the bystanders murmured with him. "The devil take the nun!" cried some of them. And the invisible disturber might have found cause to repent of her attacks upon the gypsy had not their attention been diverted at that moment by the procession of the Fools' Pope, which, after traversing many a street and square, was now pouring into the Place de Grève, with all its torches and all its clamor.

This procession, which our readers have seen take its departure from the Palace, had increased on the way, having enlisted all the

ragamuffins, the unemployed thieves and idle scamps in Paris, so that when it reached the Grève it presented quite a respectable aspect.

First of all marched the Egyptians. The Duke of Egypt was at their head, with his counts on foot, holding his bridle and stirrup; behind them came the Egyptians, men and women, pell-mell, with their infants squalling upon their shoulders; all of them, duke, counts and people, covered with rags and tinsel. Then followed the kingdom of Argot, that is, all the thieves of France, arranged in bands according to the order of their dignities, the least important walking first. Thus marched on, four abreast, with the different insignia of their degrees in that strange faculty, most of them crippled in some way or other—some limping, some with only one hand—the shoplifters, the false pilgrims, the card sharps, the pickpockets, the tramps, the rogues, the lepers and those who wore false sores, and those of hidden lives—denominations enough to have wearied Homer himself to enumerate, and some explanation of which will occur as we proceed. It was with some difficulty that you could discern, in the centre of the band of wharf rats, archisuppôts, arch thieves, the King of Argot himself, the "*Grand-Coësre*," as he was called, sitting squat in a little wagon drawn by two large

dogs. After the kingdom of the Argotiers came the empire of Galilee (gamblers). Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of the empire of Galilee, walking majestically in his robe of purple stained with wine, preceded by mummers dancing Pyrrhic dances, and surrounded by his mace-bearers, his under-strappers and the clerks of the chambre des comptes. Lastly came the members of the *basoche* (lawyers' clerks), with their garlanded staffs, their black gowns, their music, worthy of witches' Sabbath, and their great candles of yellow wax. In the centre of this latter crowd, the great officers of the brotherhood of Fools bore upon their shoulders a stretcher, more loaded with wax-tapers than the shrine of Sainte Geneviève in time of pestilence; and seated upon this stretcher shone, crosiered and mitred, the new Fools' Pope, the ringer of Notre-Dame, Quasimodo the hunchback.

Each division of this grotesque procession had its particular music. The Egyptians sounded their balafos and their African tabors. The Argotiers, a very unmusical race, had advanced no further than the viol, the bugle-horn and the Gothic rubebbe of the twelfth century. The empire of Galilee had not made little more progress. You could but just distinguish in its music the sounds of the ancient rebeck of the infancy of the art still limited

to the do, re, mi. But it was around the Fools' Pope that were congregated, in magnificent discordance, all the musical riches of the age; there was nothing visible but ends of rebecks of all sizes and shapes; not to mention the flutes and the cuivres. Alas! our readers will recollect that it was poor Gringoire's orchestra.

It is not easy to give an idea of the expression of proud and beatific joy which the melancholy and hideous visage of Quasimodo had attained in the journey from the Palace to the Grève. It was the first thrill of vanity that he had ever experienced. He had hitherto experienced nothing but humiliation, disdain at his condition, and disgust for his person. So, deaf as he was, he nevertheless relished, like a true pope, the acclamations of that crowd whom he had hated because he felt himself hated by them. What though his people were a gathering of fools, of cripples, thieves and beggars—still they were a people, and he was a sovereign. And he took in earnest all the ironical applause and mock reverence which they gave him; with which, at the same time, we must not forget to observe there was mingled, in the minds of the crowd, a degree of fear quite real; for the hunchback was strong; though bow-legged, he was active; though deaf, he was malicious

—three qualities which have the effect of tempering the ridicule.

Moreover, that the new Pope of the Fools analyzed the feelings which he experienced, or those which he inspired, we can by no means presume. The mind that was lodged in that misshapen body, was necessarily itself incomplete and dull of hearing; so that what he felt at that moment was both vague and confused to him. Only, joy beamed through all, and pride predominated. Around that dismal and unhappy countenance there was a perfect radiance.

It was, therefore, not without surprise and alarm that all at once, at the moment when Quasimodo, in that state of semi-intoxication, passed triumphantly before the Maison aux Piliers, a man was seen to dart from the crowd, and, with an angry gesture, snatch from his hands the crosier of gilt wood, ensign of his mock papacy.

The person who had this temerity was the man with the bald head, who, the moment before, standing in the crowd that encircled the gypsy, had chilled the poor girl's blood with his words of menace and hatred. He was in ecclesiastical dress. The moment he rushed forth from the crowd he was recognized by Gringoire, who had not before observed him. "What!" said he, with a cry

of astonishment. "Why, 'tis my master in Hermes, Dom Claude Frollo, the archdeacon! What the devil can he want with that one-eyed brute? He will be devoured!"

A cry of terror proceeded from the multitude. The formidable Quasimodo had leaped down from his seat; and the women turned away their eyes, that they might not see him tear the archdeacon to pieces.

He made one bound toward the priest, looked in his face, and then fell on his knees, before him.

The priest snatched his tiara from his head, broke his crosier, and rent his tinsel cope.

Quasimodo remained upon his knees, bowed down his head, and clasped his hands.

They then entered into a strange dialogue of signs and gestures, for neither of them uttered a word. The priest, erect, angry, threatening, imperious; Quasimodo prostrate, humble, suppliant. And yet it is certain that Quasimodo could have crushed the priest with his thumb.

At last the priest, roughly shaking Quasimodo's powerful shoulder, made him a sign to rise and follow.

Quasimodo rose accordingly.

Then the brotherhood of Fools, their first

amazement having passed, offered to defend their pope, thus abruptly dethroned. The Egyptians, the Argotiers, and all the Basoche, came yelping round the priest.

Quasimodo, placing himself before the priest, gave full play the muscles of his athletic fists, and regarded the assailants, gnashing his teeth like an angry tiger.

The priest resumed his sombre gravity, and making a sign to Quasimodo, withdrew in silence.

Quasimodo walked before him, scattering the crowd in his passage.

When they had made their way through the populace and across the Place, the crowd of the curious and idle wished to follow them. Quasimodo then placed himself in the rear, and followed the archdeacon backwards, looking squat, snarling, monstrous, shaggy, gathering up his limbs, licking his tusks, growling like a wild beast, and swaying backward the crowd by a mere glance or gesture.

At length they both disappeared down a gloomy narrow street, into which no one dared to follow them; so effectually was its entrance barred by the mere image of Quasimodo gnashing his teeth.

"All this is astonishing," said Gringoire to himself; "but where the devil shall I find a supper?"

IV.

THE DANGER OF FOLLOWING A PRETTY WOMAN IN THE STREETS BY NIGHT

Gringoire had set himself to follow the gypsy girl at all hazards. He had seen her, with her goat, turn down the Rue de la Contellerie; and, accordingly, he turned into the Rue de la Contellerie likewise.

"Why not?" said he to himself.

As a practical philosopher of the streets of Paris, Gringoire had remarked that nothing is more favorable to a state of reverie than to follow a pretty woman without knowing whither she is going. In this voluntary surrender of one's free-will—in this fancy subjecting itself to the fancy of another, while that other is totally unconscious of it—there is a mixture of fantastic independence with blind obedience, a something intermediate between slavery and freedom, which was pleasing to Gringoire, whose mind, essentially mixed, undecided and complex, held the medium between all extremes in constant suspense amongst all human propensities, and neutral-

izing one of them by another. He compared himself willingly to the tomb of Mahomet, attracted by two lodestones in opposite directions, and hesitating eternally between the top and the bottom, between the roof and the pavement, between fall and ascension, between the zenith and the nadir.

Had Gringoire been living in our time, what a happy medium he would have maintained between the classic and the romantic!

But he was not primitive enough to live three hundred years; and 'tis a pity. His absence leaves a void which, in these days of ours, is but too sensibly felt.

However, nothing better disposes a man for following people in the street (especially when they happen to be women), a thing Gringoire was always ready to do, than not knowing where to sleep.

He walked along, therefore, thoughtfully, behind the young girl, who quickened her step, making her pretty little four-footed companion trot beside her, as she saw the townsfolk reaching their homes and the taverns (the only shops allowed opened on this festival) closing for the night.

"After all," he half thought to himself, "she must have a lodging somewhere—the gypsy women have good hearts—who knows?"

And there were some points of suspension

around which he wove certain very charming and flattering ideas.

At intervals, meanwhile, as he passed before the last groups of people busy closing their doors, he caught certain fragments of their conversation which broke the chain of his pleasing hypotheses.

Now it was two old men accosting each other.

"Maître Thibaut Fernicle, do you know, it's very cold?"

(Gringoire had known it ever since the winter had set in.)

"Yes, indeed, Maître Boniface Disome. Are we going to have such a winter as we had three years ago, in the year '80, when wood rose to eight sols the measure, think you?"

"Bah! that's nothing at all, Maître Thibaut, to the winter of 1407, when it froze from Martinmas to Candlemas—and so sharp that the ink in the pen of the parliament's registrar froze, in the Grand Chamber, at every three words, which interrupted the registering of the judgments!"

Then farther on, two good female neighbors, gossiping to each other from their windows with candles in their hands that glimmered through the fog.

"Has your husband told you of the mishap, Mademoiselle la Boudraque?"

"No, Mademoiselle Turquant, what is it?"

"The horse of Monsieur Gilles Godin, notary at the Châtelet, took fright at the Flemish and their procession, and knocked over Maître Philipot Avrillot, lay-brother of the Celestines."

"Really?"

"Assuredly."

"A paltry hack-horse, too! It seems impossible—had it been a cavalry horse, now!"

And the windows were shut again. But Gringoire had none the less lost the thread of his ideas.

Luckily, he soon found it again, and easily tied it together, at the sight of the gypsy girl and of Djali, who were still trotting on before him, two slender, delicate and charming creatures, whose small feet, pretty figures, and graceful motions he gazed at with admiration, almost confounding them together in his contemplation; fancying them both young girls from their intelligence and mutual affection; while from their light, quick and graceful step, they might have been both young hinds.

Meanwhile, the streets were every moment becoming darker and more solitary. The curfew had long ceased to ring, and it was only at long intervals that a person passed along the pavement, or a light was seen at a window. Gringoire, in following the gypsy,

had involved himself in that inextricable labyrinth of alleys, courts and crossings which surrounds the ancient sepulchre of the Holy Innocents, and may be compared to a skein of thread tangled by the playing of a kitten. "Very illogical streets, in truth!" muttered Gringoire, quite lost in the thousand windings which seemed to be everlastingly turning back upon themselves, but through which the girl followed a track that seemed to be well known to her, and with a step of increasing rapidity. For his own part he would have been perfectly ignorant as to his whereabout, had he not observed, at the bend of a street, the octagonal mass of the pillory of the Halles (Principal Market), the perforated top of which traced its dark outline against a solitary light yet visible in a window of the Rue Verdelet.

For some moments past his step had attracted the girl's attention; she had several times turned her head towards him with uneasiness: once, indeed, she had stopped short, had availed herself of a ray of light that escaped from a half-open bakehouse, to survey him steadily from head to foot; then, after this scrutiny, Gringoire had observed on her face the little grimace which he had already remarked, and she had gone on without more ado.

This same little pout furnished Gringoire with a subject of reflection. There certainly was both disdain and mockery in that pretty grimace. And he was beginning to hang his head, to count the paving-stones, and to follow the girl at a rather greater distance; when, at the turn of a street which for a moment hid her from view, he heard her utter a piercing shriek.

He quickened his step.

The street was filled with deep shadows. Yet, a wick soaked in oil, which was burning in a sort of iron cage, at the foot of a statue of the Holy Virgin at the corner of the street, enabled Gringoire to discern the gypsy struggling in the arms of two men, who were endeavoring to stifle her cries, while the poor little goat, in great alarm, put down her horns, bleating.

"Hither! hither! gentlemen of the watch!" cried Gringoire; and he advanced bravely.

One of the men who had laid hold of the girl, turned toward him. It was the formidable visage of Quasimodo.

Gringoire did not fly—but he did not advance another step.

Quasimodo came up to him, and hurling him some four paces off upon the pavement with a backstroke of his hand, plunged rapidly into the darkness, bearing the girl, whose

figure drooping over his arm was like a silken scarf. His companion followed him, and the poor goat ran behind with its plaintive bleat.

"Murder! murder!" cried the unfortunate gypsy.

"Stand, there! you scoundrels! and let go the wench!" was all at once heard in a voice of thunder, from a horseman, who suddenly made his appearance from the neighboring crossway.

It was a captain of the king's archers, armed from head to foot with broadsword in hand.

He snatched the gypsy from the grasp of the amazed Quasimodo, laid her across his saddle, and, at the moment when the redoubtable hunchback, having recovered from his surprise, was rushing upon him to regain possession of his prey, fifteen or sixteen archers, who followed close upon their captain, made their appearance, each brandishing his two-edged blade. They were a detachment of the royal troop on extra duty, by order of Messire Robert d'Estouteville, Warden of the Provost of Paris.

Quasimodo was surrounded, seized and garroted. He roared, he foamed, he bit; and had it been daylight, no doubt his visage alone, rendered yet more hideous by rage, would have put the whole detachment to

flight. But the darkness had disarmed him of his most formidable weapon, his ugliness.

His companion had disappeared during the struggle.

The gypsy gracefully gained her seat upon the officer's saddle, rested both her hands upon the young man's shoulders, and looked fixedly at him for a few seconds, as if delighted with his fine countenance and the effectual succor he had rendered her. Then speaking first, and making her sweet voice still sweeter, she said to him:

"Monsieur le gendarme, what is your name?"

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, at your service, my fair one," said the officer, drawing himself up.

"Thank you," said she.

And while Captain Phœbus was curling his moustache *à la Bourguignonne*, she glided down from the horse like an arrow falling to the ground, and fled.

A flash of lightning could not have vanished more quickly.

"By the Pope's head!" exclaimed the captain, while he tightened the bands upon Quasimodo, "I'd rather have kept the wench."

"What would you have, captain?" said one of the archers. "The linnet is flown—the bat remains."

V.

CONTINUATION OF THE DANGER

Gringoire, quite stunned with his fall, lay stretched upon the pavement before the good Virgin at the corner of the street. By degrees, however, he recovered his senses. At first, he was for some minutes in a sort of half-somnolent reverie, which was not altogether disagreeable, and in which the airy figures of the gypsy and the goat were confounded in his imagination with the weight of Quasimodo's fist. This state of his feelings was of short duration. A very lively sense of cold upon that part of his body which was in contact with the pavement, suddenly awoke him, and brought his mind to the surface.

"Whence is this chill that I feel?" said he hastily to himself. He then perceived that he lay somewhat in the middle of the gutter.

"The devil take the humpbacked cyclop!" grumbled he between his teeth, as he strove to get up. But he was too much stunned, and too much bruised; he was forced to remain

where he was. Having, however, the free use of his hand, he stopped his nose, and resigned himself to his situation.

"The mud of Paris," thought he, for he now believed it to be decided that the gutter was to be his lodging:

And what do in a refuge but to dream?

"the mud of Paris is particularly foul. It must contain a large proportion of volatile and nitrous salts. Such too is the opinion of Maître Nicolas Flamel and the hermetics. . . ."

This word *hermetics* reminded him of the Archdeacon Claude Frollo. He reflected on the scene of violence of which he had just had a glimpse; that he had seen the gypsy struggling between two men; that Quasimodo had a companion; and the sullen and haughty countenance of the archdeacon floated confusedly in his memory. "That would be strange," thought he; and then, with this data and upon this basis, he began to erect the fantastic framework of hypothesis, that house of cards of the philosophers; then suddenly returning once more to reality, "Oh, I freeze!" he cried.

The position was in fact becoming less and less tenable. Each particle of water in the channel carried off a particle of caloric from

the loins of Gringoire; and an equilibrium of temperature between his body and the water was beginning to establish itself in the most cruel manner.

All at once he was assailed by an annoyance of quite a different nature.

A troop of children, of those little barefooted savages that have in all times run wild in the streets of Paris, with the everlasting name of *gamins*, and who, when we were children also, used to throw stones at us as we were leaving school in the evening, because our trousers were not torn,—a swarm of these urchins ran to the crossing where Gringoire lay, laughing and shouting in a manner that showed very little concern for the sleep of the neighbors. They were dragging after them some sort of a shapeless sack; and the noise of their wooden shoes alone was enough to waken the dead. Gringoire, who was not yet quite dead, half raised himself.

"Hello! Hennequin Dandèche! Hello! Jehan Pincebourde!" cried they at the top of their voices; "old Eustache Moubon, the old junkseller of the corner, is just dead. We've got his straw mattress, and we're going to make a bonfire with it. This is the Flemings' day!"

Whereupon they threw the mattress precisely on top of Gringoire, whom they had come up to without seeing. At the same time one of

them took a handful of straw, and went to light it at the lamp of the Blessed Virgin.

"S'death!" muttered Gringoire, "am I going to be too hot now?"

The moment was critical. He was about to be caught between fire and water. He made a supernatural effort, such as a counterfeiter might have made in trying to escape when they were going to boil him to death. He rose up, threw back the mattress upon the gamins, and took to his heels.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the boys, "it's the old junkman's ghost!"

And they too ran in the opposite direction.

The mattress remained master of the field of battle. Those judicious historians, Belleforêt, Father Le Juge and Corrozet, assure us that the next morning it was gathered up with great pomp by the clergy of that quarter of the town and placed among the treasures of Sainte Opportune's church, where, until the year 1789, the sacristan made a very handsome income from the great miracle worked by the statue of the Virgin at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil, which, by its presence alone, in the memorable night between the 6th and the 7th of January, 1482, had exorcised the deceased Eustache Moubon, who, to cheat the devil, had, when dying, slyly hidden his soul within his mattress.

VI.

THE BROKEN JUG

After running for some time as fast as his legs would carry him, without knowing whither, headlong round many a corner, striding over many a gutter, traversing many a court and alley, seeking escape and passage through all the windings of the old pavement of the Halles, exploring in his panic what are called in the elegant Latin of the charters, *tota via, cheminum, et viaria* (every way, highway and by-way), our poet all at once halted, first because he was out of breath, and then because he was collared, as it were, by a dilemma which had suddenly arisen in his mind. "It seems to me, Maître Pierre Gringoire," said he to himself, applying his finger to his forehead, "that you are running all this while like a brainless fellow. The little rogues were no less afraid of you than you were of them—it seems to me, I say, that you heard the clatter of their wooden shoes running away southward while you were running away northward.

Now, one of two things must have taken place; either they have run away, and then the mattress which they must have forgotten in their fright is precisely that hospitable couch for which you have been hunting since the morning, and which Madame the Virgin miraculously sends you as a reward for having composed, in honor of her, a morality, accompanied with triumphs and mummeries—or, the boys have not run away; in that case they will have put a light to the mattress, and there you have precisely the excellent fire of which you are in need, to comfort, warm and dry you. In either case—good bed or good fire—the mattress is a gift from heaven. The sanctified Virgin Mary that stands at the corner of the Rue Mauconseil perhaps caused the death of Eustache Moubon for the very purpose; and 'tis folly in you to thus hasten away, like a Picard running from a Frenchman, leaving behind what you are running forward to seek—and you are a blockhead!"

He then began to retrace his steps, and ferreting about to discover where he was—snuffing the wind, and with his ears to the ground—he strove to find his way back to the blessed mattress—but in vain. All was intersections of streets, courts and blind alleys, amongst which he incessantly doubted and

hesitated, more entangled in that strange network of dark lanes than he would have been in the labyrinth of the Hôtel des Tournelles itself. At length he lost patience, and vehemently exclaimed, "A curse upon these cross-roads! the devil himself has made them after the image of his pitchfork!"

This exclamation relieved him a little; and a sort of reddish reflection, which he at that moment perceived at the end of a long and narrow street, completed the restoration of his courage.

"God be praised," said he, "there it is! There is my blazing mattress!" And, likening himself to the boatman foundering in the night-time, "*Salve*," added he, piously, "*salve, maris stelle!*" (Hail, Star of the Sea.)

Did he address this fragment of a litany to the Holy Virgin, or to the straw mattress? We really are unable to say.

He had no sooner advanced a few paces down the long street or lane, which was on a declivity, unpaved, descending more abruptly and becoming more miry the farther he proceeded, than he observed something very singular. The street was not deserted; here and there were to be seen crawling certain vague shapeless masses, all moving toward the light which was flickering at the end of the street, like those heavy insects which drag themselves

along at night, from one blade of grass to another, toward a shepherd's fire.

Nothing makes a man so adventurous as an empty pocket. Gringoire went forward, and soon came up with that one of the larvæ which seemed to be dragging itself along indolently after the others. On approaching it, he found that it was nothing other than a miserable cripple fixed in a bowl, without legs or thighs, jumping along with the aid of his two hands, like a mutilated spider, with only two of its feet remaining. The moment he came up to this sort of human insect it lifted up to him a lamentable voice: "*La buona mancia, signor! la buona mancia!*" (Charity, sir! charity!)

"The devil take thee!" said Gringoire, "and me along with thee, if I know what you mean."

And he passed on.

He came up to another of these ambulatory masses, and examined it. It was a cripple, both in arms and legs, after such a manner that the complicated system of crutches and wooden legs that supported him made him look like a perambulating mason's scaffolding.

Gringoire, being fond of noble and classical similes, compared him, in fancy, to the living tripod of Vulcan.

This living tripod saluted him as he went by; but staying his hat just at the height of Gringoire's chin, after the manner of a shaving dish, and shouting in his ears, "*Senor Cabarellero, para comprar un pedaso de pan!*" (Sir, Cavalier, something with which to buy a piece of bread!)

"It appears," said Gringoire, "that this one talks too; but it's a barbarous language, and he's more lucky than I if he understands it." Then striking his forehead through a sudden transition of idea: "Apropos! what the devil did they mean this morning with their Esmeralda?"

He resolved to double his pace; but for the third time something blocked up the way. This something, or rather this some one, was a blind man, a little man, with a bearded Jewish face, who, rowing in the space about him with a stick, and towed along by a great dog, whined out to him with a Hungarian accent, "*Facitote caritatem!*" (Give alms.)

"Well enough!" said Pierre Gringoire, "here is one at last that talks a Christian language. Truly, I must have a most alms-giving mien, that they should ask charity of me when my purse is so lean. My friend," said he, turning to the blind man, "a week since I sold my last shirt; that is to say, since you understand no language but that of Cicero,

Vendidi hebdomade nuper transitâ meam ultimam chemisam."

This said, he turned his back upon the blind man and pursued his way. But the blind man lengthened his pace at the same time; and behold, also, the cripple and the stump came up in great haste, with much noise of the platter that carried the one, and the crutches that sustained the other. All three, tumbling over each other at the heels of poor Gringoire, and singing their several staves:

"*Caritatem!*" sang the blind man.

"*La buona mancia!*" sang the stump.

And the man of the wooden legs took up the strain with, "*Un pedaso de pan!*"

Gringoire stopped his ears. "Oh, tower of Babel!" he cried.

He began to run. The blind man ran. The wooden legs ran. The stump ran.

And then, as he hurried still farther down the street, stump men, wooden-legged men, and blind men came swarming around him—men with but a single hand, men with but one eye, lepers with their sores—issued from out houses, adjacent alleys, cellar-holes—howling, bellowing, yelping—all hobbling and clattering along, making their way toward the light, and wallowing in the mire like so many slugs after the rain.

Gringoire, still followed by his three perse-

cutors, and not knowing what was to come of it all, walked on affrighted among the others, turning aside the limpers, striding over the stumpies, his feet entangled in that ant-hill of deformities, like the English captain who found himself beset by a legion of crabs.

The idea occurred to him of trying to retrace his steps. But it was too late; all this army had closed upon his rear, and his three beggars held him. He went on, therefore, urged forward at once by that irresistible flood, by fear, and by a dizziness which made it all seem to him like a sort of horrible dream.

At last he reached the extremity of the street. It opened into an immense square, where a thousand scattered lights were wavering in the thick gloom of the night. Gringoire threw himself into it, hoping to escape by the speed of his legs from the three deformed spectres that had fixed themselves upon him.

"*Onde vas, hombre?*" (Whither goest, man?) cried the wooden legs, throwing aside his scaffolding, and running after him with as good a pair of legs as ever measured a geometrical pace upon the pavement of Paris.

Meanwhile the stumpy, erect upon his feet, clapped his heavy iron-sheathed platter over Gringoire's head, while the blind man stared him in the face with great flaming eyes.

"Where am I?" said the terrified poet.

"In the Court of Miracles," answered a fourth spectre who had accosted them.

"On my soul," returned Gringoire, "I do indeed find here that the blind see and the lame walk—but where is the Saviour?"

They answered with a burst of laughter of a sinister kind.

The poor poet cast his eyes around him. He was in fact in that same terrible Cour des Miracles, or Court of Miracles, where no honest man had ever penetrated at such an hour—a magic circle, in which the officers of the Châtelet and the sergeants of the provostry, when they ventured thither, disappeared in morsels—the city of the thieves—a hideous wart on the face of Paris—a sink from whence escaped every morning, and to which returned to stagnate every night, that stream of vice, mendicity and vagrancy which ever flows through the streets of a capital—a monstrous hive, into which all the hornets of society returned each evening with their booty—a lying hospital, in which the gypsy, the unfrocked monk, the abandoned scholar—the worthless of every nation, Spaniards, Italians, Germans —of every religion, Jews, Christians, Mahometans, idolaters—covered with painted sores, beggars in the daytime, transformed themselves at night into robbers—in short, an

immense cloak-room, in which dressed and undressed at that period all the actors in that everlasting drama which robbery, prostitution and murder enacted upon the pavements of Paris.

It was a large open space, irregular and ill-paved, as was at that time every square in Paris. Fires, around which swarmed strange groups, were gleaming here and there. All was motion and clamor. There were shrieks of laughter, squalling of children and shrill voices of women. The arms and heads of this crowd cast a thousand fantastic gestures in dark outline upon the luminous background. Now and then, upon the ground, over which the light of the fires was wavering, intermingled with great undefined shadows, was seen to pass a dog resembling a man, or a man resembling a dog. The limits of race and species seemed to be effaced in this commonwealth as in a pandemonium. Men, women, beasts; age, sex; health, sickness; all seemed to be in common among this people; all went together mingled, confounded, superimposed, each participating in all.

The weak and wavering rays that streamed from the fires enabled Gringoire, amid his perturbation, to distinguish, all round the extensive enclosure, a hideous framing of old

houses, the decayed, shriveled, and stooping fronts of which, pierced by one or two circular attic windows with lights behind them, seemed to him, in the dark, like enormous old women's heads, ranged in a circle, looking monstrous and crabbed, and winking upon the diabolical revels.

It was like a new world, unknown, unimagined, deformed, creeping, swarming, fantastic.

Gringoire, more and more affrighted, held by the three mendicants as by three pairs of pincers and deafened by the crowd of vagrants that flocked barking round him—the unlucky Gringoire strove to muster sufficient presence of mind to recollect whether it was Saturday (witches' day) or not; but his efforts were vain; the thread of his memory and his thoughts was broken; and, doubting of everything—floating between what he saw and what he felt—he put the insoluble question to himself—"If I am I, are these things then real? If these things be real, am I really I?"

At that moment a distinct shout was raised from the buzzing mob that surrounded him. "Take him to the king! take him to the king!"

"Holy Virgin!" muttered Gringoire, "the king of this place must surely be a goat!"

"To the king! to the king!" repeated every voice.

They dragged him along, each striving to fix his talons upon him. But the three beggars kept their hold, and tore him away from the others, vociferating, "He is ours!"

The poet's frail doublet gave up the ghost in this struggle.

In crossing the horrible place his dizziness left him. After proceeding a few paces the feeling of reality returned. He began to adapt himself to the atmosphere of the place. During the first moments from his poet's head, or perhaps, indeed, quite simply and prosaically, from his empty stomach, there had risen a fume, a vapor, as it were, which, spreading itself between him and surrounding objects, had allowed him a glimpse of them only in the incoherent mist of a nightmare in those shadowy dreams that distort every outline, and cluster the objects together in disproportioned groups, enlarging things into chimeras, and human beings into phantoms. By degrees this hallucination gave way to a less bewildered and less magnifying state of vision. The reality made its way to his senses—struck upon his eyes—struck against his feet—and bit by bit destroyed the frightful poetry with which he had at first fancied himself surrounded. He could not but perceive at last that he was walking, not in the Styx, but in the mud; that he was elbowed, not by

demons, but by thieves; that not his soul, but, in simple sooth, his life was in danger—seeing that he lacked that invaluable conciliator which places itself so effectually between the robber and the honest man—the purse. In short, on examining the orgie more closely and with greater calmness, he dropped from the witches' sabbath to the pot-house.

The Court of Miracles was, in truth, no other than a pot-house of thieves, but as red with blood as with wine.

The spectacle which presented itself to him when his tattered escort at length deposited him at his journey's end was little adapted to bring back his mind to poetry, though it were the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. Were we not in the fifteenth century, we should say that Gringoire had fallen from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Round a large fire burning upon a great round flagstone, and the blaze of which had heated red-hot the legs of an iron trivet, empty for the moment, some worm-eaten tables were set out here and there in confusion, no lackey of any geometrical pretensions having condescended to adjust their parallelism, or see that, at least, they should not meet at too unaccustomed angles. Upon these tables shone a few pots dripping with wine and beer, around

which were grouped a number of bacchanalian visages, reddened by the fire and the wine. There would be a man with a fair round belly and a jovial face, noisily throwing his arms round a girl of the town, thick-set and brawny. Then a sort of false soldier, a *narquois*, as they called him in their language, who whistled away while he was undoing the bandages of his false wound, and unstiffening his sound and vigorous knee, which had been bound up since the morning in ample ligatures. Beyond him there was a mumper preparing, with suet and ox-blood, his *Visitation from God*, or sore leg, for the morrow. Two tables farther on a sham pilgrim with complete garb was spelling out the lament of Sainte Reine, the psalmody and the nasal drone included. In another place a young scamp was taking a lesson in epilepsy from an old sabouleux, or hustler, who was teaching him the art of foaming at the mouth by chewing a piece of soap; while four or five women thieves, just by them, were contending, at the same table, for the possession of a child stolen in the course of the evening. All which circumstances, two centuries later, "seemed so laughable at court," says Sauval, "that they furnished pastime to the king, and an opening to the royal ballet entitled 'Night,' which was divided into four parts, and danced upon the stage of the Petit

Bourbon." And "never," adds an eye-witness, in the year 1653, "were sudden metamorphoses of the Court of Miracles more happily represented. Benserade prepared us for them by some very genteel verses."

Coarse laughter, with obscene songs, burst forth on all sides. Each one held forth in his own way, carping and swearing, without heeding his neighbor. Pots rattled, and quarrels arose out of their collision, the smashing of pots thus leading to the tearing of rags.

A large dog, sitting on his haunches, looked into the fire. There were some children mingled in this orgie. The stolen child was crying. Another, a bouncing boy four years old, was seated with his legs dangling upon a bench too high for him, with his chin just above the table, saying not a word. A third was gravely smearing the table with his finger in the melted tallow running from the candle. A fourth, a little one, squatting in the mud, was almost lost in a great iron pot which he was scraping with a tile, drawing from it a sound which would have made Stradivarius faint.

Near the fire was a barrel, and upon the barrel was seated one of the beggars. This was the king upon his throne.

The three who held Gringoire brought him before this cask, and the whole bacchanalia

were silent for a moment, excepting the caldron tenanted by the child.

Gringoire dared not breathe nor raise his eyes.

"*Hombre, quita tu sombrero!*" (Man, take off thy hat) said one of the three fellows who had hold of him; and before he could understand what that meant, another of them had taken his hat—a wretched covering, it is true, but still of use on a day of sunshine or a day of rain. Gringoire heaved a sigh.

But the king, from the top of his barrel, put the interrogatory, "What is this knave?"

Gringoire started. This voice, though menacing in tone, reminded him of another voice which that very morning had struck the first blow at his mystery, by droning out in the midst of the audience, "Charity, if you please!" He raised his eyes—it was indeed Clopin Trouillefou.

Clopin Trouillefou, arrayed in his regal ensigns, had not one rag more or less upon him. His sore on the arm had disappeared. In his hand he held one of those whips with lashes of whitleather, which were, at that time, used by the sergeants of the wand to drive back the crowd, and were called boullayes. He had upon his head a circular coif closed at the top; but it was difficult to distinguish whether it was a child's cushion

or a king's crown, so similar are the two things.

However, Gringoire, without knowing why, had felt some revival of hope on recognizing in the king of the Court of Miracles his cursed beggar of the Grande Salle. "Maître," stammered he, "—Monseigneur—Sire— How must I call you?" said he at last, having mounted to his utmost stretch of ascent, and neither knowing how to mount higher nor how to come down again.

"Monseigneur—Your Majesty—or Comrade—call me what you like, only despatch. What hast thou to say in thy defense?"

"In my defense!" thought Gringoire. "That is unpleasant." He replied, hesitating, "I am he—he who this morning—"

"By the devil's claws!" interrupted Clopin, "thy name, rascal! and nothing more. Hark ye—thou art before three mighty sovereigns: me, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, successor to the Grand Coësre, supreme sovereign of the kingdom of Argot; Mathais Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia, that yellow old fellow that thou seest there with a clout round his head; and Guillaume Rousseau, Emperor of Galilee, that fat fellow, that's not attending to us, but to that wench. We are thy judges. Thou hast entered into the kingdom of Argot without being

an Argotier—thou hast violated the privileges of our stronghold. Thou must be punished, unless thou art either a capon, a franc-mitou, or a rifodé, that is to say, in the language of the honest men, either a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant. Art thou anything of that sort? Justify thyself—tell over thy qualifications."

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honor. I am the author—"

"That's enough," interrupted Trouillefou; "thou shalt be hanged. It's a matter of course, messieurs the honest townsfolk. As you treat our people amongst you, so we treat yours amongst us. Such law as you mete to the Truands (vagabonds and outlaws) the Truands mete to you. It is but your fault if it be evil. 'Tis quite necessary that an honest man or two should now and then grin through the hempen collar — that makes the thing honorable. Come, friend, merrily share thy tatters among these young ladies. I'll have thee hanged for the amusement of the Truands, and thou shalt give them thy purse to drink thy health. If thou hast any mumming to do, there is yonder, in that mortar, a capital God the Father in stone that we stole from Saint Pierre aux Bœufs. Thou hast four minutes' time to throw thy soul at his head."

This was a formidable harangue.

"Well said! upon my soul. Clopin Trouillefou preaches as well as any pope!" cried the Emperor of Galilee, smashing his pot at the same time to prop his table-leg.

"Messeigneurs the emperors and kings!" said Gringoire coolly (for I do not know how his resolution had returned to him, and he spoke quite firmly), "you do not consider. My name is Pierre Gringoire—I am the poet whose morality was performed this morning in the Grande Salle of the Palace."

"Ah! it is thee, master, is it? I was there, by God's head! Well, comrade, is it any reason, because thou tiredst us to death this morning, that thou shouldst not be hanged to-night?"

"I shall have trouble to get off," thought Gringoire. However, he made another effort. "I don't very well see," said he, "why the poets are not classed among the Truands. A vagrant!—why Æsopus was a vagrant. A beggar—Homerus was a beggar. A thief—was not Mercurius a thief?"

Clopin interrupted him. "Methinks," said he, "thou'st a mind to matagrabolize us with thy gibberish. *Pardieu!* Be hanged quietly, man; and don't make so much ado."

"Pardon me, monseigneur the king of Tunis," replied Gringoire, disputing the ground inch by inch; "it's really worth your

while—Only one moment—Hear me—You'll not condemn me without hearing me?—"

His unfortunate voice was in fact drowned by the uproar that was made around him; the little boy was scraping his kettle with more energy than ever; and, as a climax, an old woman had just come and set upon the red-hot trivet a frying-pan full of fat, which shrieked over the fire with a noise like the shouts of a flock of children running after a masquerade.

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou seemed to confer a moment with the duke of Egypt, and with the emperor of Galilee, who was completely drunk. Then he called out sharply, "Silence!" and as the pot and the frying-pan paid no attention to him, but continued their duet, he jumped down from his barrel, gave the caldron a kick which rolled it and the child half a score yards off; gave the frying-pan another, upsetting all the fat into the fire; and then gravely reascended his throne, regardless of the smothered cries of the child, and of the grumbling of the old woman, whose supper was evaporating in a beautiful white flame.

Trouillefou made a sign; whereupon the duke, and the emperor, and the *archisuppôts* (receiver of stolen goods), and the *cagoux* (those living in hiding), came and ranged

themselves about him in the form of a horse-shoe, of which Gringoire, still roughly held, occupied the centre. It was a semi-circle of rags, tatters and tinsel—of pitchforks and hatchets—of staggering legs and brawny arms —of sordid, dull and sottish faces. In the midst of this round table of beggary, Clopin Trouillefou, as the doge of this senate, the king of this peerage, the pope of this conclave, dominated—in the first place, by the height of his cask—and then, by a certain haughty, savage and formidable air, which made his eyes flash, and corrected in his fierce profile the bestial type of the Truand race. One would have said a wild boar among swine.

"Hark ye," said he to Gringoire, while he caressed his shapeless chin with his horny hand, "I don't see why thou shouldst not be hanged. To be sure, thou dost not seem to like it, and that's but natural—you burghers aren't used to it. You have exaggerated its importance. After all, we don't wish thee any harm. There's one way of getting off for the moment. Wilt thou be one of us?"

One can imagine the effect this proposal produced upon Gringoire, who saw life about to escape him, and felt his grasp beginning to fail. He caught at it energetically.

"That I will—certainly, assuredly," said he.

"Thou dost consent," said Clopin, "to enlist thyself among the men of the *petite flambe?*" (small banner?)

"Of the *petite flambe*—exactly so," responded Gringoire.

"Thou dost acknowledge thyself a member of the free *bourgeoisie?*" added the king of Tunis.

"Of the free *bourgeoisie.*"

"A subject of the kingdom of Argot?"

"Of the kingdom of Argot."

"A Truand?"

"A Truand."

"In thy soul?"

"In my soul."

"I will just observe to thee," resumed the king, "that thou wilt be none the less hanged for all that."

"The devil!" exclaimed the poet.

"Only," continued Clopin, quite imperturbably, "thou wilt be hanged later, with more ceremony, at the expense of the good city of Paris, upon a fine stone gibbet, and by honest men. That's some consolation."

"Just so," answered Gringoire.

"There are other advantages. As being a free burgher, thou wilt have to pay neither tax on the pavements, the lamps, nor for the poor; to which the burghers of Paris are subject."

"Be it so," said the poet; "I consent. I am a Truand, an Argotier, a free burgher, a *petite flambe*, whatever you please—and indeed I was all that beforehand, monsieur the king of Tunis; for I am a philosopher; and, as thou knowest, *Omnia in philosophiâ, omnes in philosopho continentur*—" (all things are included in philosophy—all men in the philosopher).

The king of Tunis knit his brows.

"What dost thou take me for, friend? What cant of a Hungarian Jew art thou singing us now? I don't understand Hebrew. Because a man is a bandit, he is not obliged to be a Jew. Nay, I don't even rob now—I'm above that—a cut-throat, if you like, but no cut-purse."

Gringoire strove to slip in an excuse between these brief and angry ejaculations. "I ask your pardon, monseigneur—it's not Hebrew, it's Latin."

"I tell thee," rejoined Clopin, in a rage, "that I'm no Jew, and that I'll have thee hanged, *ventre de synagogue!* (by the stomach of the synagogue) as well as that little shopkeeper of Judea that stands by thee, and whom I hope to see, one of these days, nailed to a counter like a piece of bad coin as he is!"

So saying, he pointed with his finger to the

little bearded Hungarian Jew, who had accosted Gringoire with his *Facitote caritatem!* and who, understanding no other language, was surprised to see the ill-humor of the king of Tunis vent itself upon him.

At length Monseigneur Clopin became calm. "Varlet," said he to our poet, "then thou'rt willing to be a Truand?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the poet.

"It is not alone enough to be willing," said Clopin, surlily. "Good-will doesn't put one onion more into the soup, and is of no use but for going to heaven—and there's a difference between heaven and Argot. To be received in Argot thou must prove that thou art good for something; and to do that thou must rummage the mannikin."

"I will rummage anything you like," said Gringoire.

Clopin made a sign; whereupon several Argotiers detached themselves from the circle, and returned a moment later. They brought two posts, terminated at the lower extremity by two wooden feet, which made them stand firmly on the ground. To the upper extremities of these posts they applied a cross-beam; the whole forming a very pretty portable gallows, which Gringoire had the satisfaction of seeing erected before him in the twinkling of an eye. Everything was there,

including the rope, which gracefully depended from the transverse beam.

"What will be the end of all this?" thought Gringoire, with some uneasiness. But a noise of little bells which he heard at that moment put an end to his anxiety; it proceeded from a stuffed figure of a man which the Truands were suspending by the neck to the rope, a sort of scarecrow, clothed in red, and so completely covered with little bells and hollow jingling brasses, that there were enough to have harnessed thirty Castilian mules. These thousand miniature bells jingled for a time under the vibrations of the cord; their sound dying away gradually into a profound silence, which resulted from the state of perfect rest into which the body of the mannikin was speedily brought by that law of the pendulum which has superseded the use of the water clock and the hour-glass.

Then Clopin, pointing to an old tottering stool beneath the mannikin, said to Gringoire, "Get upon that."

"*Mort-diable!*" objected Gringoire, "I shall break my neck. Your stool halts like one of Martial's couplets—it has one hexameter leg and one pentameter."

"Get up," repeated Clopin.

Gringoire mounted upon the stool, and succeeded, not without some oscillations of

his head and his arms, in recovering his centre of gravity.

"Now," proceeded the king of Tunis, "turn thy right foot round thy left leg, and rise on the toe of thy left foot."

"Monseigneur," said Gringoire, "you are then absolutely determined that I shall break a limb!"

Clopin shook his head. "Hark ye, friend," said he, "thou dost talk too much. It all amounts to this: thou must stand on tip-toe, then thou canst reach the mannikin's pocket, thrust in thy hand and pull out the purse concealed therein, and if thou dost all this without the sounding of a bell, well and good—thou shalt be a Truand. We shall then have nothing more to do but belabor thee soundly for a week."

"*Ventre-Dieu!* I shall take good care," said Gringoire. "And if I make the bells jingle?"

"Then thou shalt be hanged. Dost thou understand?"

"Nay, I understand it not at all," answered Gringoire.

"Hark ye once more. You're to put your hand in the mannikin's pocket and take out his purse. If one single bell stirs in the doing of it, you shall be hanged. Now dost understand?"

"Well," said Gringoire, "I understand that. What next?"

"If you manage to draw out the purse without making a jingle, you're a Truand, and will be soundly belabored for eight days together. You understand now, I dare say."

"No, monseigneur, I do not yet understand. Where is my advantage? To be hanged in one case, or beaten in the other!"

"And to be a Truand," rejoined Clopin—"to be a Truand! Is that nothing? 'Tis for thine own advantage we shall beat thee, to harden thee against stripes."

"I am greatly beholden to you," answered the poet.

"Come, hasten!" said the king, striking his barrel with his foot, which resounded like a big drum. "Rifle the mannikin's pocket, and let's have done with it. I tell thee, once for all, that if I hear the smallest tinkle, thou shalt take the mannikin's place."

The whole company of Argotiers applauded the words of Clopin, and ranged themselves in a circle round the gallows with so pitiless a laugh that Gringoire saw plainly enough that he gave them too much amusement not to have everything to fear. He had, therefore, no hope left but in the faint chance of succeeding in the terrible operation which was imposed upon him. He resolved to risk it;

but he first addressed a fervent prayer to the stuffed figure whom he was about to rob, and whose heart was even more likely to be softened than those of the Truands. The myriad bells, with their little brazen tongues, appeared to him like so many asps open mouthed, ready to hiss and to sting.

"Oh!" said he, in a low voice, "and can it be that my life depends upon the smallest vibration of the smallest of those bits of metal? Oh!" he added, clasping his hands, "ye bells, tinkle not—ye balls, jingle not!"

He made one more effort with Trouillefou.

"And if there come a breath of wind," demanded he.

"Thou shalt be hanged," replied the other, without hesitation.

Finding that there was no respite, delay, or subterfuge whatsoever, he bravely set about the feat. He turned his right foot about his left leg, lifted himself on the toe of his left foot, and stretched out his arm; but the moment that he touched the mannikin, his body, which was supported only by one foot, tottered upon the stool, which had only three, he mechanically caught at the mannikin, lost his balance and fell heavily to the ground, quite deafened by the fatal vibration of the scarecrow's thousand bells; while the figure, yielding to the impulse which his hand had given it, first

revolved on his own axis, and then swung majestically backwards and forwards between the two posts.

"*Malédiction!*" he exclaimed as he fell; and he lay with his face to the ground as if he were dead.

However, he heard the awful chime above him, and the diabolical laughter of the Truands and the voice of Trouillefou, saying, "Lift the fellow up, and hang him promptly."

He rose by himself. They had already unhooked the mannikin to make room for him.

The Argotiers made him get upon the stool again. Clopin came up to him, passed the rope round his neck, and, slapping him on the shoulder, "Good-bye, friend," said he; "thou'lt not escape now, though thou shouldst have the digestion of the pope himself."

The word "Mercy!" expired on Gringoire's lips—he cast his eyes round, but saw no gleam of hope—all were grinning.

"Bellevigne de l'Etoile," said the king of Tunis to an enormous Truand, who stepped out of the ranks, "do you get upon the cross-beam."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile climbed nimbly up to the transverse bar; and an instant after, Gringoire, looking up, saw him with terror squatted just above his head.

"Now," continued Clopin Trouillefou, "as soon as I clap my hands do thou, Andry le

Rouge, knock down the stool with thy knee; thou, François Chante-Prune, hang on the rascal's feet; and thou, Bellevigne, drop upon his shoulders; and all three at the same time —do you hear?"

Gringoire shuddered.

"Are you ready?" said Clopin Trouillefou to the three Argotiers, about to throw themselves upon the poet. The poor sufferer had a moment of horrible expectation, while Clopin was quietly pushing into the fire with the point of his shoe some twigs which the flame had not reached. "Are you ready?" he repeated, and he opened his hands to give the signal. A second more, and all would have been over.

But he stopped as if struck by a sudden idea. "Wait a moment," said he; "I am forgetful. It is our custom not to hang a man without first asking if there be a woman who will have him. Comrade, it's thy last chance! thou must marry either a Truand or the halter."

(This gypsy law, strange as it may seem to the reader, is to-day written out in full in the old English code. See Burington's Observations.)

Gringoire took breath. This was the second time he had come to life within half an hour; so that he dared not be too confident.

"Hello!" shouted Clopin, who had reascended his cask: "hello, there! women! females! is there among you all, from the witch to her cat, ever a jade that will have this rogue? Hello! Collette la Charonne! Elizabeth Trouvain! Simone Jodouyne! Marie Piédebou! Thonne la Longue! Bérarde Fanouel! Michelle Genaille! Claude Rougeorielle! Mathurine Girorou!—Hello! Isabeau la Thierrye! Come and see! A man for nothing! Who will have him?"

Gringoire, in this miserable plight, was, it may be supposed, not over-inviting. The women displayed no great enthusiasm at the proposal. The unhappy fellow heard them answer: "No, no—hang him! it will amuse us all!"

Three of them, however, stepped out of the crowd to examine him. The first was a large, square-faced young woman. She carefully inspected the philosopher's deplorable doublet. The coat was threadbare, and had more holes in it than a chestnut-roaster. The woman made a wry face at it. "An old rag!" muttered she; and then, addressing Gringoire, "Let's see thy cloak."

"I have lost it," said Gringoire.

"Thy hat?"

"They've taken it from me."

"Thy shoes?"

"They've hardly a bit of sole left."

"Thy purse?"

"Alas!" stammered Gringoire, "I've not a single penny."

"Let them hang thee—and be thankful," replied the Truandess, turning her back upon him.

The second woman, old, dark, wrinkled, of an ugliness conspicuous even in the Court of Miracles, now made the circuit of Gringoire. He trembled least she should want to have him. But she only muttered, "He's too lean," and went her way.

The third that came was a young girl, fresh-complexioned, and not ill-looking. "Save me!" whispered the poor devil. She looked at him for a moment with an air of pity, then cast down her eyes, made a plait in her skirt, and remained undecided. He watched her every motion—it was his last gleam of hope. "No," said the girl at last; "no—Guillaume Longue-joue would beat me." And she returned into the crowd.

"Comrade," said Clopin, "thou'rt unlucky."

Then rising on his barrel, "So nobody bids?" cried he, mimicking the tone of an auctioneer, to the great diversion of all—"so nobody bids? Going—going—going—" then turning toward the gallows with a motion of his head, "gone."

Bellevigne de l'Etoile, Andry le Rouge, and François Chante-Prune again approached Gringoire.

At that moment a cry was raised among the Argotiers, of "La Esmeralda! La Esmeralda!"

Gringoire started, and turned toward the side from which the shout proceeded. The crowd opened and made way for a clear and dazzling figure.

It was the gypsy girl.

"La Esmeralda!" said Gringoire, stupefied, in the midst of his emotions, by the suddenness with which that magic word linked together all his recollections of the day.

This fascinating creature seemed to exercise, even over the Court of Miracles, her sway of grace and beauty. Argotiers, male and female, drew up gently to let her pass by; and their brutal countenances softened at her look.

She approached the victim with her elastic step, her pretty Djali following her. Gringoire was more dead than alive. She gazed at him for a moment in silence.

"Are you going to hang this man?" said she gravely to Clopin.

"Yes, sister," answered the king of Tunis, "unless thou wilt take him for thy husband."

She made her pretty little grimace with her under lip.

"I will take him," she said.

Gringoire was firmly persuaded that he must have been in a dream ever since the morning, and that this was but a continuation of it.

In fact, this sudden turn of fortune, though agreeable, was abrupt.

They undid the noose, and let the poet descend from the stool. His agitation obliged him to sit down.

The duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forth a clay pitcher. The gypsy girl presented it to Gringoire. "Throw it on the ground," said she.

The pitcher broke in four pieces.

"Brother," said the duke of Egypt, laying his hands upon their foreheads, "she is thy wife — sister, he is thy husband — for four years. Go your ways."

VII.

A WEDDING NIGHT

In a few minutes our poet found himself in a little chamber with a Gothic-vaulted ceiling, very snug, very warm, seated before a table which seemed to ask nothing better than to borrow a few articles from a hanging cupboard near by; having a good bed in prospect, and alone with a pretty girl. The adventure partook of enchantment. He began seriously to take himself for the hero of a fairy tale; now and then he cast his eyes around him, as if to see whether the fiery chariot drawn by two winged steeds, which alone could have transported him so swiftly from Tartarus to Paradise, were still there. At intervals, too, he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the holes in his coat, by way of clinging to reality, so as not to let the earth altogether slip from under him. His reason, tossed to and fro in imaginative space, had only that thread left to cling to.

The girl seemed to pay no attention to him.

She was going back and forth, shifting first one article and then another, chatted with her goat, repeating her little grimace every now and then. At length she came and sat down near the table, and Gringoire could contemplate her at leisure.

You have been a child, reader, and perhaps you have the happiness to be so still. It is quite certain, then, that you have more than once followed from brier to brier (and for my own part, I can say that I have passed whole days in that manner, the best spent days of my life), on the brink of a rivulet, on a sunshiny day, some lovely green or azure dragon-fly, checking its flight at sharp angles, and kissing the tip of every twig. You recollect with what loving curiosity your thoughts and your looks were fixed upon that little whirl of whiz and hum, of blue and purple wings, in the midst of which floated an intangible form, veiled as it was by the very rapidity of its motion. The aërial creature confusedly perceptible amid the quivering of wings, appeared chimerical, imaginary, impossible to touch, impossible to see. But when, at last, the dragon-fly settled on the tip end of a reed, and you could examine, holding your breath the while, the long gauze pinions, the long enamel robe, the two globes of crystal, what amazement did you not feel, and what fear lest it should again

fade to a shadow, and the creature to a chimera! Recall these impressions, and you will easily understand the feelings of Grin-goire on contemplating, under her visible and palpable form, that Esmeralda of whom, until then, he had only caught a glimpse amid a whirl of dance, song, and the noise of the populace.

Sinking deeper and deeper into his reverie—

"This, then," said he to himself, as his eyes vaguely followed her, "is the Esmeralda—a heavenly creature!—a dancer in the streets—so much, and yet so little! She it was who gave the finishing blow to my mystery this morning—she it is who saves my life to-night. My evil genius!—my good angel! A pretty woman, upon my word!—and who must love me to distraction, to take me in this fashion. Now I think on't," said he, suddenly rising up from his seat, with that feeling of the real which formed the substance of his character and of his philosophy, "I know not quite how it is—but I am her husband!"

With this idea in his head, and in his eyes, he approached the young girl in so military and lover-like a manner that she drew back. "What do you want?" she said.

"Can you ask, adorable Esmeralda?" replied Gringoire, in such impassioned tones that he himself was astonished at his own accents.

The gypsy opened her large eyes. "I know not your meaning."

"What!" rejoined Gringoire, growing more and more excited, and thinking that, after all, he was only dealing with the ready-made virtue of the Court of Miracles, "am I not thine, sweet friend?—art thou not mine?"

And quite guilelessly he clasped her waist.

The girl's bodice slipped through his hands like the skin of an eel. She sprang from one end of the little cell to the other, stooped, and rose again with a small poniard in her hand, before Gringoire had time to see whence the poniard came—irritated and indignant, with swelling lips, dilated nostrils, cheeks red as crab apples, and her eyes flashing lightning. At the same time the little white goat placed itself before her, and presented a battle-front to Gringoire, bristling with two pretty gilded and very sharp horns. This was all done in the twinkling of an eye.

The damsel had turned wasp, with every disposition to sting.

Our philosopher stood crestfallen, looking confusedly, first at the goat and then at its mistress. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed at last, as soon as his surprise permitted him to speak, "here are two tricksters!"

The gypsy now broke silence. "Thou must be a very bold rascal!" she said.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle," said Gringoire, with a smile; "but why did you marry me then?"

"Was I to let them hang thee?"

"So," rejoined the poet, somewhat disappointed in his amorous expectations, "you had no other intention in marrying me but to save me from the gibbet?"

"And what other intention dost think I could have had?"

Gringoire bit his lip. "Humph!" said he, "I am not yet quite so successful a Lothario as I thought. But then what was the use of breaking that poor jug?"

But Esmeralda's poniard and the horns of the goat were still on the defensive.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said the poet, "let us compromise. I am not registering clerk at the Châtelet, and will not quibble with you about your thus carrying a dagger in Paris in the teeth of monsieur the provost's ordinances and prohibitions. You must know, however, that Noël Lescrivain was condemned, only a week ago, to pay a fine of ten Paris pence for wearing a broad sword. Now that is not my business—and so, to the point. I swear to you, by my chance of salvation, that I will not approach you without your leave and permission. But pray, give me supper."

The truth is, that Gringoire, like Despréaux,

was "very little of a voluptuary." He was not of that cavalier and mousquetaire species who carry girls by assault. In a love affair, as in every other affair, he willingly resigned himself to temporizing and to middle terms; and a good supper, in comfortable tête-à-tête, appeared to him, especially when he was hungry, to be a very good interlude between the prologue and the issue of an intrigue.

The gypsy made no answer. She gave her little disdainful pout; drew up her head like a bird; then burst out laughing; and the dainty dagger disappeared, as it came, without Gringoire's being able to discover where the bee hid its sting.

A moment later a rye loaf, a slice of bacon, some withered apples and a jug of beer were on the table. Gringoire set to with avidity. To hear the furious clatter of his iron fork upon his earthen-ware plate, it seemed as if all his love had turned to hunger.

The young girl, seated near him, looked on in silence, evidently preoccupied by some other thought, at which she smiled from time to time, while her delicate hand caressed the intelligent head of the goat, pressed softly against her knee.

A candle of yellow wax lighted this scene of voracity and reverie.

However, the first cravings of his stomach

being appeased, Gringoire felt a twinge of shame at seeing that there was only an apple left.

"Mademoiselle Esmeralda," said he, "you do not eat."

She answered by a negative motion of the head; and her pensive gaze seemed to fix itself upon the vaulted ceiling of the chamber.

"What the deuce is she thinking about?" thought Gringoire; "it can not be that grinning dwarf's face carved upon that keystone, that attracts her so mightily. The devil's in it if I can not at least bear that comparison."

He raised his voice—"Mademoiselle."

She seemed not to hear him.

He repeated, louder still, "Mademoiselle Esmeralda!" It was in vain. The girl's mind was elsewhere, and Gringoire's voice had not the power to bring it back. Luckily, the goat interfered. She began to pull her mistress gently by the sleeve. "What do you want, Djali?" said the gypsy, briskly, with a sudden start.

"She is hungry," said Gringoire, delighted at an opportunity of entering into conversation.

La Esmeralda began to crumble some bread, which Djali nibbled daintily from the hollow of her hand.

Gringoire, however, allowed her no time to resume her reverie. He ventured a delicate

question: "You will not have me for your husband, then?"

The girl looked fixedly at him, and answered, "No."

"For your lover?" proceeded Gringoire.

She pouted, and again answered, "No."

"For your friend?" then demanded the poet.

Again she looked at him fixedly; and, after a moment's reflection, said, "Perhaps."

This "perhaps," so dear to philosophers, encouraged Gringoire. "Do you know what friendship is?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the gypsy, "it is to be like brother and sister—two souls meeting without mingling—two fingers on the same hand."

"And love?" proceeded Gringoire.

"Oh! love!" said she—and her voice trembled and her eye beamed—"that is to be two and yet but one—a man and woman blended into an angel—it is heaven!"

The street dancer, while saying this, was beautified in a way that struck Gringoire singularly and seemed to him in perfect harmony with the almost Oriental exaltation of her words. Her pure, roseate lips were half smiling. Her clear, calm brow was momentarily ruffled by her thoughts, as a mirror dimmed by a passing breath. And from her long, dark, drooping lashes there emanated an ineffable

light, giving her profile that ideal sweetness which Raphael has since found at the mystic point of intersection of virginity, maternity and divinity.

Gringoire, nevertheless, continued.

"What must one be then to please you?"

"He must be a man."

"And I," said he, "what am I then?"

"A man has a helmet on his head, a sword in his hand and gilt spurs at his heels."

"Good!" said Gringoire; "the horse makes the man. Do you love anybody?"

"As a lover?"

"Yes—as a lover."

She remained pensive a moment. Then she said, with a peculiar expression, "I shall know soon."

"Why not to-night?" rejoined the poet, in a tender tone. "Why not me?"

She gave him a grave look, and said: "I can not love a man who can not protect me."

Gringoire colored and took the reflection to himself. The girl evidently alluded to the feeble assistance he had lent her in the critical situation in which she had found herself two hours before. This recollection, effaced by his other adventures of the evening, now returned to him. He struck his forehead. "Apropos, mademoiselle," said he, "I ought to have begun with that—pardon my foolish distrac-

tions—how did you contrive to escape from the clutches of Quasimodo?"

At this question the gypsy started. "Oh! the horrible hunchback!" said she, hiding her face in her hands, and she shivered as if icy cold.

"Horrible, indeed!" said Gringoire, still pursuing his idea. "But how did you manage to escape him?"

La Esmeralda smiled, sighed and was silent.

"Do you know why he followed you?" asked Gringoire, striving to come round again to the object of his inquiry.

"I don't know," said the girl. Then she added quickly, "But you were following me also. Why did you follow me?"

"In good faith," replied Gringoire, "I do not know."

There was a pause. Gringoire was marking the table with his knife. The girl smiled, and seemed to be looking at something through the wall. All at once she began to sing in a voice scarcely audible:

Quando las pintadas aves Mudas estan, y la tierra . . .
When the gay-plumaged birds Grow weary, and the earth . . .

She suddenly stopped short, and fell to caressing Djali.

"You have a pretty creature there," said Gringoire.

"It is my sister," answered she.

"Why do they call you La Esmeralda?" asked the poet.

"I don't know at all."

"But why do they?"

She drew from her bosom a small oblong bag, suspended from her neck by a chain of grains of adrez arach (sweet-scented gum). A strong smell of camphor exhaled from the bag; it was covered with green silk, and had in the centre a large piece of green glass in imitation of an emerald.

"Perhaps it's on account of that," said she.

Gringoire offered to take the bag, but she drew back. "Touch it not," she said, "'tis an amulet. Thou wouldst do mischief to the charm, or the charm to thee."

The poet's curiosity was more and more awakened. "Who gave it you?" said he.

She placed her finger on her lip, and hid the amulet again in her bosom. He tried a few more questions but could hardly obtain an answer.

"What's the meaning of that word, La Esmeralda?"

"I do not know," she replied.

"What language does it belong to?"

"I think it is a gypsy word."

"So I suspected," said Gringoire; "you are not a native of France?"

"I know nothing about it."

"Are your parents living?"

She began to sing, to an old tune:

"A bird was my mother;
My father, another;
Over the water I pass without ferry,
Over the water I pass without wherry;
A bird was my mother;
My father, another."

"Very good," said Gringoire. "At what age did you come to France?"

"When very little."

"And when to Paris?"

"Last year. At the moment we were coming in by the Porte Papale I saw the reed linnet fly through the air—it was at the end of August—I said it will be a hard winter."

"It has been so," said Gringoire, delighted at this beginning of conversation—"I've done naught but blow upon my fingers. You have the gift of prophecy?"

She fell again into her laconism.

"No."

"That man whom you call the duke of Egypt is the chief of your tribe?"

"Yes."

"But was it he who married us?" timidly remarked the poet.

She made her usual pretty grimace—"I don't even know thy name."

"My name?—You shall have it if you wish: Pierre Gringoire."

"I know a finer one," said she.

"Cruel girl!" rejoined the poet. "No matter—you shall not provoke me. Nay, you will perhaps love me when you know me better—and then, you have told me your history so confidingly that I owe you somewhat of mine. You must know, then, that my name is Pierre Gringoire, and that I am the son of a notary of Gonesse. My father was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother ripped open by the Picards, at the time of the siege of Paris twenty years ago. At six years of age, then, I was an orphan, without any other sole to my foot than the pavement of Paris. How I managed to exist from six to sixteen, I do not know. A fruit woman would give me a plum, a baker would throw me a crust. At night I used to get myself picked up by the Onze-vingts (night watch), who put me in prison, and there I found a bundle of straw. All this did not prevent my growing tall and thin, as you see. In winter I warmed myself in the sun, under the porch of the Hôtel de Sens; and I thought it very ridiculous that the great bonfires on the feast of Saint John should be reserved for the dog-days. At sixteen, I wished to choose a calling. I tried everything in

succession. I turned soldier, but was not brave enough. I then turned monk, but was not devout enough—and besides, I'm a poor drinker. In despair, I apprenticed myself to carpenters, but was not strong enough. I had more inclination to be a schoolmaster; true, I could not read; but that need not have hindered me. I perceived, at the end of a certain time, that I was in want of some requisite for everything—and so, finding that I was good for nothing, I, of my own free will and pleasure, turned poet and composer of rhymes. 'Tis a calling that a man can always embrace when he's a vagabond; and is better than stealing, as I was advised to do by some young light-fingered fellows of my acquaintance. Fortunately, I met, one fine day, with Dom Claude Frollo, the reverend archdeacon of Notre-Dame. He took an interest in me; and to him I owe it that I am now a true man of letters, acquainted with Latin, from Cicero's Offices to the Mortuology of the Celestine fathers, and not absolutely barbarous either in scholastics, in poetics, or in rhythmics, nor yet in hermetics, that science of sciences. I am the author of the miracle play that was performed to-day, with great triumph and concourse of people, in the Grande Salle of the Palace. I've also written a book that will make six hundred pages, upon

the prodigious comet of 1465, about which one man went mad. I have also had other successes; being something of an artillery carver, I worked upon that great bomb of Jean Maugue, which you know burst at the bridge of Charenton the first time it was tried, and killed four-and-twenty of the spectators. You see that I'm not so indifferent a match. I know many sorts of very clever tricks, which I will teach your goat—for instance, to mimic the Bishop of Paris, that accursed Pharisee whose mill-wheels splash the passengers the whole length of the Pont aux Meuniers. And then, my mystery will bring me in plenty of ready money if they pay me. In short, I am at your service—I, and my wit, and my science, and my learning—ready to live with you, damsel, as it shall please you—soberly or merrily—as husband and wife, if you see fit—as brother and sister, if you like it better."

Here Gringoire was silent, awaiting the effect of his speech upon the young girl. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground.

"Phœbus," said she, in an undertone; then, turning to the poet, "Phœbus," said she, "what does that mean?"

Gringoire, though not at all understanding what relation there could be between his address and this question, was not sorry to show his erudition. He answered, bridling with

dignity, "'Tis a Latin word, that signifies the sun."

"The sun!" repeated she.

"'Tis the name of a certain handsome archer, who was a god," added Gringoire.

"A god!" repeated the gypsy; and there was something pensive and impassioned in her tone.

At that moment, one of the bracelets came unfastened and fell. Gringoire eagerly stooped to pick it up; and when he rose again, the girl and the goat had both disappeared. He heard the sound of a bolt. It was a small door, communicating no doubt with an adjoining chamber, which was fastened on the other side.

"Has she, at least, left me a bed?" said our philosopher.

He made the tour of the chamber. There was no piece of furniture at all adapted to repose, except a very long wooden chest; and the lid of that was carved; so that it gave Gringoire, when he stretched himself upon it, a sensation much like that which Micromegas, of Voltaire's story, would experience, lying at full length upon the Alps.

"Come!" said he, making the best of it, "there's nothing for it but resignation. And yet this is a strange wedding night. 'Tis pity, too. That broken-pitcher marriage had something simple and antediluvian about it that quite pleased me."

Claudo Frollo, Coictier and Louis XI.—N. D., Vol. II.

BOOK THREE

BOOK III

I.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME

The church of Notre-Dame at Paris is doubtless still a majestic and sublime edifice. But, however beautiful it has remained, in growing old, it is difficult to suppress a sigh, to restrain a feeling of indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time and that of man have inflicted upon this venerable monument, regardless alike of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone, and of Philip Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this ancient queen of French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we constantly find a scar. *Tempus edax, homo edacior* (Time is destructive, man more destructive)—which we would willingly render thus—Time is blind, but man is stupid.

If we had leisure to examine one by one, with the reader, the traces of destruction imprinted on this ancient church, those due to

Time would be found to form the lesser portion—the worst destruction has been perpetrated by men—especially by "men of art." Since there are individuals who have styled themselves architects during the last two centuries.

And first of all—to cite only a few leading examples—there are, assuredly, few finer architectural pages than that front of that cathedral, in which, successively and at once, the three receding portals with their pointed arches, the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches, the immense central rose-window, flanked by the two lateral windows, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and lastly the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, collectively and simply—with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture and carving, powerfully contributing to the calm grandeur of the whole; a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it; the colossal work of a man and of a nation; combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the old Romance epics to which it is a sister-pro-

duction; the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era—in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed, in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human Creation, in short, mighty and prolific like the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity.

And what we say of the front must be said of the whole church—and what we say of the cathedral church of Paris must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Everything is in its place in that art, self-created, logical and well-proportioned. To measure the toe is to measure the giant.

Let us return to the front of Notre-Dame, as it still appears to us when we gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and mighty cathedral, inspiring terror, as its chroniclers express it—*quæ mole suâ terrorem incutit spectantibus* (which by its massiveness strikes terror into the beholders).

This front is now lacking in three things of importance: first, the flight of eleven steps which formerly raised it above the level of the ground; then, the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and lastly, the upper series, of the twenty-eight most ancient kings of France, which

filled the gallery on the first story, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip Augustus, each holding in his hand the imperial ball.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has caused it to disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless progress, the level of the ground in the City. But while this flood-tide of the pavements of Paris devoured, one after another, the eleven steps which added to the majestic elevation of the structure, Time has given to the church, perhaps, yet more than it has taken away; for it is Time who has spread over its face that dark gray tint of centuries which makes of the old age of architectural monuments their season of beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? who has left the niches empty? who has cut, in the middle of the central portal, that new and bastard pointed arch? and who has dared to frame in that doorway the heavy, unmeaning wooden door, carved in the style of Louis XV., beside the arabesques of Biscornette? The men, the architects, the artists of our times.

And—if we enter the interior of the edifice—who has overturned the colossal Saint Christopher, proverbial for his magnitude among statues as the Grand Hall of the Palace was among halls—as the spire of Stras-

burg among steeples? And those myriads of statues which thronged the spaces between the columns of the nave and the choir—kneeling —standing—and on horseback, men, women, children, kings, bishops, warriors, in stone, in marble, in gold, in silver, in brass, and even in wax—who has brutally swept them out? It is not Time.

And who has substituted for the ancient Gothic altar, splendidly loaded with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcophagus of marble, with angels' heads and clouds, looking like an unmatched fragment from the Val de Grâce or the Invalides? Who has stupidly fixed that heavy anachronism of stone into the Carlovingian pavement of Hercandus? Was it not Louis XIV. fulfilling the vow of Louis XIII.?

And who has put cold white glass in place of those deep-stained panes which made the wondering eyes of our forefathers hesitate between the round window over the grand doorway and the lancet windows of the chancel? And what would a precentor of the sixteenth century say could he see that fine yellow stain with which the Vandal archbishops have besmeared their cathedral? He would remember that it was the color with which the hangman painted such buildings as were adjudged infamous—he would recollect the hotel of the Petit-Bourbon, which had thus been besmeared

with yellow for the treason of the constable —"yellow, after all, so well mixed," says Sauval, "and so well applied, that the lapse of a century and more has not yet taken its color." He would believe that the holy place had become accursed, and would flee from it.

And, then, if we climb higher in the cathedral—without stopping at a thousand barbarities of every kind—what have they done with that charming little spire which rose from the intersection of the cross, and which, no less bold and light than its neighbor, the spire of the Sainte Chapelle (destroyed also), pierced into the sky yet farther than the towers—perforated, sharp, sonorous, airy? An architect "of good taste" amputated it in 1787, and thought it was sufficient to hide the wound with that great plaster of lead which resembles the lid of a porridge-pot.

Thus it is that the wondrous art of the Middle Ages has been treated in almost every country, and especially in France. In its ruin three sorts of inroads are distinguishable, having marred it to different depths; first, Time, which has insensibly made breaches here and there, and rusted its whole surface; then, religious and political revolutions, which, blind and furious in their nature, have tumultuously wreaked their wrath upon it, torn its rich garment of sculpture and carving, shivered

its rose-shaped windows, broken its necklace of arabesques and miniature figures, torn down its statues, here for their mitre, there for their crown; and lastly, changing fashion, growing ever more grotesque and absurd, commencing with the anarchical yet splendid deviations of the Renaissance, have succeeded one another in the unavoidable decline of architecture. Fashion has done more mischief than revolutions. It has cut to the quick—it has attacked the very bone and framework of the art. It has mangled, dislocated, killed the edifice—in its form as well as in its meaning—in its logic as well as in its beauty. And then it has restored—which at least neither Time nor revolutions have pretended to do. It has audaciously fitted into the wounds of Gothic architecture its wretched gewgaws of a day—its marble ribands—its metal plumes—a very leprosy of egg-shaped mouldings, volutes and wreaths—of draperies, garlands and fringes—of stone flames, brazen clouds, fleshy Cupids, and lastly, cherubim—which we find beginning to ravage the face of art in the oratory of Catherine de Médicis, and destroying it two centuries after, tortured and convulsed, in the Dubarry's boudoir.

Thus, to sum up the points which we have here laid down, three kinds of ravages which to-day disfigure Gothic architecture: wrinkles

and warts upon the surface—these are the work of Time; violences, brutalities, contusions, fractures—these are the work of revolutions, from Luther down to Mirabeau; amputations, dislocation of members, *restorations*—these are the labors, Grecian, Roman and barbaric, of the professors according to Vitruvius and Vignola. That magnificent art which the Vandals had produced, the academies have murdered. To the work of centuries and of revolutions, which, at least, devastate with impartiality and grandeur, has been added that cloud of school-trained architects, licensed, privileged and patented, degrading with all the discernment and selection of bad taste—substituting the gingerbread-work of Louis XV. for the Gothic tracery, to the greater glory of the Parthenon. This is the kick of the ass at the dying lion. 'Tis the old oak, in the last stage of decay, stung and gnawed by caterpillars.

How remote is all this from the time when Robert Cenalis, comparing Notre-Dame at Paris to the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, "so much vaunted by the ancient pagans," which immortalized Erostratus, thought the Gaulish cathedral "more excellent in length, breadth, height and structure."

Notre-Dame, however, as an architectural monument, is not one of those which can be

called complete, definite, belonging to a class. It is no longer a Roman, nor is it yet Gothic. This edifice is not a typical one. It has not, like the abbey of Tournus, the solemn and massive squareness, the round broad vault, the icy bareness, the majestic simplicity, of the edifices which have the circular arch for their base. Nor is it, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, airy, multiform, tufted, pinnacled, florid production of the pointed arch. Impossible to rank Notre-Dame among that antique family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, lowering, crushed, as it were, by the weight of the circular arch—almost Egyptian, even to their ceilings—all hieroglyphical, all sacerdotal, all symbolical—more abounding, in their ornaments, in lozenges and zigzags than in flowers—more in flowers than animals —more in animals than human figures—the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop—the first transformation of the art—all stamped with theocratical and military discipline—having its root in the Lower Empire, and stopping at the time of William the Conqueror. Nor can our cathedral be ranked in that other family of lofty, airy churches, rich in sculpture and stained glass, of pointed forms and daring attitudes—belonging to commoners and plain citizens, as political symbols—as works of art, free, capricious,

lawless—the second transformation of architecture—no longer hieroglyphical, immutable and sacerdotal, but artistic, progressive and popular—beginning at the return from the crusades and ending with Louis XI. Notre-Dame of Paris, then, is not of purely Roman race like the former, nor of purely Arabic race like the latter.

It is an edifice of the transition period. The Saxon architect was just finishing the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed arch, arriving from the crusade, came and placed itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The Gothic arch, thenceforward master of the field, constituted the remainder of the church. However, inexperienced and timid at its commencement, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, self-restraining, not yet daring to spring into arrows and lancets, as it did later in so many wonderful cathedrals. One would have said it was conscious of the neighborhood of the heavy Roman pillars.

Indeed, these edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic are not less valuable studies than the pure models. They express a blending in art which would be lost without them. It is the grafting of the Gothic upon the circular arch.

Notre-Dame, in particular, is a curious example of this variety. Every face, every stone, of this venerable monument, is a page not only of the history, of the country, but of the history of science and art. Thus, to point out here only some of the principal details; while the small Porte Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, in their amplitude and solemnity, go back almost as far as the Carlovingian abbey of Saint Germain des Près. One would think there was an interval of six centuries between that door and those pillars. Even the hermetics find, in the emblematical devices of the great portal, a satisfactory compendium of their science, of which the church of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie was so complete a hieroglyphic. Thus the Roman abbey—the philosophers' church—Gothic art—Saxon art—the heavy round pillar, which recalls Gregory VII. —the hermetical symbolism by which Nicolas Flamel anticipated Luther—papal unity and schism—Saint Germain des Près and Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, all are mingled, combined and amalgamated in Notre-Dame. This central and maternal church is, among the other old churches of Paris, a sort of chimera; she has the head of one, the limbs of another, the back of a third—something of all.

We repeat it, these hybrid constructions are not the least interesting to the artist, the antiquary and the historian. They show us in how great a degree architecture is a primitive thing—demonstrating (as the Cyclopean vestiges, the Egyptian pyramids and the gigantic Hindoo pagods demonstrate) that the greatest productions of architecture are not so much the work of individuals as of society—the offspring rather of national efforts than the conceptions of men of genius, a deposit left by a whole people—the piled up works of centuries—the residue of successive evaporations of human society—in short, a species of formation. Each wave of time leaves its alluvium—each race deposits its strata upon the monument—each individual contributes his stone. So do the beavers—so do the bees—so does man. The great symbol of architecture, Babel, is a beehive.

Great edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages. Art often undergoes a transformation while they are still pending—*pendent opera interrupta* (the interrupted work is discontinued); they go on again quietly, in accordance with the change in the art. The altered art takes up the monument where it was left off, incrusts itself upon it, assimilates it to itself, develops it after its own fashion, and finishes it if it can. The thing is done

without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, according to a law natural and tranquil. It is like a budding graft—a sap that circulates—a vegetation that goes forward. Certainly there is matter for very large volumes, and often for the universal history of humanity, in those successive weldings of several species of art at different elevations upon the same monument. The man, the artist, the individual, disappear upon those great masses, leaving no name of an author behind. Human intelligence is there to be traced only in its aggregate. Time is the architect—the nation is the builder.

To consider in this place only the architecture of Christian Europe, the younger sister of the great masonries of the East; it presents to us an immense formation, divided into three superincumbent zones, clearly defined; the Roman zone, the Gothic zone, and the zone of the Renaissance, which we would willingly entitle the Græco-Roman. The Roman stratum, the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied by the circular arch, which reappears rising from the Grecian column, in the modern and upper stratum of the Revival. The pointed arch is found between the two. The buildings which belong exclusively to one or other of these three strata are perfectly distinct, uniform and complete. Such is the

abbey of Jumièges; such is the cathedral of Rheims; such is the church of Sainte Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colors of the prism. And hence the complex monuments—the edifices of gradation and transition. One is Roman at the base, Gothic in the middle and Græco-Roman at the top. This is caused by the fact that it has taken six hundred years to build it. This variety is rare; the donjon tower of Etampes is a specimen. But monuments of two formations are more frequent. Such is Notre-Dame at Paris, a structure of the pointed arch, which, in its earliest columns, dips into that Roman zone in which the portal of Saint Denis and the nave of Saint Germain des Près are entirely immersed. Such is the charming semi-Gothic chapter-house of Bocherville, which the Roman layer mounts half-way. Such is the cathedral of Rouen, which would have been entirely Gothic had not the extremity of its central spire pierced into the zone of the Renaissance.

However, all these gradations, all these differences, only affect the surface of an edifice. Art has but changed its skin—the conformation of the Christian temple itself has remained untouched. It is ever the same internal framework, the same logical disposition

of parts. Whatever be the sculptured and decorated exterior of a cathedral, we always find beneath it at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilica. It unfolds itself upon the ground forever according to the same law. There are invariably two naves intersecting each other in the form of a cross, the upper extremity of which cross is rounded into a chancel forming the choir; there are always two side aisles for processions and chapels—a sort of lateral gallery communicating with the principal nave by the spaces between the columns. This settled, the number of chapels, doorways, steeples, spires, may be modified indefinitely, following the fancy of the age, the people, of the art. The performance of the worship being provided for, architecture is at liberty to do what she pleases. Statues, painted glass, rose-shaped windows, arabesques, indentations, capitals, bas-reliefs —all these objects of imagination she combines in such arrangement as best suits her. Hence the prodigious external variety of these edifices, in the main structure of which dwells so much order and unity. The trunk of the tree is unchanging—the foliage is variable.

II.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS

We have endeavored to restore for the reader the admirable church of Notre-Dame de Paris. We have briefly indicated the greater part of the beauties which it possessed in the fifteenth century, and which are now wanting; but we have omitted the principal—the view of Paris as it then appeared from the summit of the towers.

Indeed, when, after feeling your way for a long time up the dark spiral staircase that perpendicularly perforates the thick walls of the steeples, you at last emerged suddenly upon one of the two elevated platforms inundated with light and air, it was a fine picture that opened upon you on every side, a spectacle *sui generis*, some idea of which may easily be formed by such of our readers as have had the good fortune to see a Gothic town, entire, complete, homogeneous—of which there are still a few remaining, such as Nuremberg in Bavaria and Vittoria in Spain

—or even smaller specimens, provided they be in good preservation, as Vitrê in Brittany and Nordhausen in Prussia.

The Paris of three hundred and fifty years ago, the Paris of the fifteenth century, was already a giant city. We modern Parisians are mistaken as to the ground which we think we have gained. Since the time of Louis XI., Paris has not increased much more than a third. She certainly has lost much more in beauty than she has gained in size.

Paris was born, as every one knows, in that ancient island of the Cité, or City, which is shaped like a cradle. The shores of this island were its first enclosure; the Seine its first moat. For several centuries Paris remained in its island state; with two bridges, one on the north, the other on the south; and two *têtes-de-ponts* (bridge towers), which were at once its gates and its fortresses—the Grand Châtelet on the right bank of the northern channel of the river, and the Petit Châtelet on the left bank of the southern channel. When, however, under the first line of French kings, Paris found herself too much confined within the limits of her island, and unable to turn about, she crossed the water. Then on each side, beyond either Châtelet, a first line of walls and towers began to cut into the country on both sides of the Seine. Of this

ancient boundary wall some vestiges still remained as late as the last century; now nothing but the memory of it survives, with here and there a local tradition, as the Baudets or Baudoyer gate—*porta Bagauda*. By degrees, the flood of houses, perpetually driven from the heart of the town outward, overflowed and wore away this enclosure. Philip Augustus made a new embankment. He imprisoned Paris within a circular chain of great towers, lofty and massive. For upwards of a century the houses pressed upon one another, accumulated and rose higher in this basin, like water in a reservoir. They began to deepen—to pile story on story—to climb, as it were, one upon another. They shot out in height, like growth that is compressed laterally; and strove each to lift its head above its neighbors, in order to get a breath of air. The streets became deeper and narrower, and every open space was overrun by buildings and disappeared. The houses at last leaped the wall of Philip Augustus, and scattered themselves merrily over the plain, irregularly and all awry, like children escaped from school. There they strutted proudly about, cut themselves gardens from the fields and took their ease. In 1367, the suburbs already extended so far that a new boundary wall became necessary, particularly on the right bank of the river;

Charles V. built it. But a city like Paris is perpetually on the increase—and it is only such cities that become capitals. They are a sort of funnel, through which flow all that is geographical, political, moral and intellectual in a country—all the natural tendencies of a people—wells of civilization, as it were, and also sinks—where commerce, manufactures, intelligence, population—all the vigor, all the life, all the soul of a nation—filter and collect incessantly, drop by drop, and century after century. So the boundary of Charles V. suffered the same fate as that of Philip Augustus. At the end of the fifteenth century, the Faubourg strides across it, passes beyond it, and runs farther. In the sixteenth we find it rapidly receding, and becoming buried deeper and deeper in the old town, so dense was the new town becoming outside it. Thus, in the fifteenth century—to stop there—Paris had already worn away the three concentric circles of walls which, in the time of Julian the Apostate, existed, so to speak, in germ in the Grand Châtelet and the Petit Châtelet. The growing city had successively burst its four girdles of walls, like a child grown too large for its garments of last year. In the reign of Louis XI. were to be seen rising here and there, amid that sea of houses, some groups of ruinous towers belonging to the

ancient bulwarks, like hill-tops in a flood—like archipelagoes of the old Paris submerged under the inundation of the new.

Since then, unhappily for us, Paris has undergone another transformation; but it has overleaped only one boundary more—that of Louis XV.—the wretched wall of mud and spittle, worthy of the king who built it, worthy of the poet who sang it—

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."

(Play upon words, literally: The wall walling Paris makes Paris murmur.)

In the fifteenth century, Paris was still divided into three wholly distinct and separate towns, having each its peculiar features, manners, customs, privileges and history—the City, the University and the Ville or Town properly so called. The City, which occupied the island, was the most ancient, the smallest, and the mother of the other two—squeezed between them (if we may be allowed the comparison) like a little old woman between two tall handsome daughters. The University covered the left bank of the Seine, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, points which correspond to-day in modern Paris, the one to the Halle aux Vins or Wine Mart, and the other to the Monnaie or Mint. Its circuit embraced a large portion of that tract where

Julian had constructed his baths, and comprised the hill of Sainte Geneviève. The culminating point of this curve of walls was the Porte Papale or Papal Gate, that is to say, very nearly, the present site of the Pantheon. The Town, which was the largest of the three portions of Paris, occupied the right bank. Its quay, in which there were several breaks and interruptions, ran along the Seine from the Tour de Billy to the Tour du Bois, that is, from the spot where the Granary of Abundance now stands, to that occupied by the Tuileries. These four points where the Seine intersected the wall of the capital—on the left, the Tournelle and the Tour de Nesle, and on the right, the Tour de Billy and the Tour du Bois—were called, pre-eminently, the four towers of Paris. The Town encroached still more deeply into the country bordering on the Seine than the University. The most salient points of its enclosure (the wall constructed by Charles V.) were at the Portes Saint Denis and Saint Martin, the sites of which are unchanged.

As we have just said, each of these three great divisions of Paris was a city in itself—but a city too individual to be complete—a city which could not dispense with the other two. Hence, each had its characteristic aspect. Churches abounded in the City; pal-

aces in the Town, and colleges in the University. Leaving apart the minor eccentricities of old Paris, and the caprices of those who held the *droit de voirie*, or right of road, we make the general statement—and speaking only of the great masses in the chaos of the communal jurisdictions—that the island belonged to the bishop; the right bank, to the *prevôt des marchands* or provost of the shopkeepers; and the left bank to the rector of the University. The provost of Paris, a royal and not a municipal officer, had authority over all. The City contained Notre-Dame; the Town, the Louvre and the Hôtel de Ville; and the University, the Sorbonne. Again, the Town had the Great Market; the City, the Hospital; and the University, the Pré aux Clercs (common). Offenses committed by the students on the left bank, in their Pré aux Clercs, were tried in the Palace of Justice, on the island, and punished on the right bank at Montfaucon; unless the rector, feeling the University to be strong at that particular time, and the king weak, thought proper to interfere —for it was a privilege of the scholars to be hanged at home, that is to say, within the University precincts. Most of these privileges, it may be noted in passing, and there were some of greater value than the above, had been extorted from the kings by revolts

and mutinies. Such has been the course of events from time immemorial. As the French proverb saith, *Le roi ne lache que quand le peuple arrache* (the king only grants what the people wrest from him). There is an old French charter which states the fact with great simplicity: speaking of loyalty, it says, *Civibus fidelitas in reges, quæ tamen aliquoties seditionibus interrupta, multa peperit privilegia* (the fidelity toward kings, which was nevertheless interrupted at different times—interrupted by seditious uprisings—preserved many privileges to the people).

In the fifteenth century, the Seine bathed the shores of five islands within the circuit of Paris; the Ile Louviers, on which there were then trees, though now there are only piles of wood; the Ile aux Vaches and the Ile Notre-Dame, both deserted, or nearly so, both fiefs of the bishop (which two islands, in the seventeenth century, were made into one, since built upon, and now called the Ile Saint Louis); finally, the City, having at its western extremity, the islet of the Passeur aux Vaches, since lost under the esplanade of the Pont-Neuf. The City had, at that time, five bridges; three on the right—the Pont Notre-Dame, and the Pont au Change, of stone, and the Pont aux Meuniers, of wood—and two on the left—the Petit Pont, of stone, and the

Pont Saint Michel, of wood; all of them laden with houses. The University had six gates, built by Philip Augustus, which, starting from the Tournelle, came in the following order: the Porte Saint Victor, the Porte Bordelle, the Porte Papale, the Porte Saint Jacques, the Porte Saint Michel and the Porte Saint Germain. The Town had also six gates, built by Charles V., viz., beginning with the Tour de Billy, they were the Porte Saint Antoine, the Porte du Temple, the Porte Saint Martin, the Porte Saint Denis, the Porte Montmartre and the Porte Saint Honoré. All these gates were strong, and handsome withal—which latter attribute is by no means incompatible with strength. A wide and deep moat, with a swift current during the winter floods, washed the base of the wall around Paris; the Seine furnishing the water. At night the gates were shut, the river was barred at the two extremities of the town with massive iron chains, and Paris slept tranquilly.

A bird's-eye view of these three burghs, the City, the University and the Ville, presented each an inextricable network of strangely tangled streets. Yet a glance was sufficient to show the spectator that these three portions of a city formed but one complete whole. One immediately perceived two long parallel streets, unbroken, undisturbed, traversing, almost in

a straight line, the three towns, from one extremity to the other, from north to south, at right angles with the Seine, connecting and mingling them, and incessantly pouring the people of each into the precincts of the other, making the three but one. The first of these two streets ran from the Porte Saint Jacques to the Porte Saint Martin; and was called in the University, Rue Saint Jacques; in the City, Rue de la Juiverie (Jewery or Jewry); and in the Town, Rue Saint Martin. It crossed the water twice, under the names of Petit Pont and Pont Notre-Dame. The second, called, on the left bank, Rue de la Harpe; in the island, the Rue de la Barillerie; on the right bank, Rue Saint Denis; over one arm of the Seine, Pont Saint Michel, and over the other Pont au Change; ran from the Porte Saint Michel in the University to the Porte Saint Denis in the Town. However, under all these names, they were still but two streets; but they were the parent streets—the two arteries of Paris, by which all the other veins of the triple city were fed, or into which they emptied themselves.

Independently of these two principal, diametrical streets, running quite across Paris, common to the whole capital, the Town and the University had each its own special street, traversing its length, parallel to the Seine, and

intersecting the two *arterial* streets at right angles. Thus, in the Town, one went down in a straight line from the Porte Saint Antoine to the Porte Saint Honoré; in the University, from the Porte Saint Victor to the Porte Saint Germain. These two great ways, crossing the two first mentioned, formed with them the canvas upon which was wrought, knotted up and crowded together on every hand, the tangled Dædalian web of the streets of Paris. In the unintelligible designs of this network one distinguished likewise, on looking attentively, two clusters of great streets, like magnified sheaves, one in the University, the other in the Town, spreading out from the bridges to the gates.

Somewhat of this geometric plan still exists.

Now, what aspect did all this present viewed from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame in 1482? This is what we will endeavor to describe.

For the spectator, who arrived panting upon this summit, it was at first a dazzling confusion of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, spires, steeples. All burst upon the eye at once—the formally-cut gable, the acute-angled roof, the hanging turret at the angles of the walls, the stone pyramid of the eleventh century, the slate obelisk of the fifteenth; the donjon tower, round and bare; the church

tower, square and decorated; the large and the small, the massive and the airy. The gaze was for some time lost in the bewilderment of this labyrinth; in which there was nothing without its originality, its purpose, its genius —nothing but proceeded from art—from the smallest house, with its carved and painted front, with external beams, elliptical doorway, with projecting stories, to the royal Louvre itself, which then had a colonnade of towers. But these are the principal masses that were distinguishable when the eye became accustomed to this medley of edifices.

First, the City. The island of the City, as Sauval says, who, amidst all his rubbish, has occasional happy turns of expression—*The isle of the City is shaped like a great ship, stuck in the mud, and stranded in the current near the middle of the Seine.* We have already shown that, in the fifteenth century, this ship was moored to the two banks of the river by five bridges. This likeness to a vessel had also struck the heraldic scribes; for, it is thence, and not from the Norman siege, according to Favyn and Pasquier, that the ship emblazoned upon the old escutcheon of Paris comes. To him who can decipher it, heraldry is an algebra—heraldry is a tongue. The whole history of the second half of the Middle Ages is written in heraldry, as that of the former

half is in the symbolism of the Roman churches. They are the hieroglyphics of feudalism succeeding those of theocracy.

The City, then, first presented itself to the view, with its stern to the east and its prow to the west. Looking toward the prow, there was before one an innumerable collection of old roofs, with the lead-covered top of Sainte Chapelle rising above them broad and round, like an elephant's back laden with its tower. Only in this case the tower was the most daring, most open, most daintily wrought, most delicately carved spire that ever showed the sky through its lacework cone. In front of Notre-Dame, close at hand, three streets opened into the Cathedral Square, which was a fine square of old houses. The southern side of this Place was overhung by the furrowed and wrinkled front of the Hôtel Dieu, and its roof, which looks as if covered with pustules and warts. Then, right and left, east and west, within that narrow circuit of the City, were ranged the steeples of its twenty-one churches, of all dates, forms and sizes; from the low and worm-eaten Roman campanile of Saint Denis du Pas, *carcer Glaucini* (Prison of Glaucinus), to the slender spires of Saint Pierre aux Bœufs and Saint Laundry. Behind Notre-Dame were revealed northward, the cloister, with its Gothic galleries; south-

ward, the semi-Roman palace of the bishop; and eastward, the uninhabited point of the Terrain, or waste ground. Amid that accumulation of houses the eye could also distinguish, by the high perforated mitres of stone, which at that period were placed aloft upon the roof itself, surmounting the highest range of palace windows, the mansion presented by the Parisians, in the reign of Charles VI., to Juvénal des Ursins; a little farther on, the tarred booths of the Palus Market; and in another direction, the new apse of Saint Germain le Vieux, lengthened, in 1458, by a bit of the Rue aux Febves; and then, at intervals, a square crowded with people—a pillory set up at some street corner—a fine piece of the pavement of Philip Augustus—magnificent flagging, furrowed for the horses' feet in the middle of the roadway, and so badly replaced in the sixteenth century by the wretched pebbling called *pavé de la Ligue* (pavements of the League)—some solitary backyard, with one of those open turret staircases, which were built in the fifteenth century, one of which is still to be seen in the Rue des Bourdonnais. Finally, on the right of the Sainte Chapelle, to the westward, the Palace of Justice rested its group of towers upon the water's brink. The groves of the royal gardens which occupied the western point of the City hid from

view the islet of the Passeur. As for the water itself, it was hardly visible from the towers of Notre-Dame, on either side of the City; the Seine disappearing under the bridges, and the bridges under the houses.

And when the glance passed these bridges, the roofs of which were visibly turning green from mould, before their time, from the vapors of the water; if it turned to the left, toward the University, the first edifice that struck it was a large low cluster of towers, the Petit Châtelet, whose yawning porch seemed to devour the extremity of the Petit Pont. Then, if your view ran along the bank from east to west, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, there were to be seen a long line of houses exhibiting sculptured beams, colored window-glass, each story overhanging that beneath it —an interminable zigzag of homely gables, cut at frequent intervals by the intersection of some street, and now and then also by the front or the corner of some great stone-built mansion, which seemed to stand at its ease, with its courtyards and gardens, its wings and its compartments, amid that rabble of houses crowding and pinching one another, like a grand seigneur amidst a mob of rustics. There were five or six of these mansions upon the quay, from the Logis de Lorraine, which shared with the house of the Bernardines the great

neighboring enclosure of the Tournelle, to the Hôtel de Nesle, the principal tower of which bounded Paris on that side, and the pointed roofs of which were so situated as to cut with their dark triangles, during three months of the year, the scarlet disc of the setting sun.

This side of the Seine, however, was the least mercantile of the two; students were noisier and more numerous than artisans; and there was not, properly speaking, any quay, except from the Pont Saint Michel to the Tour de Nesle. The rest of the bank of the Seine was either a bare strand, as was the case beyond the Bernardine monastery, or a close range of houses with the water at their base, as between the two bridges.

There was a great clamor of washerwomen along the waterside, talking, shouting, singing, from morning till night along the shore, and beating away at their linen—as they do in our day. This is not the least of the gayeties of Paris.

The University presented a huge mass to the eye. From one end to the other it was a compact and homogeneous whole. The myriad roofs, dense, angular, adherent, nearly all composed of the same geometrical element, when seen from above, looked like a crystallization of one substance. The capricious hol-

lows of the streets divided this pasty of houses into slices not too disproportioned. The forty-two colleges were distributed among them very evenly, and were to be seen in every quarter. The amusingly varied pinnacles of those fine buildings were the product of the same art as the simple roofs which they overtopped, being really but a multiplication of the square or cube, of the same geometrical figure. Thus they made the whole more intricate without confusing it, complete without overloading it. Geometry is harmony. Several fine mansions also made here and there magnificent outlines against the picturesque attics of the left bank; the Nevers house, the house of Rome, the Reims house, which have disappeared; and the Hôtel de Cluny, which still exists for the consolation of the artist, but the tower of which was so stupidly shortened a few years ago. Near by Cluny, that Roman palace, with fine semicircular arches, was formerly the Baths of Julian. There were also a number of abbeys of a more ecclesiastical beauty, of a more solemn grandeur than the mansions, but not less beautiful nor less grand. Those which first attracted the eye were the monastery of the Bernardines, with its three bell-towers; Sainte Geneviève, whose square tower, still standing, makes us regret the rest so much; the Sorbonne, half-college, half-mon-

astery, of which so admirable a nave still remains; the fine quadrangular cloister of the Mathurins; its neighbor, the cloister of Saint Benedict, within whose walls they have had time to knock up a theatre between the seventh and eighth editions of this book; the Cordeliers, with their three enormous gables; side by side the Augustins, whose graceful spire was, after the Tour de Nesle, the second lofty projection on that side of Paris, from the westward. The colleges—which are in fact the intermediate link between the cloister and the world—held the central point in the architectural series between the fine private residences and the abbeys, exhibiting a severe elegance, a sculpture less airy than that of the palaces, an architecture less severe than that of the convents. Unfortunately, scarcely anything remains of these structures, in which Gothic art held so just a balance between richness and economy. The churches (and they were numerous and splendid in the University, and there displayed every period of architecture, from the round arches of Saint Julian to the Gothic ones of Saint Severin)—the churches rose above the whole; and, like one harmony the more in that mass of harmonies, they pierced, one after another, the varied outline of gables, of sharply-defined spires, of perforated steeples and slender pinnacles,

whose outline was but a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs.

The ground of the University was hilly. The mountain of Sainte Geneviève, on the southeast, formed an enormous swell; and it was a sight well worth seeing, from the top of Notre-Dame, that crowd of narrow, tortuous streets (to-day the Latin quarter), those clusters of houses which, scattered in every direction from the top of that eminence, spread themselves in disorder, and almost precipitously down its sides, to the water's edge; looking, some as if they were falling, others as if they were climbing up, and all as if holding on to one another. The continual motion of a myriad black dots crossing and recrossing each other on the pavement, gave a shimmering look to everything. These were the people in the streets, seen from a height and a distance.

Finally in the spaces between these roofs, these spires, these innumerable and irregular structures, which so fantastically bent, twisted and indented the extreme outline of the University, one caught a glimpse here and there of some great patch of moss-covered wall, some thick round tower, or some crenellated town gate, resembling a fortress—this was the wall of Philip Augustus. Beyond extended the green meadows; beyond these ran the

highways, along which were scattered a few more suburban houses which became more infrequent as they became more distant. Some of these suburbs were of considerable importance. There were first (starting from the Tournelle) the burgh Saint Victor, with its bridge of one arch over the Bievre; its abbey, in which was to be read the epitaph of King Louis the Fat—*epitaphium Ludovici Grossi;* and its church with an octagonal spire flanked by four small bell-towers, of the eleventh century (a similar one can be seen at Etampes; it is not yet destroyed). Next, the burgh Saint Marceau, which had already three churches and a convent. Then, leaving the mill of the Gobelins and its four white walls on the left, there was the Faubourg Saint Jacques, with the beautiful carved cross in its square; the church of Saint Jacques du Haut Pas, which was then Gothic, pointed and delightful; Saint Magloire, with a fine fourteenth century nave, which Napoleon turned into a hay-loft; Notre-Dame des Champs, where there were Byzantine mosaics. Lastly, after leaving in the open country the Carthusian monastery, a rich structure of the same period as the Palace of Justice, with its little gardens in sections and the ill-famed ruins of Vauvert, the eye fell to westward, upon the three Roman spires of Saint Ger-

main des Prés. The borough Saint Germain, already a large community, had fifteen or twenty streets in the rear; the sharp steeple of Saint Sulpice indicating one of its corners. Close by it might be seen the square enclosure of the Saint Germain fair ground where the market now stands; then the abbot's pillory, a pretty little round tower, neatly capped with a cone of lead; the tile-kiln was farther on as well as the Rue du Four, which led to the common bakehouse, with the mill on its knoll—and the lazaretto, a small, detached, and half-seen building. But that which especially attracted the eye, and long held the attention, was the abbey itself. It is certain that this monastery, which had an aspect of grandeur both as a church and as a seigniory, this abbatial palace, in which the bishops of Paris deemed themselves happy to sleep a single night—this refectory, upon which the architect had bestowed the air, the beauty, and the splendid rose-shaped window of a cathedral—this elegant chapel of the Virgin—this monumental dormitory—those spacious gardens—the portcullis and drawbridge—the circuit of battlements which marked its indented outline against the verdure of the surrounding meadows—those court-yards where gleamed men-at-arms intermingled with golden copes—the whole grouped and

clustered about three tall spires with their semi-circular arches solidly planted upon a Gothic apse—made a magnificent outline upon the horizon.

When at length, after long contemplating the University, you turned toward the right bank towards the Town, the character of the scene was suddenly changed. The Town was not only much larger than the University, but also less uniform. At first sight it appeared to be divided into several portions, singularly distinct from each other. First, to the East, in that part of the Town which still takes its name from the marsh in which Camulogenes mired Cæsar, there was a collection of palaces, which extended to the waterside. Four great mansions almost contiguous—the Hôtels de Jouy, de Sens, and de Barbeau and the Logis de la Reine—mirrored their slated roofs broken by slender turrets in the Seine. These four edifices filled the space from the Rue des Nonaindières to the abbey of the Celestines, whose spire formed a graceful relief to their line of gables and battlements. Some sorry, moss-grown structures overhanging the water in front of these sumptuous mansions did not conceal from view the fine lines of their fronts, their great square stone-framed windows, their Gothic porches loaded with statues, the boldly-cut borderings

about their walls, and all those charming accidents of architecture which make Gothic art seem to begin again its series of combinations at every fresh building. Behind these palaces ran in every direction, in some places cloven, palisaded and embattled, like a citadel, in others concealed by large trees like a Carthusian monastery, the vast and multiform circuit of that wonderful Hôtel de Saint Pol, in which the French king had room to lodge superbly twenty-two princes of the rank of the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy, with their trains and their domestics, without counting the grands seigneurs and the emperor when he came to visit Paris, and the lions that had a separate residence within the royal establishment. And we must here observe that a prince's lodgings then consisted of not less than eleven principal apartments, from the audience-chamber to the oratory; besides all the galleries, baths, stove-rooms and other "superfluous places," with which each suite of apartments was provided; not to mention the private gardens for each of the king's guests; besides the kitchens, cellars, pantries and general refectories of the household; the servants' quarters, in which there were two-and-twenty general offices, from the bake-house to the wine cellars; games of different kinds, as mall, tennis, riding at the ring, etc.;

aviaries, fish-ponds, menageries, stables, cattle-stalls, libraries, armories and foundries. Such was, at that day, a royal palace—a Louvre—a Hôtel Saint Pol; a city within a city.

From the tower upon which we have placed ourselves, the Hôtel Saint Pol, though almost half hidden by the four great dwelling-houses of which we have just spoken, was, nevertheless, very vast and very wonderful to behold. One could clearly distinguish in it, although they had been skilfully joined to the main building by means of long windowed and pillared galleries, the three residences which Charles V. had thrown into one, together with his former palace; the Hôtel du Petit-Muce, with the openwork balustrade so gracefully bordering its roof; the hôtel of the abbot of Saint Maur, having the aspect of a stronghold, a massive tower, bastions, loop-holes, iron cornice, and over the wide Saxon gateway, the abbot's escutcheon between the two grooves for the drawbridge; the residence of the Count d'Etampes, whose donjon-keep in ruins at the top, looked rounded and indented, like the crest of a cock; here and there three or four ancient oaks, forming a tuft together like enormous cauliflowers; swans disporting themselves amid the clear waters of the fish-ponds, all rippling with light and shade; numerous courtyards afforded pictur-

esque glimpses; the Hôtel des Lions, with its low-pointed arches upon short Saxon pillars, its iron portcullises and its perpetual roaring; through all this the scaly spire of the Ave Maria; on the left, the house of the provost of Paris, flanked by four turrets delicately moulded and perforated; and, in the centre in the background, the Hôtel Saint Pol, properly speaking, with its multiple fronts, its successive embellishments since the time of Charles V., the hybrid excrescences with which the fancy of the artists had loaded it in the course of two centuries; with all the apses of its chapels, all the gables of its galleries, its endless weathercocks, turned to the four winds, and its two contiguous towers, the conical roof of which, surrounded by battlements at its base, looked like cocked hats.

Continuing to mount the steps of this amphitheatre of palaces spread out afar upon the ground, after crossing a deep fissure in the roofs of the Town, which marked the passage of the Rue Saint Antoine, the eye traveled on to the Logis d'Angoulême, a vast structure of several different periods, in which there were some parts quite new and almost white, that did not harmonize with the rest any better than a red patch on a blue doublet. However, the singularly sharp and elevated roof of the modern palace, bristling with carved gutters,

and covered with sheets of lead, over which ran sparkling incrustations of gilt copper in a thousand fantastic arabesques—that roof so curiously damaskeened, darted upwards gracefully from amid the brown ruins of the ancient edifice, the old massive towers of which were bellying with age into the shape of casks, their height shrunk with decrepitude, and breaking asunder from top to bottom. Behind rose the forest of spires of the Palais des Tournelles. No view in the world, not even at Chambord nor at the Alhambra, could be more magical, more aërial, more enchanting, than that grove of spires, turrets, chimneys, weathercocks, spiral staircases, perforated lanterns, which looked as if struck out with a die, pavilions, spindle-shaped turrets, or tournelles, as they were then called—all differing in form, height and position. It might well have been compared to a gigantic stone checkerboard.

To the right of the Tournelles, that group of enormous inky black towers, growing, as it were, one into another, and looking as if bound together by their circular moat; that donjon tower, more thickly pierced with loopholes than with windows; that drawbridge always raised; that portcullis always lowered; that is the Bastille. Those black muzzles, peering from the battlements, and which, at

this distance, you would take for gutter spouts, are cannon.

Within gunshot below the terrible edifice is the Porte Saint Antoine, almost buried between its two towers.

Beyond the Tournelles, as far as the wall of Charles V., spread out in rich compartments of verdure and of flowers, a tufted carpet of garden-grounds and royal parks, in the midst of which one recognized, by its labyrinth of trees and alleys, the famous Dædalus garden that Louis XI. gave to Coictier. The doctor's observatory rose above the labyrinth, like a great isolated column with a small house for its capital. In that small study terrible astrological predictions were made.

Upon that spot now stands the Place Royale.

As we have already observed, the region of the Palace, of which we have endeavored to give the reader some idea, though by specifying only its most salient points, filled up the angle which Charles V.'s wall made with the Seine on the east. The centre of the Town was occupied by a pile of houses for the populace. It was there, in fact, that the three bridges of the City disgorged upon the right bank; and bridges lead to the building of houses rather than palaces. This collection of common dwelling-houses, pressed against

one another like cells in a hive, had a beauty of its own. The roofs of a great city have a certain grandeur, like the waves of the sea. In the first place, the streets, crossed and intertwined, diversified the mass with a hundred amusing figures; around the Halles, it was like a star with a thousand rays.

The Rues Saint Denis and Saint Martin, with their innumerable ramifications, rose one after the other, like two great trees with intermingling branches; and then crooked lines, the Rues de la Plâtrerie, de la Verrerie, de la Tixeranderie, etc., wound in and out among the whole. There were also fine edifices lifting their heads above the fixed swell of this sea of gables. There, at the entrance of the Pont aux Changeurs, behind which the Seine was seen foaming under the mill-wheels at the Pont aux Meuniers, there was the Châtelet; no longer a Roman tower as under Julian, the Apostate, but a feudal tower of the thirteenth century, of a stone so hard that, in three hours' work, the pick would not remove a piece the size of a man's fist. Then there was the rich square steeple of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, its sides all encrusted with sculptures, and already worthy of admiration, although it was not finished in the fifteenth century. (It lacked particularly those four monsters which, still perched on the four cor-

ners of its roof, look like four sphinxes giving modern Paris the riddle of ancient Paris to solve. Rault, the sculptor, only placed them in position in 1526; and received twenty francs for his trouble.) There was the Maison aux Piliers, overlooking that Place de Grève of which we have already given the reader some idea. There was the church of Saint Gervais, which a large portal *in good taste* has since spoiled; that of Saint Méry, whose ancient pointed arches were still almost rounded; and that of Saint Jean, whose magnificent spire was proverbial; besides twenty other structures which disdained not to bury their wonders in this wilderness of deep, dark and narrow streets. Add to these the carved stone crosses, even more abundant at cross-roads than gibbets; the cemetery of the Innocents, whose architectural wall was to be seen in the distance, over the house-tops; the market pillory, the top of which was visible between two chimneys of the Rue de la Cossonnerie; the "ladder" of the Croix du Trahoir, with its cross-roads always black with people; the circular buildings of the wheat-mart; the broken fragments of the old wall of Philip Augustus, distinguishable here and there, buried among the houses—towers over-run with ivy, ruined gateways—crumbling and shapeless pieces of wall; the quay with its

countless shops, and its bloody knackers' yards; the Seine covered with boats, from the Port au Foin to the For-l'Evêque; and you will have a dim idea of the appearance, in 1482, of the central trapezium, or irregular quadrangle, of the Town.

Together with these two quarters, the one of princely mansions, the other of ordinary houses, the third great feature then observable in the Town, was a long belt of abbeys bordering it almost in its entire circumference, from east to west, and, behind the line of fortification by which Paris was shut in, formed a second inner circle, consisting of convents and chapels. Thus, close to the park of the Tournelles, between the Rue Saint Antoine and the old Rue du Temple, there was Saint Catherine's, with its immense grounds, bounded only by the wall of Paris. Between the old and the new Rue du Temple there was the Temple itself, a sinister group of towers, lofty, erect and isolated in the midst of a vast, battlemented enclosure. Between the Rue Neuve du Temple and the Rue Saint Martin, in the midst of its gardens, stood Saint Martin's, a superb fortified church, whose girdle of towers, whose tiara of steeples, were second in strength and splendor only to Saint Germain des Près. Between the two streets of Saint Martin and Saint Denis were the pre-

cincts of the convent of the Trinity. And between the Rue Saint Denis and the Rue Montorgueil was that of the Filles Dieu. Close by might be seen the decayed roofs and unpaved enclosures of the Court of Miracles. This was the only profane link in this pious chain of convents.

Lastly, the fourth division, clearly outlined in the conglomeration of roofs upon the right bank, formed by the western angle of the great enclosure, and the banks of the river down stream, was a fresh knot of palaces and great mansions crowding at the foot of the Louvre. The old Louvre of Philip Augustus, that immense structure—the great tower of which mustered around it twenty-three principal towers, besides all the smaller ones—seemed, at a distance, to be set within the Gothic summits of the Hôtel d'Alençon and the Petit Bourbon. This hydra of towers, the giant keeper of Paris, with its four-and-twenty heads ever erect—with its monstrous cruppers covered with lead or scaly with slates, and all rippling with glittering metallic reflections—terminated with wonderful effect the configuration of the Town on the west.

An immense mass, therefore—what the Romans called an insula or island—of ordinary dwelling-houses, flanked on either side by two great clusters of palaces, crowned, the one

by the Louvre, the other by the Tournelles, bounded on the north by a long belt of abbeys and cultivated enclosures—blending and mingling together as one gazed at them—above these thousand buildings, whose tiled and slated roofs stood out in such strange outlines, the crimped, twisted and ornamented steeples of the forty-four churches on the right bank —myriads of cross-streets—the boundary, on one side, a line of lofty walls with square towers (those of the University wall being round), and on the other, the Seine, intersected by bridges and crowded with numberless boats—such was the Town in the fifteenth century.

Beyond the walls some few suburbs crowded to the gates, but less numerous and more scattered than those on the University side. Thus, behind the Bastille, a score of mean houses clustered around the curious carvings of the cross of Faubin, and the buttresses of the abbey of Saint Antoine des Champs; then there was Popincourt, lost amid the corn-fields; then, La Courtille, a jolly village of taverns; the borough of Saint Laurent, with its church, whose steeple seemed, at a distance, to belong to the pointed towers of the Porte Saint Martin; the Faubourg Saint Denis, with the vast enclosure of Saint Ladre; beyond the Montmartre gate, the Grange Batelière, encircled

with white walls; behind it, with its chalky declivities—Montmartre, which had then almost as many churches as windmills, but which has kept only the mills, for society no longer demands anything but bread for the body. Then, beyond the Louvre, could be seen, stretching away into the meadows, the Faubourg Saint Honorê, even then of considerable extent; La Petite Bretagne, looking green; and the Pig Market, spreading itself out, in the centre of which rose the horrible cauldron used for boiling alive coiners of counterfeit money. Between La Courtille and Saint Laurent, the eye noted on the summit of a hill that crouched amid a desert plain, a sort of structure, which looked at a distance like a ruined colonnade standing upon foundations laid bare. It was neither a Parthenon nor a temple of the Jupiter Olympus; it was Montfaucon.

Now, if the enumeration of so many edifices, brief as we have sought to make it, has not destroyed, as fast as we constructed it, in the reader's mind, the general image of old Paris, we will recapitulate it in a few words. In the centre the island of the City, shaped like a huge turtle, extending on either side its bridges all scaly with tiles, like so many legs, from under its gray shell of roofs. On the left, the close, dense, bristling, mono-

lithic trapezium of the University; on the right, the vast semicircle of the Town, where houses and gardens were much more mingled. The three divisions—City, University and Town—veined with countless streets. Through the whole runs the Seine, "the nourishing Seine," as Father du Breul calls it, obstructed with islands, bridges and boats. All around an immense plain, checkered with a thousand different crops, strewn with beautiful villages; on the left, Issy, Vanvres, Vaugirard, Montrouge, Gentilly, with its round tower and its square tower, etc.; and on the right, twenty others, from Conflans to Ville l'Evéque. In the horizon a border of hills arranged in a circle, like the rim of the basin. Finally, in the distance, to eastward, was Vincennes, with its seven quadrangular towers; to southward, Bicêtre, and its pointed turrets; to northward, Saint Denis and its spire; to westward, Saint Cloud and its donjon. Such was the Paris seen from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame by the crows who lived in 1482.

And yet it is of this city that Voltaire has said, that *before the time of Louis XIV. it possessed only four fine pieces of architecture:* —that is to say, the dome of the Sorbonne, the Val de Grâce, the modern Louvre, and I know not what the fourth was, perhaps the Luxembourg. Fortunately, Voltaire was none

the less the author of *Candide;* nor is he the less, among all the men who have succeeded one another in the long series of humanity, the one who has best possessed the *rire diabolique*, the sardonic smile. This proves, moreover, that a man may be a fine genius, and yet understand nothing of an art which he has not studied. Did not Molière think he was doing great honor to Raphael and Michael Angelo when he called them "those Mignards of their age?"

Let us return to Paris and to the fifteenth century.

It was not then merely a handsome city—it was a homogeneous city—an architectural and historical production of the Middle Ages—a chronicle in stone. It was a city composed of two architectural strata only, the bastard Roman and the Gothic layer—for the pure Roman stratum had long disappeared, except in the Baths of Julian, where it still pierced through the thick crust of the Middle Ages. As for the Celtic, no specimen of that was now to be found, even when digging wells.

Fifty years later, when the Renaissance came breaking into that unity so severe and yet so varied, with the dazzling profuseness of its fantasies and its systems, rioting among Roman arches, Grecian columns and Gothic windows—its sculpture tender and imagina-

tive—its fondness for arabesques and acanthus leaves—its architectural paganism contemporary with Luther—Paris was perhaps more beautiful, though less harmonious to the eye and to the mind. But that splendid period was of short duration. The Renaissance was not impartial. Not content with building up, it thought proper to pull down—it is true it needed space. Thus Gothic Paris was complete but for a moment. Scarcely was Saint Jacques de la Boucherie finished before the demolition of the old Louvre began.

Since then this great city has been daily sinking into deformity. The Gothic Paris, under which the Roman Paris was disappearing, has disappeared in its turn; but what name shall we give to the Paris that has taken its place?

There is the Paris of Catherine de Medicis at the Tuileries; the Paris of Henry II. at the Hôtel de Ville—two buildings which are still in the best taste;—the Paris of Henry IV. at the Place Royale—brick fronts with corners of stone and slated roofs—tri-colored houses;—the Paris of Louis XIII. at the Val de Grâce—of architecture crushed and squat—with basket-handle vaults, big-bellied columns and a hump-backed dome;—the Paris of Louis XIV. at the Invalides—grand, rich, gilded and cold;—the Paris of Louis XV. at Saint

Sulpice — with volutes, knots of ribbons, clouds, vermicelli and chiccory, all in stone; —the Paris of Louis XVI. at the Pantheon— Saint Peter's at Rome ill-copied (the building stands awkwardly, which has not bettered its lines);—the Paris of the Republic at the School of Medicine—a bit of poor Greek and Roman taste, as much to be compared to the Coliseum or the Parthenon as the constitution of the year III. to the laws of Minos; it is called in architecture, *le goût messidor* (the tenth month of the French republican calendar, from the 19th of June to the 18th of July);—the Paris of Napoleon at the Place Vendôme—this is sublime—a bronze column made of cannon;—the Paris of the Restoration, at the Bourse or Exchange—a very white colonnade, supporting a very smooth frieze; the whole is square, and cost twenty million francs.

To each of these characteristic structures is allied, by similarity of style, manner and disposition, a certain number of houses scattered over the different quarters, which the eye of the connoisseur easily distinguishes and assigns to their respective dates. When one knows how to look, one finds the spirit of a century and the physiognomy of a king even in the knocker on a door.

The Paris of to-day has therefore no general

physiognomy. It is a collection of specimens of several different ages, and the finest have disappeared. The capital is increasing in houses only—and what houses! At the rate at which Paris moves it will be renewed every fifty years. Thus, also, the historical meaning of its architecture is daily becoming effaced. Its great structures are becoming fewer and fewer, seeming to be swallowed up one after another by the flood of houses. Our fathers had a Paris of stone—our sons will have a Paris of plaster.

As for the modern structures of the new Paris, we would gladly be excused from enlarging upon them. Not, indeed, that we do not grant them the admiration they merit. The Sainte Geneviève of M. Soufflot is certainly the finest Savoy cake that was ever made of stone. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is also a very distinguished piece of confectionery. The dome of the Corn Market is an English jockey-cap on a magnificent scale. The towers of Saint Sulpice are two great clarinets; a good enough shape in its way; and then, the telegraph, crooked and grinning, makes a charming ornamentation upon the roof. The church of Saint Roch has a doorway with whose magnificence only that of Saint Thomas d'Aquin can compare; it has also a crucifix in relief in a vault, and

an ostensary of gilded wood. These things are fairly marvelous. The lantern of the labyrinth at the Jardin des Plantes, too, is vastly ingenious. As for the Palais de la Bourse, which is Grecian in its colonnade, Roman by the circular arches of its doors and windows, and Renaissance by its great elliptic arch, it is undoubtedly a very correct and pure structure; the proof being that it is crowned by an attic such as was never seen at Athens, a fine straight line, gracefully intersected here and there by chimney-pots. Let us add, that if it be a rule that the architecture of a building should be so adapted to the purpose of the building itself, that the aspect of the edifice should at once declare that purpose, we can not too much admire a structure which, from its appearance, might be either a royal palace, a chamber of deputies, a town-hall, a college, a riding-school, an academy, a warehouse, a courthouse, a museum, a barrack, a mausoleum, a temple, or a theatre—and which, all the while, is an exchange. It has been thought, too, that an edifice should be made appropriate to the climate—and so this one has evidently been built on purpose for a cold and rainy sky. It has a roof almost flat, as they are in the East; and, consequently, in winter, when it snows, the roof has to be swept —and it is sure roofs are made to be swept.

As for that purpose of which we were just speaking, the building fulfils it admirably. It is an exchange in France, as it would have been a temple in Greece. True it is that the architect has had much ado to conceal the clock-face, which would have destroyed the purity of the noble lines of the façade; but to make amends, there is that colonnade running round the whole structure, under which, on days of high religious ceremony, the schemes of money-brokers and stock-jobbers may be magnificently developed.

These, doubtless, are very superb structures. Add to these many a pretty street, amusing and diversified, like the Rue de Rivoli; and I am not without hope that Paris, as seen from a balloon, may yet present that richness of outline and opulence of detail—that diversity of aspect—that something grandiose in its simplicity—unexpected in its beauty—that characterizes a checker-board.

However, admirable as you may think the present Paris, recall the Paris of the fifteenth century; reconstruct it in thought; look at the sky through that surprising forest of spires, towers and steeples; spread out amid the vast city, tear asunder at the points of the islands, and fold round the piers of the bridges, the Seine, with its large green and yellow slimy pools, more variegated than the skin of a ser-

pent; project clearly upon a blue horizon the Gothic profile of that old Paris. Make its outline float in a wintry mist clinging to its innumerable chimneys; plunge it in deep night, and observe the fantastic play of the darkness and the lights in that gloomy labyrinth of buildings; cast upon it a ray of moonlight, which shall reveal it dimly, with its towers lifting their great heads from that foggy sea—or recall that black silhouette; enliven with shadows the thousand sharp angles of its spires and gables, and make it stand out more indented than a shark's jaw upon the glowing western sky at sunset—and then, compare the two.

And if you would receive an impression from the old city which the modern one can never give you, climb on the morning of some great holiday, at sunrise, on Easter, or Whitsunday—climb to some elevated point whence you overlook the whole capital—and assist at the wakening of the chimes. Behold, at a signal from heaven—for it is the sun that gives it—those thousand churches starting from their sleep. At first you hear but scattered tinklings, going from church to church, as when musicians are giving one another notice to begin. Then, of a sudden, behold—for there are moments when the ear itself seems to see—behold, ascending at the same mo-

ment, from every steeple, a column of sound, as it were, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell mounts up direct, clear, and, so to speak, isolated from the rest, into the splendid morning sky; then, by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, are lost in each other, and confounded in one magnificent concert. It is no longer anything but a mass of sonorous vibrations, incessantly sent forth from the innumerable belfries—floating, undulating, bounding and eddying, over the town, and prolonging far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is not a chaos. Wide and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you perceive the windings of each group of notes that escapes from the chimes. You can follow the dialogue, by turns solemn and shrill, of the treble and the bass; you perceive the octaves leaping from one steeple to another; you observe them springing aloft, winged, light and whirring, from the bell of silver; falling broken and limping from the bell of wood. You admire among them the rich gamut incessantly descending and reascending the seven bells of Saint Eustache; and you see clear and rapid notes, running criss-cross, in three or four luminous zigzags, and vanishing like flashes of lightning. Yonder is the abbey Saint Martin's, a shrill and

broken-voiced songstress; here is the sinister and sullen voice of the Bastille; at the other end is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal peal of the Palais unceasingly flings on every side resplendent trills, and upon them fall, at regular intervals, heavy strokes from the belfry of Notre-Dame, which strike sparks from them like the hammer from the anvil. At intervals, you see passing tones, of every form, coming from the triple peal of Saint Germain des Près. Then, again, from time to time, this mass of sublime sounds half opens, and makes way to the stretto of the Ave-Maria, which flashes and sparkles like a cluster of stars. Below, in the heart of the harmony, you vaguely catch the chanting inside the churches, exhaled through the vibrating pores of their vaulted roofs. This is, certainly, an opera worth hearing. Usually, the murmur that rises up from Paris by day is the city talking; in the night it is the city breathing; but here it is the city singing. Listen, then, to this chorus of bell-towers—diffuse over the whole the murmur of half a million of people—the eternal lament of the river —the endless sighing of the wind—the grave and distant quartet of the four forests placed upon the hills, in the distance, like immense organ-pipes—extinguish to a half

light all in the central chime that would otherwise be too harsh or too shrill; and then say whether you know of anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more dazzling, than this tumult of bells and chimes —this furnace of music—these thousands of brazen voices, all singing together in flutes of stone three hundred feet high, than this city, which is but one orchestra—this symphony which roars like a tempest.

NOTES

NOTRE-DAME, VOLUME I

Page 188. The quotations in last paragraph are made by M. Hugo from Cenalis, *Gallican History*, Book II, Period III, fo. 130, p. 1.

Page 231. Last paragraph, "at the Tuileries"—It is with grief mingled with indignation that we learn of a proposition to enlarge, reconstruct and make over, that is, destroy this admirable palace. The architects of our day do not possess the lightness of hand necessary to touch the works of the Renaissance. We continue to hope they will not dare to undertake the task. Furthermore, the present destruction of the Tuileries is not only a brutal proceeding of which a drunken Vandal would blush, but it is an act of treason. The Tuileries is not only a masterpiece of XVI. century art, but a page from the history of the XIX. century. This palace is no longer the property of the king, but of the people. Leave it as it is. Twice has our Revolution branded it upon the forehead. On one of its two façades are the bullets of the 10th of August; on the other those of the 29th of July. It is sacred. Paris, 7th April, 1831. (Note to the Fifth Edition).

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BOOK IV.

I.

GOOD, HONEST SOULS

Sixteen years previous to the period of this story, on a fine morning of the first Sunday after Easter—called in France, Quasimodo Sunday—a living creature had been laid, after mass, in the church of Notre-Dame, upon the wooden bed fastened into the pavement on the left hand, opposite to that great image of Saint Christopher, which the carved stone figure of Messire Antoine des Essarts, knight, had been contemplating on his knees since the year 1413, when it was thought proper to throw down both the saint and his faithful adorer. Upon this bed it was customary to expose foundlings to public charity; whoever cared to, took them. In front of the bed was a copper basin for alms.

The sort of living creature which lay upon that board on Quasimodo Sunday morning, in the year of our Lord 1467, appeared to

excite, in a high degree, the curiosity of a very considerable group of persons which had gathered around the bed. It consisted, in great measure, of individuals of the fair sex. They were nearly all old women.

In the first row, and bending the farthest over the bed, were four, who by their gray *cagoule* (a sort of cassock), appeared to be attached to some religious community. I know not why history should not have handed down to posterity the names of these discreet and venerable damsels. They were Agnès la Herme, Jehanne de la Tarme, Henriette la Gaultière and Gauchère la Violette—all four widows, all four dames of the Etienne Haudry chapel, who had come thus far from their house, with their mistress's leave, and in conformity with the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, to hear the sermon.

However, if these good Haudriettes were for the time being obeying the statutes of Pierre d'Ailly, they certainly were violating, to their heart's content, those of Michel de Brache and the Cardinal of Pisa, which so inhumanly enjoined silence upon them.

"What ever can that be, sister?" said Agnès to Gauchère, as she looked at the little exposed creature, which lay yelping and wriggling upon the wooden bed, frightened at being looked at by so many people.

"What is to become of us," said Jehanne, "if that is the way children are made now?"

"I am not learned in the matter of children," resumed Agnès, "but it must surely be a sin to look at such a one as this!"

"'Tis no child at all, Agnès."

"'Tis a misshapen baboon," observed Gauchère.

"It is a miracle," said Henriette la Gaultière.

"Then," remarked Agnès, "this is the third since Lætare Sunday; for a week has not passed since we had the miracle of the mocker of pilgrims divinely punished by Our Lady of Aubervilliers; and that was the second miracle of the month."

"This pretended foundling is a very monster of abomination," resumed Jehanne.

"He brawls loud enough to deafen a chanter," added Gauchère; "hold thy tongue, thou little bellower."

"To think that Monsieur of Reims sends this monstrosity to Monsieur of Paris!" exclaimed La Gaultière, clasping her hands.

"I believe," said Agnès la Herme, "that it's some beast, or animal—the fruit of a Jew and a sow—something not Christian, in short, and which ought to be thrown into the water or into the fire."

"I truly hope," resumed La Gaultière, "that nobody will offer to take him!"

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Agnès, "those poor nurses yonder in the foundling asylum at the bottom of the alley, going down to the river, close by the lord bishop's; what if this little monster were carried to them to suckle! I'd rather give suck to a vampire."

"Is she not a simpleton, that poor La Herme?" rejoined Jehanne. "Do you not see, my dear sister, that this little monster is at least four years old, and would have less appetite for your breast than for a roast."

In fact, the "little monster" (for we ourselves would find it hard to describe him otherwise) was no new-born infant. It was a little, angular, restless mass, imprisoned in a canvas bag marked with the cipher of Messire Guillaume Chartier, then bishop of Paris—with a head coming out at one end. This head was a misshapen enough thing; there was nothing of it to be seen but a shock of red hair, one eye, a mouth and some teeth. The eye wept; the mouth bawled; and the teeth seemed only waiting a chance to bite. The whole lump was struggling violently in the bag, to the great wonderment of the increasing and incessantly renewing crowd around it.

Dame Aloise de Gondelaurier, a wealthy and

noble lady, holding by the hand a pretty little girl about six years of age, and trailing after her a long veil attached to the golden horn of her head-dress, halted as she passed the wooden bed, and looked for a moment at the unfortunate creature; while her charming little daughter, Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, clad in silk and velvet, spelled out with her pretty little finger, the inscription hanging on the wooden framework: For Foundlings.

"Really," said the dame, turning away with disgust, "I thought they exhibited here nothing but children."

She turned her back; at the same time throwing into the basin a silver florin, which rang among the liards, and made the poor good women of the Etienne Haudry chapel stare.

A moment afterward the grave and learned Robert Mistricolle, king's prothonotary, passed by, with an enormous missal under one arm, and his wife under the other (Damoiselle Guillemette la Mairesse), having thus on either side his two regulators, spiritual and temporal.

"Foundling!" said he, after examining the object; "yes—found, apparently, upon the banks of the river Phlegethon!"

"It has but one eye to be seen," observed Damoiselle Guillemette; "there is a wart upon the other."

"That is no wart," replied Maître Robert Mistricolle; "it is an egg, which contains just such another demon, who bears upon its eye another little egg containing another devil—and so on."

"How do you know that?" asked Guillemette la Mairesse.

"I know it for very sufficient reasons," answered the prothonotary.

"Monsieur the prothonotary," asked Gauchère, "what do you prognosticate from this pretended foundling?"

"The greatest calamities," answered Mistricolle.

"Heaven save us!" said an old woman among the bystanders; "withal that there was quite a pestilence last year, and that they say the English are going to land in great company at Harfleur!"

"'Twill perhaps prevent the queen from coming to Paris in September," observed another; "and trade so bad already!"

"In my opinion," cried Jehanne de la Tarme, "it would be better for the commoners of Paris if the little sorcerer there were lying upon a fagot rather than a board."

"A fine flaming fagot!" added the old woman.

"It would be more prudent," said Mistricolle.

For some moments a young priest had been listening to the arguments of the Haudriettes and the oracular decrees of the prothonotary. His was a severe countenance, with a broad forehead and a penetrating eye. He silently put aside the crowd, scrutinized the *little sorcerer* and stretched out his hand over him. It was high time; for all the devout old women were already regaling themselves with the anticipation of the "fine flaming fagot."

"I adopt this child," said the priest.

He wrapped it in his cassock, and bore it away; the bystanders looked after him with frightened glances. A moment later he disappeared through the Red Door, which then led from the church to the cloister.

When the first surprise was over, Jehanne de la Tarme whispered in the ear of La Gaultière:

"I always said to you, sister, that that young clerk, Monsieur Claude Frollo, was a sorcerer."

II.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Claude Frollo was in fact no common person.

He belonged to one of those families of middle rank called indifferently, in the impertinent language of the last century, high commoners or petty nobility. This family had inherited from the brothers Paclet the fief of Tirechappe, which was held of the Bishop of Paris, and the twenty-one houses of which had been, in the thirteenth century, the object of so many suits before the judges. As possessor of this fief, Claude Frollo was one of the one hundred and forty-one seigneurs, claiming manorial dues, in Paris and its suburbs; and in that capacity his name was long to be seen inscribed between that of the Hôtel de Tancarville, belonging to Master François Le Rez, and that of the college of Tours, in the records deposited at Saint Martin des Champs.

Claude Frollo had, from infancy, been des-

tined by his parents for the ecclesiastical state. He had been taught to read in Latin; he had been trained to cast down his eyes and to speak low. While yet a child, his father had cloistered him in the college of Torchi, in the University. There it was that he had grown up, on the missal and the lexicon.

He was, moreover, a melancholy, grave and serious boy, who studied ardently and learned quickly; he was never boisterous at play; he mixed little in the bacchanalia of the Rue du Fouarre; knew not what it was to *dare alapas et capilos laniare* (to give blows and to pull out hair); nor had he figured in that insurrection of 1463, which the annalists gravely record under the title of "Sixième Trouble de l'Université." (Sixth trouble of the University.) It did not often occur to him to annoy the poor scholars of Montaigu upon their *cappettes* (little hoods), from which they derived their nickname; nor the fellows of the college of Dormans, upon their smooth tonsure and their parti-colored frock, made of cloth, gray, blue and violet—*azurini coloris et bruni* (of a blue and prune color), as the charter of the Cardinal des Quatre Couronnes expresses it.

But, on the other hand, he was assiduous at both the great and the small schools of the Rue Saint Jean de Beauvais. The first scholar whom the abbot of Saint Pierre de Val, at the

moment of beginning his reading on canon law, always perceived, glued to a pillar of the school Saint Vendregesile, opposite his rostrum, was Claude Frollo, armed with his inkhorn, chewing his pen, scribbling upon his thread-bare knee, and, in winter, blowing on his fingers. The first auditor whom Messire Miles d'Isliers, doctor of decretals, saw arrive every Monday morning, quite out of breath, at the opening of the doors of the Chef Saint Denis schools, was Claude Frollo. Thus, at the age of sixteen, the young clerk was a match, in mystical theology, for a father of the Church; in canonical theology, for a father of the Council; and in scholastic theology, for a doctor of the Sorbonne.

Theology passed, he plunged into the decrêt, or study of decretals. After the "Master of Sentences," he had fallen upon the "Capitularies of Charlemagne;" and had successively devoured, in his appetite for knowledge, decretals upon decretals; those of Theodore, Bishop of Hispala; those of Bouchard, Bishop of Worms; those of Yves, Bishop of Chartres; then the decretal of Gratian, which succeeded the Capitularies of Charlemagne; then the collection by Gregory IX.; then the epistle, *Super specula* (on Imitations), of Honorius III. He gained a clear idea of and made himself familiar with that vast and tumultuous

period when the civil law and the canon law were struggling and laboring in the chaos of the Middle Ages—a period which opens with Bishop Theodore, in 618, and closes, in 1227, with Pope Gregory.

Having digested the decretals, he rushed into medicine and the liberal arts. He studied the science of herbs, the science of unguents. He became expert in the treatment of fevers and contusions, of wounds and sores. Jacques d'Espars would have admitted him as doctor of medicine; Richard Hellain, as a surgeon. In like manner he ran through all the degrees of licentiate, master, and doctor of arts. He studied the languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew; a triple shrine, then but little worshipped. He was possessed by an absolute fever for the acquiring and storing of knowledge. At eighteen, he had made his way through the four faculties; it seemed to the young man that life had but one sole aim: knowledge.

It was about this period that the excessive heat of the summer of 1466 gave birth to the great plague which carried off more than forty thousand souls within the viscounty of Paris, and among others, says John of Troyes, "Maître Arnoul, the king's astrologer, a man full honest, wise and pleasant." The rumor spread through the University that the Rue

Tirechappe was especially devastated by the pestilence. It was there, in the midst of their fief, that the parents of Claude resided. The young scholar hastened in great alarm to his paternal mansion. On entering, he found that his father and mother had both died the preceding day. A baby brother, in swaddling clothes, was yet living, and lay crying abandoned in its cradle. It was all that remained to Claude of his family. The young man took the child under his arm, and went away thoughtfully. Hitherto, he had lived only in science; he was now beginning to live in the world.

This catastrophe was a crisis in Claude's existence. An orphan, the eldest head of the family at nineteen, he felt himself rudely aroused from scholastic reveries to the realities of this world. Then, moved with pity, he was seized with love and devotion for this infant, his brother; and strange at once and sweet was this human affection to him who had never yet loved anything but books.

This affection developed itself to a singular degree; in a soul so new to passion it was like a first love. Separated since childhood from his parents, whom he had scarcely known—cloistered and immured, as it were, in his books—eager above all things to study and to learn—exclusively attentive, until then, to his understanding, which broadened in science—

to his imagination, which expanded in literature—the poor scholar had not yet had time to feel that he had a heart. This little brother, without father or mother—this little child which had fallen suddenly from heaven into his arms—made a new man of him. He discovered that there was something else in the world besides the speculations of the Sorbonne and the verses of Homerus—that man has need of affections; that life without tenderness and without love was but dry machinery, noisy and wearing. Only he fancied—for he was still at that age when illusions are replaced by illusions—that the affections of blood and kindred were the only ones necessary; and that a little brother to love sufficed to fill a whole existence.

He threw himself, then, into the love of his little Jehan, with all the intensity of a character already deep, ardent, concentrated. This poor, helpless creature, pretty, fair-haired, rosy and curly—this orphan with none to look to for support but another orphan—moved him to the inmost soul; and, serious thinker as he was, he began to reflect upon Jehan with a feeling of the tenderest pity. He cared for him and watched over him as over something very fragile and very precious; he was more than a brother to the infant—he became a mother to it.

Little Jehan having lost his mother before he was weaned, Claude put him out to nurse. Besides the fief of Tirechappe, he inherited from his father that of Moulin, which was a dependency of the square tower of Gentilly; it was a mill upon a hill, near the Château de Winchestre, since corrupted into Bicêtre. The miller's wife was suckling a fine boy, not far from the University, and Claude himself carried his little Jehan to her in his arms.

Thenceforward, feeling that he had a burden to bear, he took life very seriously. The thought of his little brother became not only his recreation, but the object of his studies. He resolved to consecrate himself entirely to a future for which he made himself answerable before God, and never to have any other wife, nor any other child, than the happiness and prosperity of his brother. He accordingly became more than ever attached to his clerical vocation. His merit, his learning, his quality as an immediate vassal of the Bishop of Paris, threw the doors of the Church wide open to him. At twenty years of age, by special dispensation from the Holy See, he was ordained priest; and served, as the youngest of the chaplains of Notre-Dame, at the altar called, on account of the late mass that was said at it, *altare pigrorum*, the altar of the lazy.

There, more than ever buried in his dear books, which he only left to hasten for an hour to the fief Du Moulin, this mixture of learning and austerity, so rare at his age, had speedily gained him the admiration and respect of the cloister. From the cloister his reputation for learning had spread to the people, among whom it had been in some degree changed, as not unfrequently happened in those days, into reputation for sorcery.

It was when he was returning, on the Quasimodo Sunday, from saying his mass of the slothful at their altar, which was at the side of that gate of the choir which opened into the nave, on the right hand, near the image of the Virgin, that his attention had been aroused by the group of old women chattering around the bed for foundlings.

Then it was that he had approached the unfortunate little creature, the object of so much hatred and menace. Its distress, its deformity, its abandonment, the thought of his little brother—the idea which suddenly crossed his mind that, were he to die, his dear little Jehan might also be cast miserably upon the board for foundlings—all this rushed into his heart at once—a deep feeling of pity had taken possession of him, and he had borne away the child.

When he took the child from the bag, he

found it to be very deformed indeed. The poor little imp had a great wart covering its left eye—the head compressed between the shoulders—the spine crooked—the breastbone prominent—and the legs bowed. Yet it seemed to be full of life; and although it was impossible to discover what language it babbled, its cry proclaimed a certain degree of health and strength. Claude's compassion was increased by this ugliness; and he vowed in his heart to bring up this child for the love of his brother; in order that, whatever might be the future faults of little Jehan, there might be placed to his credit this piece of charity performed on his account. It was a sort of investment of good works in his little brother's name—a stock of good deeds which he wished to lay up for him beforehand—in case the little rascal should one day find himself short of that coin, the only kind taken at the toll-gate of Paradise.

He baptized his adopted child by the name of Quasimodo; whether it was that he chose thereby to mark the day upon which he had found him, or that he meant to characterize by that name how incomplete and imperfect the poor little creature was. Indeed, Quasimodo, one-eyed, hump-backed and knock-kneed, could hardly be considered anything more than a sketch.

III.

IMMANIS PECORIS CUSTOS, IMMANIOR IPSE

(Huge the guardian of the flock, more huge he).

Now, in 1482, Quasimodo had grown up, and for several years had been ringer of the bells of Notre-Dame, thanks to his foster-father, Claude Frollo; who had become Archdeacon of Josas, by the grace of his suzerain, Messire Louis de Beaumont; who had become Bishop of Paris in 1472, on the death of Guillaume Chartier, by the grace of his patron, Olivier le Daim, barber to Louis XI., king by the grace of God.

Quasimodo was, therefore, ringer of the chimes of Notre-Dame.

With time, a certain bond of intimacy had been established, uniting the bell-ringer to the church. Separated forever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his deformity—imprisoned from his infancy within that double and impassable circle—the poor wretch had been accustomed to see nothing of the world beyond the religious

walls which had received him under their shadow. Notre-Dame had been to him, by turns, as he grew and developed, egg—nest—home—country—universe.

And it is certain that there was a mysterious and pre-existing harmony between this creature and the edifice. When, while yet quite little, he used to drag himself along, twisting and jerking, in the gloom of its arches, he seemed, with his human face and his bestial members, the native reptile of that damp, dark pavement, upon which the shadows of the Roman capitals projected so many fantastic forms.

And, later, the first time that he grasped mechanically the bell-rope in the towers, hung himself upon it and set the bell in motion, the effect upon Claude, his adoptive father, was that of a child whose tongue is loosed and who begins to talk.

Thus it was that his being, gradually unfolding, took its mould from the cathedral—living there—sleeping there—scarcely ever going out of it—receiving every hour its mysterious impress—he came at length to resemble it, to be fashioned like it, to make an integral part of it. His salient angles fitted themselves (if we may be allowed the expression) into the retreating angles of the edifice, and he seemed to be not only its inhabitant,

but even the natural tenant of it. He might almost be said to have taken its form, as the snail takes that of its shell. It was his dwelling-place—his hole—his envelope. There existed between the old church and himself an instinctive sympathy so profound—so many affinities, magnetic and material—that he in some sort adhered to it, like the tortoise to its shell. The rugged cathedral was his shell.

It is needless to inform the reader that he is not to accept literally the figures of speech that we are here obliged to employ in order to express that singular assimilation, symmetrical—immediate—consubstantial, almost—of a man to an edifice. It is likewise needless to allude to the degree of familiarity he must have attained with the whole cathedral during so long and so intimate a cohabitation. It was his own particular dwelling-place. It had no depths which Quasimodo had not penetrated, no heights which he had not scaled. Many a time had he clambered up its front, one story after another, with no other aid than the projecting bits of carving; the towers, over the exterior of which he was frequently seen crawling like a lizard gliding upon an upright wall—those twin giants—so lofty, so threatening, so formidable—had for him neither vertigo, fright, nor sudden giddi-

ness. So gentle did they appear under his hand, so easy to scale, one would have said that he had tamed them. By dint of leaping, climbing, sporting amid the abysses of the gigantic cathedral, he had become something of both monkey and chamois—like the Calabrian child, which swims before it can walk, and plays with the sea while still a babe.

Moreover, not only his body, but also his mind, seemed to be moulded by the cathedral. In what state was that soul? what folds had it contracted, what form had it taken, under that knotty covering, in that wild and savage life? It would be difficult to determine. Quasimodo was born one-eyed, hump-backed, limping. It was with great difficulty and great patience that Claude Frollo had taught him to speak. But a fatality pursued the poor foundling. Bell-ringer of Notre-Dame at fourteen years of age, a fresh infirmity had come to complete his desolation—the sound of the bells had broken the drum of the ear; he had become deaf. The only door that nature had left wide open between him and the external world, had been suddenly closed forever.

In closing, it intercepted the sole ray of joy and light that still penetrated to the soul of Quasimodo. That soul was now wrapped in profound darkness. The poor creature's

melancholy became as incurable and as complete as his deformity; add to which, his deafness rendered him in some sort dumb. For, that he might not be laughed at by others, from the moment that he realized his deafness, he determined resolutely to observe a silence which he scarcely ever broke, except when alone. He voluntarily tied up that tongue which Claude Frollo had worked so hard to set free. And hence it was that, when necessity compelled him to speak, his tongue was heavy and awkward, like a door the hinges of which have grown rusty.

If now we were to endeavor to penetrate through this thick and obdurate bark to the soul of Quasimodo — could we sound the depths of that ill-formed organization—were it possible for us to look, with a torch, behind these untransparent organs — to explore the darksome interior of that opaque being—to illumine its obscure corners and absurd blind-alleys—to throw all at once a strong light upon the Psyche chained in the depths of that drear cavern—doubtless we should find the poor creature in some posture of decrepitude, stunted and rickety—like those prisoners who grow old under the Leads of Venice, bent double in a stone chest too low and too short for them either to stand or to lie at full length.

It is certain that the spirit becomes crippled in a misshapen body. Quasimodo barely felt, stirring blindly within him, a soul made after his own image. The impressions of objects underwent a considerable refraction before they reached his apprehension. His brain was a peculiar medium; the ideas which passed through it issued completely distorted. The reflection which proceeded from that refraction was necessarily divergent and astray.

Hence, he was subject to a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a thousand wanderings of thought, sometimes foolish, sometimes idiotic.

The first effect of this fatal organization was to disturb the view which he took of external objects. He received from them scarcely any immediate perception. The external world seemed to him much farther off than it does to us.

The second effect of his misfortune was to render him mischievous.

He was mischievous, indeed, because he was savage; and he was savage because he was deformed. There was a logic in his nature as in ours.

His strength, so extraordinarily developed, was another cause of mischievousness, *malus puer robustus* (the wicked boy is strong), says Hobbes.

We must, nevertheless, do him justice; malice was probably not innate in him. From his very first intercourse with men he had felt, and then had seen, himself repulsed, branded, despised. Human speech had never been to him aught but mockery and curses. As he grew up, he had found around him nothing but hatred. What wonder that he should have caught it! He had contracted it—he had but picked up the weapon that had wounded him.

After all, he turned towards mankind reluctantly—his cathedral was sufficient for him. It was peopled with figures in marble—with kings, saints, bishops—who, at all events, did not burst out laughing in his face, but looked upon him with calmness and benevolence. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, had no hatred for him, Quasimodo. He was too much like them for that. Their raillery seemed rather to be directed toward the rest of mankind. The saints were his friends, and blessed him; the monsters were his friends, and guarded him. Accordingly, he used to have long communings with them; he would sometimes pass whole hours crouched before one of these statues, holding solitary converse with it; if any one happened to approach, he would fly like some lover surprised in a serenade.

And the cathedral was not only his society,

but his world—it was all nature to him. He dreamed of no other hedgerows than the stained windows always in bloom—no other shade than that of the stone foliage which spreads out, loaded with birds, in the bushy Saxon capitals—no mountains but the colossal towers of the church—no ocean but Paris, murmuring at their feet.

That which he loved above all in the maternal edifice—that which awakened his soul, and made it stretch forth its poor pinions, that otherwise remained so miserably folded up in its cavern—that which even sometimes made him happy—was, the bells. He loved them, caressed them, talked to them, understood them. From the chimes in the central steeple to the great bell over the doorway, they all shared his affections. The belfry of the transept and the two towers were to him three great cages, in which the birds taught by himself sang for him alone. It was, however, those same bells that had deafened him. But a mother is often fondest of that child which has cost her the most suffering.

It is true that their voices were the only ones he was still capable of hearing. On this account, the great bell was his best beloved. She it was whom he preferred among this family of noisy sisters that fluttered about him on festival days. This great bell was named

Marie. She hung in the southern tower, where she had no companion but her sister Jacqueline, a bell of smaller dimensions, shut up in a smaller cage by the side of her own. This Jacqueline was so named after the wife of Jean Montagu, who had given her to the church—a donation which, however, had not prevented him from figuring without his head at Montfaucon. In the second tower were six other bells; and finally the six smallest inhabited the central steeple, over the transept, together with the wooden bell, which was rung only from the afternoon of Holy Thursday until the morning of Holy Saturday, or Easter eve. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen bells in his seraglio; but the big Marie was his favorite.

It is impossible to form a conception of his joy on the days of the great peals. The instant the archdeacon let him off with the word "go," he ascended the spiral staircase quicker than any other person could have gone down. He rushed, breathless, into the aërial chamber of the great bell; gazed at her for a moment attentively and lovingly; then began to talk to her softly; patted her with his hand, like a good horse setting out on a long journey. He pitied her for the labor she was about to undergo. After these first caresses, he called out to his assistants, placed in the lower story of the tower, to begin. The latter then

hung their weight upon the ropes, the windlass creaked and the enormous cone of metal moved slowly. Quasimodo, with heaving breast, followed it with his eye. The first stroke of the tongue against the brazen wall that encircled it shook the scaffolding upon which he stood. Quasimodo vibrated with the bell. "Vah!" he would cry, with a mad burst of laughter. Meanwhile, the motion of the bell was accelerated; and as it went on, taking an ever-increasing sweep, Quasimodo's eye, in like manner, opened more and more widely, phosphorescent and flaming. At length the grand peal began — the whole tower trembled — rafters, leads, stones — all shook together — from the piles of the foundation to the trefoils of the parapet. Then Quasimodo boiled and frothed; he ran to and fro, trembling, with the tower, from head to foot. The bell, let loose, and in a frenzy, turned first to one side and then to the other side of the tower its brazen throat, from whence issued a roar that was audible at four leagues' distance. Quasimodo placed himself before this gaping throat — he crouched down and rose with the oscillations of the bell — inhaled that furious breath — looked by turns down upon the Place which was swarming with people two hundred feet below him, and upon the enormous brazen tongue which came,

second after second, to bellow in his ear. This was the only speech that he could hear, the only sound that broke for him the universal silence. He expanded in it, like a bird in the sunshine. All at once the frenzy of the bell would seize him; his look became wild—he lay in wait for the great bell as a spider for a fly, and then flung himself headlong upon it. Now, suspended over the abyss, borne to and fro by the formidable swinging of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by the ears —gripped it with his knees—spurred it with his heels—and redoubled, with the shock and weight of his body, the fury of the peal. Meanwhile, the tower trembled; he shouted and gnashed his teeth—his red hair bristled —his breast heaved and puffed like the bellows of a forge—his eye flashed fire—the monstrous bell neighed panting beneath him. Then it was no longer either the great bell of Notre-Dame, nor Quasimodo—it was a dream—a whirl — a tempest — dizziness astride upon clamor—a strange centaur, half man, half bell —a spirit clinging to a winged monster—a sort of horrible Astolpho, borne away upon a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

The presence of this extraordinary being seemed to infuse the breath of life into the whole cathedral. There seemed to issue from him—at least according to the growing super-

stitions of the crowd—a mysterious emanation, which animated all the stones of Notre-Dame, and to make the very entrails of the old church heave and palpitate. To know that he was there was enough to make one think the thousand statues in the galleries and doorways moved and breathed. The old cathedral seemed to be a docile and obedient creature in his hands; waiting his will to lift up her mighty voice; being filled and possessed with Quasimodo as with a familiar spirit. One would have said that he made the immense building breathe. He was everywhere; he multiplied himself upon every point of the structure. Sometimes one beheld with dread, at the very top of one of the towers, a fantastic dwarfish-looking figure—climbing—twisting—crawling on all fours—descending outside over the abyss—leaping from projection to projection—and diving to ransack the belly of some sculptured gorgon; it was Quasimodo dislodging the crows. Again, in some obscure corner of the church, one would stumble against a sort of living chimera, crouching and scowling—it was Quasimodo musing. Sometimes one caught sight, under a belfry, of an enormous head and a bundle of ill-adjusted limbs, swinging furiously at the end of a rope—it was Quasimodo ringing the vespers, or the angelus.

Often, at night, a hideous form was seen wandering upon the frail open-work balustrade which crowns the towers and runs around the top of the apse—it was still the hunchback of Notre-Dame. Then, so said the good women of the neighborhood, the whole church assumed a fantastic, supernatural, horrible aspect —eyes and mouths opened in it here and there—the dogs, and the dragons and the griffins of stone, that watch day and night, with outstretched necks and open jaws, around the monstrous cathedral, were heard to bark. And if it was a Christmas eve—while the big bell, that seemed to rattle in its throat, called the faithful to the blazing midnight mass, the gloomy façade assumed such an aspect that the great doorway seemed to swallow the multitude, while the rose-window above it looked on—and all this came from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of this temple—the Middle Ages believed him to be its demon—he was its soul.

So much so that, to those who know that Quasimodo once existed, Notre-Dame is now deserted, inanimate, dead. They feel that something has disappeared. That vast body is empty—it is a skeleton—the spirit has quitted it—they see its place and that is all. It is like a skull, which still has holes for the eyes, but no longer sight.

IV.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER

There was, however, one human creature whom Quasimodo excepted from his malice and hatred for others, and whom he loved as much, perhaps more, than his cathedral: this was Claude Frollo.

The case was simple enough. Claude Frollo had taken him, adopted him, fed him, brought him up. While yet quite little, it was between Claude Frollo's knees that he had been accustomed to take refuge when the dogs and the children ran yelping after him. Claude Frollo had taught him to speak, to read, to write. Claude Frollo, in fine, had made him ringer of the bells—and to give the great bell in marriage to Quasimodo, was giving Juliet to Romeo.

Accordingly, Quasimodo's gratitude was deep, ardent, boundless; and although the countenance of his adoptive father was often clouded and severe—although his mode of speaking was habitually brief, harsh, impe-

rious—never had that gratitude wavered for a single instant. The archdeacon had in Quasimodo the most submissive of slaves, the most tractable of servants, the most vigilant of watch-dogs. When the poor bell-ringer became deaf, between him and Claude Frollo was established a language of signs, mysterious and intelligible only to themselves. Thus the archdeacon was the only human being with whom Quasimodo had preserved a communication. He had intercourse with only two things in this world—Notre-Dame and Claude Frollo.

Unexampled were the sway of the archdeacon over the bell-ringer, and the bell-ringer's devotion to the archdeacon. One sign from Claude, and the idea of pleasing him would have sufficed to make Quasimodo throw himself from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame. There was something remarkable in all that physical strength, so extraordinarily developed in Quasimodo, and blindly placed by him at the disposal of another. In this there was undoubtedly filial devotion and domestic attachment; but there was also fascination of one mind by another mind. There was a poor, awkward, clumsy organization, which stood with lowered head and supplicating eyes before a lofty and profound, a powerful and commanding intellect. Lastly, and above

all, it was gratitude—gratitude pushed to its extremest limit, that we know not to what to compare it. This virtue is not one of those of which the finest examples are to be met with among men. We will say, then, that Quasimodo loved the archdeacon as no dog, no horse, no elephant ever loved his master.

V.

CLAUDE FROLLO, CONTINUED

In 1482, Quasimodo was about twenty years old, and Claude Frollo about thirty-six. The one had grown up; the other had grown old.

Claude Frollo was no longer the simple student of the Torchi college—the tender protector of a little boy—the young dreaming philosopher, who knew many things and was ignorant of many. He was a priest, austere, grave, morose—charged with the care of souls —Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas—the second acolyte of the bishop—having charge of the two deaneries of Montlhéry, and Châteaufort and one hundred and seventy-four of the rural clergy. He was a sombre and awe-inspiring personage, before whom the choir-boys in albs and jaquette, the precentors, the brothers of Saint Augustine, and the matutinal clerks of Notre-Dame trembled, when he passed slowly beneath the lofty arches of the choir, majestic, thoughtful, with arms folded and head so bent upon his breast that

nothing could be seen of his face but the high bald forehead.

Dom Claude Frollo, however, had abandoned neither science nor the education of his young brother, those two occupations of his life. But in the course of time, some bitterness had been mingled with these things once so sweet. In the long run, says Paul Diacre, the best bacon turns rancid. Little Jehan Frollo, surnamed Du Moulin (of the mill) from the place where he had been nursed, had not grown up in the direction which Claude had been desirous of leading him. The elder brother, had reckoned upon a pious, docile, studious, creditable pupil. But the younger brother like those young plants which baffle the endeavors of the gardener, and turn obstinately toward the quarter whence they receive air and sunshine—the younger brother grew up, and shot forth full and luxuriant branches, only on the side of idleness, ignorance and debauchery. He was a very devil—very unruly—which made Dom Claude knit his brows —but very droll and very shrewd—which made the big brother smile.

Claude had consigned him to the same college de Torchi where he had passed his early years in study and meditation; and it grieved him that this sanctuary, once edified by the name of Frollo, should now be scan-

dalized by it. He sometimes read Jehan very long and very severe lectures upon the subject, which the latter bore undaunted. After all the young scapegrace had a good heart—as is always the case in all comedies. But the lecture over, he nevertheless quietly resumed his dissolute and turbulent ways. At one time it was a yellow-beak (as a new-comer at the University was called), whom he had plucked for his entrance-money—a precious tradition, which has been carefully handed down to the present day. At another he had instigated a band of students, *quasi classico excitati* (to make a classic attack) upon some tavern—then had beaten the tavern-keeper "with offensive cudgels," and merrily pillaged the tavern, even to staving in the casks of wine in the cellar. And then there was a fine report, in Latin, which the sub-monitor of Torchi brought piteously to Dom Claude, with this dolorous marginal note—*Rixa; prima causa vinum optimum potatum* (quarrels, primary cause, most excellent wine drunk). And, in fact, it was said—a thing quite horrible in a lad of sixteen—that his excesses oftentimes led him as far as the Rue de Glatigny (then famous for its gambling-houses).

Owing to all this, Claude, saddened and discouraged in his human affections, had thrown himself the more eagerly into the arms of

Science—that sister who, at all events, does not laugh in your face, but always repays you, though sometimes in rather hollow coin, for the attentions bestowed upon her. He became more and more learned—and, at the same time, by a natural consequence, more and more rigid as a priest, more and more gloomy as a man. There are in each individual of us certain parallelisms between our intelligence, our habits and our character, which develop without interruption, and are broken off only by the greater disturbances of life.

As Claude Frollo had, from his youth, gone through almost the entire circle of human knowledge, positive, external and lawful, he was under the absolute necessity, unless he was to stop *ubi defuit orbis* (at the end of the world), of going farther, and seeking other food for the insatiable activity of his intellect. The ancient symbol of the serpent biting its own tail is especially appropriate to science; and it would appear that Claude Frollo had experienced this. Many grave persons affirmed that after exhausting the *fas* (lawful) of human knowledge he had dared to penetrate into the *nefas* (unlawful). He had, they said, successively tasted every apple upon the tree of knowledge; and, whether from hunger or disgust, he had ended by tasting the forbidden fruit. He had taken his place by

turns, as our readers have seen, at the conferences of the theologians at the Sorbonne; at the meetings of the faculty of arts at the image of Saint Hilaire; at the disputations of the decretists at the image of Saint Martin; at the congregations of the physicians by the holy water font of Notre-Dame, *ad cupam nostræ dominæ* (to the font of Notre-Dame). All the viands, permitted and approved, which those four great kitchens called the four faculties could prepare and serve up to the understanding, he had devoured; and satiety had come before his hunger was appeased. Then he had delved deeper—underneath all that finite, material, limited science; he had perhaps risked his soul, and seated himself in the cavern, at that mysterious table of the alchemists, the astrologers, the hermetics, headed by Averroës, Guillaume de Paris and Nicolas Flamel, in the Middle Ages, and which extended in the East, under the light of the seven-branched candlestick, up to Solomon, Pythagoras and Zoroaster.

This is, at least, what was supposed, whether rightly or not.

It is certain that the archdeacon often visited the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, where, it is true, his father and mother had been buried, with the other victims of the plague of 1466; but he seemed far less interested in

the cross at the head of their grave than in the strange figures upon the tomb of Nicolas Flamel and his wife Claude Pernelle, which stood close by it.

It is certain that he had been seen often walking along the Rue des Lombards, and furtively entering a small house at the corner of the Rue des Ecrivains and the Rue Marivault. It was the house built by Nicolas Flamel, in which he had died about 1417, and which, uninhabited ever since, was beginning to fall into ruins, so greatly had the hermetics and alchemists of all countries worn away its walls merely by scratching their names upon them. Some of the neighbors even affirmed that they had once seen, through an air-hole, the archdeacon Claude digging and turning over the earth in the two cellars, whose supports had been scrawled over with innumerable couplets and hieroglyphics by Nicolas Flamel himself. It was supposed that Flamel had buried the philosopher's stone in these cellars; and for two centuries, the alchemists, from Magistri to Father Pacifique, never ceased to worry the soil, until the house, so mercilessly ransacked and turned inside out, ended by crumbling into dust under their feet.

Again, it is certain that the archdeacon had been seized with a singular passion for the symbolical doorway of Notre-Dame, that page of

conjuration written in stone by Bishop William of Paris, who has undoubtedly been damned for attaching so infernal a frontispiece to the sacred poem eternally chanted by the rest of the structure. Archdeacon Claude also passed for having sounded the mysteries of the colossal Saint Christopher, and of that long enigmatical statue which then stood at the entrance to the Square in front of the cathedral, and which the people had nicknamed Monsieur Legris. But what everyone might have noticed was the interminable hours which he would often spend, seated upon the parapet of this same Square, in contemplating the carvings on the portal—now examining the foolish virgins with their lamps reversed, now the wise virgins with their lamps upright—at other times calculating the angle of vision of that raven clinging to the left side of the doorway, looking at some mysterious spot in the church—where the philosopher's stone is certainly concealed if it be not in Nicolas Flamel's cellar. It was a singular destiny (we may remark in passing) for the church of Notre-Dame, at that period, to be thus beloved in different degrees, and with such devotion, by two beings so dissimilar as Claude and Quasimodo—loved by the one, a sort of instinctive and savage half-man, for its beauty, for its stature, for the harmonies which emanated from its

magnificent whole—loved by the other, a being of cultivated and ardent imagination, for its signification, for its myth, for its hidden meaning, for the symbol lurking under the sculptures on its front, like the first text under the second in a palimpsest—in short, for the enigma which it eternally propounds to the understanding.

Furthermore, it is certain that the archdeacon had established himself, in that one of the two towers which looks upon the Grève, close to the belfry, in a small and secret cell, into which no one entered—not even the bishop, it was said—without his leave. This cell, contrived of old, almost at the top of the tower, among the crows' nests, by Bishop Hugo de Besançon ("Hugo II. de Bisuncio," 1326–1332), who had practised sorcery there in his day. What this cell contained no one knew. But from the strand of the Terrain there was often seen, at night, to appear, disappear and reappear, at short and regular intervals, at a small dormer window at the back of the tower, a certain red, intermittent, singular glow, seeming as if it followed the irregular puffing of a bellows, and as if proceeding from a flame rather than a light. In the darkness, at that height, it had a very weird appearance; and the housewives would say: "There is the archdeacon blowing! Hell is making sparks up there!"

There were not, after all, any great proofs of sorcery; but still there was quite enough smoke to make the good people suppose a flame; and the archdeacon had a somewhat formidable reputation. We are bound to declare, however, that the sciences of Egypt—that necromancy—that magic—even the clearest and most innocent—had no more violent enemy, no more merciless denouncer before the officials of Notre-Dame, than himself. Whether it was sincere abhorrence, or merely the trick of the robber who cries Stop, thief! this did not prevent the archdeacon from being considered by the wise heads of the chapter as one who risked his soul upon the threshold of hell—one lost in the caverns of the cabala—groping his way among the shadows of the occult sciences. Neither were the people deceived thereby; to the mind of any one possessed of the least sagacity, Quasimodo passed for the demon, and Claude Frollo the sorcerer; it was evident that the bell-ringer was to serve the archdeacon for a given time, at the expiration of which he was to carry off the latter's soul by way of payment. Thus the archdeacon, despite the excessive austerity of his life, was in bad odor with all pious souls; and there was no devout nose, however inexperienced, but could smell him out for a magician.

And if, as he grew older, he had formed to himself abysses in science, others had likewise opened themselves in his heart. So at least they were led to believe who narrowly observed that face, in which his soul shone forth as through a sombre cloud. Whence that large bald brow—that head constantly bowed —that breast forever heaved with sighs? What secret thought wreathed that bitter smile about his lips, at the same instant when his lowering brows approached each other fierce as two encountering bulls? Why were his remaining hairs already gray? What internal fire was that which shone forth occasionally in his glance, to such a degree that his eye resembled a hole pierced in the wall of a furnace?

These symptoms of a violent moral preoccupation had acquired an especially high degree of intensity at the period to which our narrative refers. More than once had a choirboy fled affrighted at finding him alone in the church, so strange and fiery was his look. More than once, in the choir, during divine service, his neighbor in the stalls had heard him mingle, in the full song *ad omnem tonum* (note for note), unintelligible parentheses. More than once had the laundress of the Terrain, who was employed "to wash the chapter," observed, not without dread, marks

of nails and clenched fingers in the surplice of Monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas.

However, he became doubly rigid, and had never been more exemplary. By character, as well as by calling, he had always held himself aloof from women; and he seemed to hate them more than ever. The mere crackling of a silken corsage brought his hood down over his eyes. On this point so jealous were his austerity and reserve that when the king's daughter, the Lady of Beaujeu, came in December, 1481, to visit the cloister of Notre-Dame, he gravely opposed her entrance, reminding the bishop of the statute in the Livre Noir or Black Book, dating from the vigil Saint Bartholomew, 1344, forbidding access to the cloister to every woman "whatsoever, old or young, mistress or maid." Whereupon the bishop having been constrained to cite to him the ordinance of the legate, Odo, which makes exception in favor of certain ladies of high rank—*aliquæ magnates mulieres, quæ sine scandalo evitari non possunt* (certain great ladies who cannot be excluded without scandal) —the archdeacon still protested; objecting that the legate's ordinance, being dated as far back as the year 1207, was a hundred and twenty-seven years anterior to the Livre Noir, and was consequently abrogated by it. And he refused to make his appearance before the princess.

It was also remarked that, for some time past, his abhorrence of gypsy women and zingari had been redoubled. He had solicited from the bishop an edict expressly forbidding the gypsies from coming to dance and play upon the tambourine in the *Place du Parvis;* and for the same length of time he had been rummaging among the mouldy archives of the official in order to collect together all the cases of wizards and witches condemned to the flames or the halter for having been accomplices in sorcery with he-goats, she-goats or sows.

VI.

UNPOPULARITY

The archdeacon and the bell-ringer, as we have already said, were but little esteemed among the small and great folks of the environs of the cathedral. When Claude and Quasimodo went forth together, as frequently happened, and they were observed in company traversing the clean, but narrow and dusky, streets of the neighborhood of Notre-Dame, the servant following his master, more than one malicious word, more than one ironical couplet, more than one insulting jest, stung them on their way; unless Claude Frollo—though this happened rarely—walked with head erect, exhibiting his stern and almost august brow to the gaze of the abashed scoffers.

The pair were in that quarter like the "poets" of whom Régnier speaks:

> All sorts of folk do after poets hie,
> As after owls the tomtits shriek and fly.

Occasionally an ill-natured body would risk his skin and bones for the ineffable pleasure of running a pin into Quasimodo's hump. Again, a pretty girl, more full of frolic and boldness than became her, would rustle the priest's black gown, singing in his face the sardonic ditty: "Nestle, nestle, the Devil is caught." Sometimes a squalid group of old women, crouching in line down the shady side of the steps of a porch, grumbled aloud as the archdeacon and the bell-ringer passed, or called after them with curses this encouraging greeting: "Ho! here comes one with a soul as crooked as the other's body." Or a band of school-boys and street urchins playing at hopscotch would jump up together and salute them classically with some cry in Latin, as "*Eia! eia! Claudius cum claudo!*" ("Ah! ah! Claude with the cripple.")

Generally, the insult passed unperceived by the priest and the bell-ringer. Quasimodo was too deaf and Claude too deeply absorbed in his thoughts to hear these gracious salutations.

BOOK FIVE

BOOK V.

I.

ABBAS BEATI MARTINI

(Abbe of the Blessed Saint Martin.)

Dom Claude's fame had spread far and wide. It procured for him, about the period he refused to see Madame de Beaujeu, a visit which he long remembered.

It was on a certain evening. He had just withdrawn, after divine service, to his canon's cell in the cloister of Notre-Dame. This cell, with the exception perhaps of some glass phials, relegated to a corner, and filled with a certain equivocal powder which strongly resembled gunpowder, offered nothing extraordinary or mysterious. There were, indeed, here and there, several inscriptions upon the walls; but they were merely sentences relative to science or religion, and extracted from good authors. The archdeacon had just seated himself by the light of a three-beeked copper lamp, before a large cabinet loaded with manuscripts. He leaned his elbow upon the open

volume of Honorius d'Autun, *De Prædestinatione et libero arbitrio* (on predestination and free will), and he was turning over in profound meditation the leaves of a folio which he had brought in with him, the only product of the printing-press which his cell contained. In the midst of his reverie a knock was heard at the door. "Who is there?" cried the sage, in the gracious tone of a hungry dog who is disturbed at his bone.

A voice replied from without: "Your friend, Jacques Coictier." He went to open the door.

It was, in fact, the king's physician, a person of some fifty years of age, whose harsh physiognomy was only corrected by his crafty eye. Another man accompanied him. Both wore long slate-colored robes, furred with minever, belted and buttoned, with bonnets of the same stuff and color. Their hands disappeared in their long sleeves, their feet under their robes and their eyes beneath their caps.

"God help me, gentlemen!" said the archdeacon, showing them in, "I was not expecting so honorable a visit at such an hour"—and while speaking in this courteous manner he cast an anxious and scrutinizing glance from the physician to his companion.

"It is never too late to visit so distinguished

a scholar as Dom Claude Frollo de Tirechappe," replied the Doctor Coictier, whose Franche-Comté accent caused all his phrases to drag with the majesty of a court-train.

Then began between the physician and the archdeacon one of those congratulatory prologues which preceded, according to the custom of the time, all conversation between men of learning, and which did not prevent them detesting each other in the most cordial manner in the world. However, it is the same to-day; the lips of each wise man who compliments another sage are like a cup of honeyed gall.

Claude Frollo's congratulations to Jacques Coictier referred principally to the numerous temporal advantages which the worthy physician, in the course of his much envied career, had succeeded in extracting from each malady of the king, the operation of an alchemy better and more certain than the pursuit of the philosopher's stone.

"In truth, Monsieur le Docteur Coictier, I had great joy in learning of the bishopric granted to your nephew, my reverend seigneur Pierre Versé. Is he not Bishop of Amiens?"

"Yes, Monsieur Archdeacon, it is a favor and mercy from God."

"Do you know that you made a very fine figure on Christmas day at the head of your

company from the Chamber of Accounts, Monsieur President?"

"Vice-President, Dom Claude. Alas! nothing more."

"At what point is the work on your superb house in the Rue Saint André des Arcs? It is another Louvre. I like exceedingly the apricot-tree which is carved over the door with the pleasant play upon the words A L'ABRI COTIER."

"Alas! Master Claude, all that masonry is costing me heavily. In proportion as the house rises I am ruined."

"Ho! Have you not your revenues from the jail and the bailiwick of the Palace, and the rents of all the houses, butchers' stalls and booths of the enclosure? 'Tis a fine cow to milk."

"My Poissy castellany has brought me nothing this year."

"But your tolls of Triel, of Saint James and of Saint Germain en Laye are always good."

"Six score livres, and not even Paris livres."

"You have your place as king's counsellor, that is fixed."

"Yes, Brother Claude, but that accursed manor of Poligny, about which they make so much noise, is not worth to me sixty gold crowns to the year, good or bad."

There was, in the compliments which Dom Claude addressed to Jacques Coictier, that satirical, biting and mocking accent combined with that cruel, sad smile of a superior but unhappy man, who for a moment's distraction plays with the fat prosperity of a vulgarian. The other did not perceive it.

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Claude, finally, pressing his hand, "I am glad to see you in such good health."

"Thanks, Master Claude."

"By the way," said Dom Claude, "how is your royal patient?"

"He does not pay sufficiently his physician," replied the doctor, glancing at his companion.

"Think you so, friend Coictier?" said his comrade.

These words, uttered in a tone of surprise and reproach, drew the attention of the archdeacon upon the unknown personage, which, to tell the truth, had not been diverted from him a single moment since the stranger had crossed his threshold. It had even required all the thousand reasons which he had for conciliating Doctor Jacques Coictier, the all-powerful physician of King Louis XI., to induce him to receive the latter thus accompanied. Hence, his mien was but little cordial when Jacques Coictier said to him: "By the

way, Dom Claude, I bring you a colleague who has desired to see you on account of your renown."

"Does the gentleman belong to science?" asked the archdeacon, fixing his piercing eye upon Coictier's companion. He found beneath the brows of the stranger a glance no less piercing or less defiant than his own. He was, so far as the feeble light of the lamp permitted one to judge, an old man about sixty years of age, of medium stature, who appeared somewhat sickly and broken down. His profile, though commonplace in outline, was still strong and severe; his eye flashed from beneath an overhanging brow like a light from the depths of a cave; and under the cap that was well drawn down and fell upon his nose, one recognized the broad expanse of a brow of genius.

He took it upon himself to reply to the archdeacon's question:

"Reverend master," he said, in a grave tone, "your renown has reached my ears, and I wish to consult you. I am but a poor provincial gentleman, who removeth his shoes before entering the presence of learned men. You must know my name. I am called Friend Tourangeau."

"Strange name for a gentleman!" thought the archdeacon. Nevertheless he felt himself in the presence of a character both strong and

serious. The instinct of his own lofty intelligence enabled him to recognize a no less able mind under the furred bonnet of Friend Tourangeau; and as he contemplated that grave countenance, the ironical smile, which the presence of Jacques Coictier had called to his gloomy face, faded slowly away as twilight upon the evening horizon. He had reseated himself, stern and silent, in his great arm-chair, his elbow in its accustomed place upon the table and his forehead in his hand. After a few moments of meditation, he beckoned to his visitors to be seated, and addressed Friend Tourangeau.

"You come to consult me, master, and upon what science?"

"Your reverence," replied Friend Tourangeau, "I am ill, very ill. You are said to be a great Æsculapius, and I am come to ask your advice in medicine."

"Medicine!" said the archdeacon, tossing his head. He appeared to meditate for a moment, then resumed. "Friend Tourangeau, since that is your name, turn your head and you will find my reply already written upon the wall."

The Friend Tourangeau obeyed, and read, engraved upon the wall over his head, the following inscription: "*Medicine is the daughter of dreams.*"—JAMBLIQUE.

Meanwhile, Doctor Jacques Coictier had heard his companion's question with a displeasure which Dom Claude's reply had only redoubled. He leaned down to the ear of Friend Tourangeau and said to him, softly enough to escape the hearing of the archdeacon: "I warned you that he was mad. You insisted on seeing him."

"But it is quite possible that he is right, this madman, Doctor Jacques," replied the Friend, in the same tone and with a bitter smile.

"As you please," answered Coictier, dryly. Then, addressing the archdeacon: "You are a quick workman, Dom Claude, and you have as little trouble with Hippocrates as a monkey does with a nut. Medicine a dream! I doubt me the pharmacopolists and the master physicians would feel it their duty to stone you, if they were here. So you deny the influence of philters upon the blood, of unguents upon the flesh! You deny that eternal pharmacy of the flowers and the metals, which we call the world, and which was expressly made for that eternal invalid we call man!"

"I deny," said Dom Claude, coldly, "neither pharmacy nor the invalid. I deny the physician."

"Then it is not true," continued Coictier, with warmth, "that the gout is an internal ringworm; that a bullet wound can be cured

by the application of a roasted mouse, and that young blood, properly infused, restores youth to aged veins; it is not true that two and two make four, and that emprostathonos follows opistathonos?"

The archdeacon replied calmly: "There are certain things upon which I think in a certain manner."

Coictier became red with anger.

"There, there, my good Coictier, let us not get angry," said the Friend Tourangeau. "Monsieur the archdeacon is our friend."

Coictier calmed down, muttering in a low tone, "After all, he is mad!"

"*Pasquedieu,* Master Claude," resumed Friend Tourangeau, after a silence, "you embarrass me greatly. I had two subjects for consultation with you; one touching my health, the other touching my star."

"Sir!" responded the archdeacon, "if that be your object you would have done as well not to have wasted your breath in climbing my stairs. I do not believe in medicine; I do not believe in astrology."

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, with surprise.

Coictier gave a forced laugh.

"You see obviously that he is mad," said he in a low tone to Friend Tourangeau. "He does not believe in astrology."

"What reason to imagine," pursued Dom Claude, "that each ray from a star is a thread that touches the head of a man!"

"And what, then, do you believe?" cried Friend Tourangeau.

The archdeacon rested a moment uncertain, then upon his lips appeared a sombre smile which seemed to give the lie to his response: "*Credo in Deum.*"

"*Dominum nostrum,*" added Friend Tourangeau, making the sign of the cross.

"*Amen,*" said Coictier.

"Reverend master," resumed Tourangeau, "in my soul am I rejoiced to find you of such religious mind. But have you reached a point, great savant that you are, of no longer believing in science?"

"No," said the archdeacon, seizing Father Tourangeau by the arm, and a light of enthusiasm illumined his dull eye, "no, I do not deny science; I have not crawled so long upon my belly with my nails in the earth amid the countless mazes of the cavern without perceiving, far away beyond me at the end of the obscure gallery, a light, a flame, something, a reflection, doubtless of the dazzling central laboratory, where the patient and the wise have taken God by surprise."

"But, after all," interrupted Tourangeau, "what do you hold to be true and certain?"

"Alchemy."

"*Pardieu*," exclaimed Coictier, "alchemy has its good without doubt, Dom Claude, but why blaspheme medicine and astrology?"

"Naught is your science of man, naught is your science of the stars," said the archdeacon, imperiously.

"That is making short work of Epidaurus and Chaldea," replied the doctor, sneeringly.

"Listen, Messire Jacques. This is said in good faith. I am not the king's physician, and his Majesty has not given me the garden of Dædalus in which to observe the constellations . . . —do not get angry, but listen to me. What truth have you derived—I will not say from medicine, which is too foolish a thing, but from astrology?"

"Do you deny," said Coictier, "the sympathetic force of the collar-bone and the cabalistics which are derived therefrom?"

"Error, Messire Jacques. None of your formulas end in reality while alchemy has its discoveries. Do you dispute such results as these? Ice imprisoned under ground for a thousand years becomes rock crystal. Lead is the father of all metals. For gold is not a metal; gold is light. Lead requires four periods of two hundred years each to change successively from the state of lead to that of red arsenic, from red arsenic to tin, from tin to

silver. Are not these facts? But to believe in the collar-bone, in the great circle and in the stars is as ridiculous as to believe with the inhabitants of Grand Cathay that the golden oriole turns into a mole, and that grains of wheat turn into fish of the carp species."

"I have studied hermetics," cried Coictier, "and I insist—"

The fiery archdeacon did not allow him to finish: "And I have studied medicine, astrology and hermetics. Here alone is the truth" (and as he spoke thus he took from the cabinet a phial full of the powder of which we spoke above), "here alone is light! Hippocrates is a dream; Urania is a dream; Hermes is but a thought. Gold is the sun; to make gold is to become God. Behold the unique science. I have sounded the depths of medicine and astrology, I tell you! They are naught, naught! The human body, shadows! the planets, shadows!"

And he fell back into his arm-chair in commanding and inspired attitude. Friend Tourangeau observed him in silence. Coictier forced a sneer, and imperceptibly shrugging his shoulders, said in a low voice: "A madman!"

"And," said suddenly Tourangeau, "the splendid goal, have you attained it—have you made gold?"

"Had I made it," replied the archdeacon, slowly articulating, like a man who is reflecting, "the king of France would be called Claude and not Louis."

The stranger frowned.

"What do I say?" continued Claude, with a smile of disdain. "What would the throne of France be to me, when I could rebuild the empire of the Orient?"

"Very good," said the stranger.

"Oh, the poor fool," murmured Coictier.

The archdeacon continued, appearing to reply only to his thoughts.

"But no, I am still crawling. I bruise my face and my knees upon the stones of the subterranean way; I see dimly, I do not contemplate the full glory, I do not read, I spell!"

"And when you can read!" demanded the stranger, "will you make gold?"

"Who doubts it?" said the archdeacon.

"In that case, Our Lady knows that I am in sore need of money, and I would gladly learn to read in your books. Tell me, reverend master, is your science hostile or displeasing to Our Lady?"

To this question of Tourangeau, Dom Claude merely replied with calm dignity:

"To whom am I archdeacon?"

"'Tis true, my master. Will it, then, please you to initiate me? Teach me to spell with you."

Claude took the majestic and pontifical attitude of a Samuel.

"Old man, it takes longer years than rest to you to undertake the voyage through mysterious things. Your head is very gray! One leaves not the cavern but with whitened hair, and their locks must be dark who enter it. Science alone knows well how to hollow, wither and wrinkle human faces; she needs not that old age should bring her features already furrowed. If, however, the desire possesses you to submit yourself to discipline at your age, and of deciphering the formidable alphabet of the sages, come to me; it is well—I will make the effort. I will not tell you, poor old man, go visit the sepulchral chambers of the Pyramids, of which the ancient Herodotus speaks, nor the brick tower of Babylon, nor the great white marble sanctuary of the Indian temple of Eklinga. I, no more than you, have seen the Chaldean masonry constructed in the sacred form of Sikra, nor the temple of Solomon, which is destroyed, nor the stone doors of the sepulchre of the kings of Israel, which are broken. We will content ourselves with the fragments of the book of Hermes, which we have here. I will explain to you the statue of Saint Christopher, the symbol of the Sower, and that of the two angels which are at the door

of the Sainte Chapelle, one of whom has his hand in a vase and the other in a cloud—"

Here, Jacques Coictier, who had been nonplussed by the archdeacon's impetuous replies, regained confidence and interrupted him with the triumphant tone of a savant who corrects another: "*Errus amice, Claudi* (thou errest, friend Claude). The symbol is not the number. You take Orpheus for Hermes."

"It is you who are in error," replied gravely the archdeacon. "Dædalus is the basement; Orpheus is the wall; Hermes is the edifice,—the whole. Come when you will," continued he, turning toward Tourangeau, "I will show you the particles of gold which remained at the bottom of Nicolas Flamel's crucible, and you may compare it with the gold of Guillaume de Paris. I will teach you the secret virtues of the Greek word, "*peristera.*" But before all, I will make you read, one after the other, the marble letters of the alphabet, the granite pages of the book. We shall go from the portal of the Bishop Guillaume and of Saint Jean le Rond to La Sainte Chapelle, then to the house of Nicolas Flamel, Rue Marivault, to his tomb which is at the Holy Innocents, to his two hospitals, Rue de Montmorency. I shall make you read the hieroglyphs which cover the four great iron dogs at the door of the hospital of Saint Gervais

and of the Rue de la Ferronnerie. We will spell out together the façade of Saint Côme, of Sainte Geneviève des Ardents, of Saint Martin, of Saint Jacques de la Boucherie—"

For some time, Friend Tourangeau, intelligent though his glance was, had obviously failed to follow Dom Claude. He interrupted.

"*Pasquedieu!* What sort of books are these, then?"

"Here is one," said the archdeacon.

And opening the window of his cell, he pointed to the vast church of Notre-Dame, which outlining darkly its two towers against the starry sky, with its stone flanks and its enormous back, appeared a gigantic two-headed sphinx crouching in the midst of the city.

For some time the archdeacon considered the enormous edifice in silence, then with a sigh, extending his right hand towards the printed book which lay open upon his table, and with his left hand extended towards Notre-Dame, his eyes sadly wandered from the book to the church. "Alas!" he said, "this will kill that."

Coictier, who had eagerly approached the book, could not repress an exclamation: "Why! But what is there so terrible in this: GLOSSA IN EPISTOLAS D. PAULI. *Norimbergæ, Antonius Koburger*, 1474. This is not new.

It is a book of Pierre Lombard, the master of Maxims. Is it because it is printed?"

"You have said it," responded Claude, who appeared absorbed in a profound meditation, and stood with his forefinger resting upon the folio which had come from the famous press of Nuremberg. Then he added these mysterious words: "Alas! Alas! Small things overcome great ones; the Nile rat kills the crocodile, the swordfish kills the whale, the book will kill the edifice."

The curfew of the cloister sounded the same moment that Doctor Jacques repeated to his companion in low tones his eternal refrain: "*He is mad!*" To which his companion this time replied: "I believe that he is."

It was the hour when no stranger could remain within the cloister. The two visitors withdrew.

"Master," said Friend Tourangeau, in taking leave of the archdeacon, "I love wise men and great minds, and I hold you in singular esteem. Come to-morrow to the Palace des Tournelles and ask for the Abbot of Saint Martin de Tours."

The archdeacon returned to his chamber dumbfounded, understanding at last who this Friend Tourangeau was, and recalling that passage from the cartulary of Saint Martin de Tours: *Abbas beati Martini*, SCILICIT REX

FRANCIÆ, *est canonicus de consuetudine et habet parvam præbendam quam habet sanctus Venantius et debet sedere in sede thesaurarii.*

(The abbot of Saint Martin, namely, the King of France, is canon according to custom and holds the office of prebendary which Saint Venantius holds and should sit in the seat of the Treasurer.)

It is affirmed that since that time the archdeacon had frequent conferences with Louis XI. when his Majesty came to Paris, and that the influence of Dom Claude quite overshadowed that of Oliver Le Daim and Jacques Coictier, the latter of whom, as was his wont, roundly took the king to task on this account.

II.

ONE SHALL DESTROY THE OTHER

Our fair readers will pardon us if we pause a moment to search for the hidden meaning of those enigmatic words of the archdeacon: "The one shall destroy the other. The book will kill the edifice."

In our opinion this idea might present two aspects. In the first place, it was the thought of a priest. It was the alarm of the priest in the presence of a new agent, printing. It was the horror and astonishment of the man of the sanctuary before the dazzling results of Guttenberg's press. It was the pulpit and the manuscript, the spoken word and the written word taking fright at the printed word: something similar to the stupor of the sparrow who should see the angel Legion unfold its six million wings. It was the cry of the prophet who already hears the roar of emancipated humanity, who beholds in the future intelligence undermining faith, opinion dethroning belief, the world at large shaking

Rome. It was the prognostic of the philosopher, who sees human thought volatilized by the press, evaporating from the theocratic recipient. It was the terror of the soldier who examines the brazen battering-ram and says the town will fall. It signified that one power was succeeded by another. It meant, "The press shall kill the Church." But under this thought, without doubt the first and the most simple, there was in our belief another, more new, a corollary of the first less easy to perceive but more easy to contest, a view equally philosophic and not confined alone to the priest, but shared by the savant and the artist. It was the presentiment that human thought in changing its form would also change its mode of expression; that the dominant idea of each generation would no longer be written with the same material and in the same manner; that the book of stone, so solid and so enduring, was about to make way for the book of paper, more solid and still more enduring. In this relation the archdeacon's vague formula had another meaning, it signified that one art would dethrone another art. "Printing would kill architecture."

Indeed, from the origin of things down to and including the fifteenth century of the Christian era, architecture is the great book of humanity, the principal expression of man

in his various stages of development, both as regards force and intellect.

When the memory of the first races felt itself surcharged, when the load of recollections which mankind had to bear became so heavy and confused that language, naked and simple, risked its loss by the way, men wrote them upon the ground in a manner most visible and most natural. They sealed each tradition beneath a monument.

The first monuments were mere fragments of stone, "which iron had not touched," says Moses. Architecture began like all writing. It was at first the alphabet. A stone was placed upright; it was a letter, and each letter was a hieroglyph and upon each hieroglyph reposed a group of ideas, like the capital upon the column. Thus did the first races everywhere simultaneously over the entire surface of the world. We find the "standing stones" of the Celts in Asiatic Siberia; in the pampas of America.

Later on they made words; they placed stone upon stone, they coupled these syllables of granite; the verb essayed a few combinations. The Celtic dolmen and cromlech, the Etruscan tumulus, the Hebrew galgal, are words. Some of them, particularly the tumulus, are proper names. Sometimes even, where there was plenty of stone and a vast coast,

they wrote a phrase. The immense pile of Karnac is a complete sentence.

Finally men made books. Traditions had created symbols, which hid them as the leaves hide the trunk of a tree. All these symbols in which humanity had faith, continued to grow, to multiply, to intersect, to become more and more complicated: the first monuments were not sufficient to contain them, they overflowed them on every side; scarcely did these monuments still explain their original tradition, like themselves simple, naked and prone upon the earth. The symbol must needs expand into the edifice. Architecture then developed with the human thought, it became a giant with a thousand heads and a thousand arms, and fixed all that floating symbolism in an eternal, visible, palpable form. While Dædalus, who is force, measured; while Orpheus, who is intelligence, sang: the pillar, which is a letter; the arcade, which is a syllable; the pyramid, which is a word, set in motion alike by a geometric and poetic law, grouped themselves, combined, amalgamated, descended, arose, were juxtaposed upon the ground, ranged themselves in stories in the sky, until they had written under the general dictation of an epoch, those marvelous books which were likewise marvelous edifices: the Pagoda of Eklin-

ga, the Rhamseion of Egypt, the Temple of Solomon.

The generating idea, the word, was not alone at the foundation of all these structures, but also to be traced in their form. The temple of Solomon, for example, was not only the binding of the holy book, but was the holy book itself. Upon each one of its concentric walls, the priests could read the Word, interpreted and manifested to the eye; and thus they followed its transformations from sanctuary to sanctuary until they seized it in the inner tabernacle, in its most concrete form, which was still architectural, the Ark itself. Thus the Word was concealed within the edifice, but its image was upon its envelope, like the human form upon the sarcophagus of a mummy.

And not only the forms of these buildings, but the sites that were chosen for them, arouse the thought they represented. According as the symbol they expressed was graceful or grave, Greece crowned her mountains with a temple harmonious to the eye; India disemboweled hers to chisel therein those deformed and subterranean pagodas supported by colossal ranks of granite elephants.

Thus during the first six thousand years of the world, from the most immemorial pagoda of Hindustan to the cathedral of Cologne,

architecture has been the great handwriting of humankind. And this is so far true that not only all religious symbol, but also all human thought, has its page and its monument in this immense book.

All civilization begins with a theocracy and ends with a democracy. This law of liberty succeeding unity is written in architecture. For, and let us insist upon this point, masonry must not be thought powerful alone to erect the temple, to express the myth and sacerdotal symbolism, to transcribe in hieroglyphs upon its pages of stone the mysterious tables of the law. If it were thus,—as there comes in every human society a moment when the sacred symbol is worn and becomes obliterated under the influence of free thought, when man escapes from the priest, and when the excrescences born of philosophies and systems devour the fair features of religion—architecture could not reproduce this new state of the human mind; its leaves so crowded upon the face would be blank on the back; its work would be mutilated; its book incomplete. But no. Let us take for example the Middle Ages, which period we can regard with clearer insight, being nearer to us. During the first half, while theocracy was organizing Europe, while the Vatican rallied and reclassified around it the elements of a Rome made with

the Rome that lay in ruins about the Capitol, while Christianity was seeking among the rubbish of former civilizations all the various stages of society, and rebuilding with its fragments a new hierarchic universe with priesthood as the keystone of the arch, a solution is arising out of this chaos, one sees—appearing little by little, under the breath of Christianity, out of barbarian hands, from among the litter of dead architectures, Greek and Roman, we see arising that mysterious Roman architecture, sister of the theocratic masonries of Egypt and India, the unchanging emblem of pure Catholicism, the immutable hieroglyph of Papal unity. All the thought of the time is written in that sombre Roman style. There is felt everywhere, authority, unity, the impenetrable, the absolute, Gregory VII.: everywhere the priest, never the man; everywhere caste, nowhere the people. But the Crusades arrive. It is a great popular movement, and every great popular movement, whatever be its cause or its end, releases the spirit of liberty from its final precipitate. New ideas come to light. Here begin the stormy days of the Jacqueries, the Pragueries and the Leagues. Authority is shaken. Unity is divided. Feudalism insists upon sharing with theocracy, in awaiting until the people shall inevitably rise and, as usual, seize the lion's

share: *Quia nominor leo* (because I am called lion). The nobles force their way through the ranks of the priesthood, the people those of the nobles. The face of Europe is changed. Well! the face of architecture is also changed. Like civilization she has turned her page, and the new spirit of the time finds her ready to write as it dictates. Architecture has come back from the Crusades with the pointed arch as the nations returned bringing liberty. Then while Rome is gradually dismembered Roman architecture dies. The hieroglyph deserts the cathedral and goes forth to emblazon the donjon and give prestige to feudalism. The cathedral, that edifice before time so dogmatic, is henceforth invaded by the commoners, by the masses, by liberty, escapes from the priest and falls into the power of the artist. The artist builds to his fancy. Farewell to mystery, myth and the law. Welcome fantasy and caprice. Provided the priest has his basilica and his altar, he has nothing to say. The four walls belong to the artist. The architectural book belongs no longer to the priesthood, to religion, to Rome; it is the property of imagination, of poetry, of the people. Hence the rapid and innumerable transformations of this architecture which endures only three centuries, and which is so striking after the stagnant immobility of the

Roman period covering six or seven. Art, however, marches with giant strides. Genius and the originality of the people do the task formerly performed by the bishops. Each race as it passes leaves its line upon the great book; it erases the old Roman hieroglyphs from the frontispiece of the cathedral, and only here and there can be perceived the dogma penetrating through the stratum of new symbolism which covers it. The popular covering leaves scarcely visible the religious framework. It is impossible to form an idea of the liberties which the architects then took even towards the church.

We find capitals of columns interlaced with monks and nuns shamefully paired, as in the Hall of the Fireplaces, in the Palace of Justice, Paris, the adventures of Noah, sculptured with all detail, as under the great door of Bourges; or some bacchi monk with ass's ears, glass in hand, laughing in the face of an entire community, as in the lavatory of the abbey of Bocherville. There existed at that epoch, for thoughts transcribed in stone, a liberty, comparable only to the present freedom of the press. It was the liberty of architecture. This freedom goes to great lengths. Occasionally a portal, a façade, an entire church, is presented in a symbolical sense entirely foreign to its creed, and even hostile

to the church. In the thirteenth century, Guillaume de Paris, in the fifteenth Nicolas Flamel, both are guilty of these seditious pages. Saint Jacques de la Boucherie was a church of opposition throughout.

This was the only freedom of expression at that period; it could inscribe itself within those books which we call edifices; freedom of thought would have been burned in the public place by the hand of the executioner in the form of manuscript, had it been so imprudent as to choose that form of expression; thoughts engraved over the door of a church would have witnessed their own execution when printed upon the pages of a book. Thus having alone in masonry a channel of expression, it left no opportunity neglected. Hence the immense number of cathedrals which covered Europe—a number so prodigious as to seem almost incredible, even after it had been verified. All the material forces, all the intellectual forces, converged towards the same point, architecture. In this manner, under the pretext of building churches to God, art developed in magnificent proportions.

Then, whosoever was born poet became architect. Genius, scattered through the masses, compressed on all sides by feudalism, as under a *testudo*, of brazen bucklers, found its only issue through the medium of archi-

tecture, burst forth through this art, and its Iliad took the form of cathedrals. All other arts obeyed and placed themselves under the discipline of architecture. They were the workmen of the great work. The architect, the poet, the master, embodied in its person the sculpture, which chiseled its façades, the painting which illumined its windows, the music which set its bells in motion and breathed into its organs. As for poetry, properly so called, there was none that obstinately refused to vegetate in manuscript form, but was compelled, in order to be of value, to find its place in the church as a "hymn" or a "prose;" the same rôle, after all, which the tragedies of Æschylus had played in the sacerdotal festivals of Greece, Genesis in the temple of Solomon.

Thus, down to the days of Guttenberg, architecture is the principal, the universal writing. This book of granite, begun by the Orient, was continued by Greek and Roman antiquity; the Middle Ages wrote the last page. Moreover, this phenomenon of an architecture of the people succeeding an architecture of caste, which we have just observed in the Middle Ages, repeats itself with every analogous movement in the human intelligence in the other great epochs of history. Thus, in order to enunciate here only summa-

rily a law which it would require volumes to develop: in the upper Orient, the cradle of the primitive races, after the Hindu architecture came the Phœnician, that opulent mother of the Arabic style: in antiquity, after the Egyptian architecture, of which the Etruscan form and the Cyclopean monuments are but one variety, came the Greek architecture, of which the Roman style is only a prolongation, surcharged with the Carthaginian dome: in modern times, after the Roman architecture, the Gothic. And by separating these three series we find again in these three elder sisters, Hindu architecture, Egyptian architecture, Roman architecture, the same symbol; that is to say, theocracy, caste, unity, dogmatism, the myth, God: and for the three younger sisters, Phœnician architecture, the Greek and the Gothic and whatever may be the diversity of form inherent in their nature, the same signification in each, that is to say, liberty, the people, man.

In all the masonry of the Hindu, Egyptian or Roman, one feels always the priest, nothing but the priest, whether he be called Brahmin, Magian or Pope. It is not the same in the architectures of the people. They are more rich and less devotional. In Phœnician one recognizes the merchant; in the Greek, the republican; in the Gothic, the citizen. The

general characteristics of all theocratic architecture are immutability, horror of progress, the conservation of traditional lines, of primitive types, a constant bending of all the forms of nature and mankind to the incomprehensible caprices of symbolism. They are books of darkness which only the initiated can decipher. Furthermore, every form and even every deformity has here a sense which renders it inevitable. Do not ask the Hindu, Egyptian or Roman structures to change their design or improve their statues. Any attempt at perfecting would be impious. In these architectures it would appear that the severity of the dogma seems to overlie the stone like a second petrifaction. On the contrary, the general characteristics of the masonries of the people are truth, progress, originality, opulence, perpetual movement. They are sufficiently removed from their religion to give thought to beauty and to cherish it; to correct and improve continually their ornamentation of statues and arabesques. They are of the century. They have a human sentiment mingled with the divine symbolism under whose inspiration they are still produced. Hence these edifices, open to every soul, to every intelligence, to every imagination: symbolical still, but easy of comprehension as the face of nature. Between theocratic architec-

ture and this one there is the difference that exists between a sacred language and a vulgar one, between hieroglyphs and art, between Solomon and Phidias. If the reader will review what we have hitherto briefly, very briefly, indicated, omitting countless proofs and also a thousand objections, we are led to this conclusion: that architecture up to the fifteenth century was the principal register of humanity; that during this period, not a single thought of a complicated nature appeared in the world but was transformed into masonry; that all popular ideas as well as all religious law had its monuments; and finally, that mankind possessed no important thought which has not been written in stone. And why? It is because every thought, be it religious, be it philosophical, seeks to perpetuate itself; it is that the ideas which have moved one generation desire to move other generations likewise, and to leave their trace. Indeed, what immortality is more precarious than that of a manuscript? How much more durable, solid and lasting is a book of stone! To destroy the written word, the torch and the Turk have proved sufficient. To demolish the builded word, a social revolution, a terrestrial revolution is necessary. The barbarians have passed over the Coliseum; the deluge, perhaps, over the Pyramids.

In the fifteenth century all changes.

Human thought discovers a medicine by which to perpetuate itself, not alone more durable and more resisting than architecture, but still more simple and easier. Architecture is dethroned. To the letters of stone of Orpheus are about to succeed the letters of lead of Guttenberg.

"Alas! Alas! small things overcome great ones; the Nile rat kills the crocodile, the swordfish kills the whale, the book will kill the edifice."

The invention of printing is the greatest event in history. It is the mother of revolution. It is a total renewal of the means of human expression: it is human thought which divests itself of one form and takes on another; it is the complete and definite changing of the skin of that symbolical serpent which since Adam has represented Intelligence.

In its printed form thought is more imperishable than ever; it is more volatile, more intangible, more indestructible. It is mingled with the very air. In the time of architecture it made itself a mountain and took powerful possession of a century, of a place. Now, thought is transformed into a flock of birds which scatter themselves to the four winds and occupy at once every point of air and space.

We repeat it, who does not perceive that in this manner it is far more indelible? From a state of solidity it has become animated. It passes from duration to immortality. A mass can be demolished; how extirpate ubiquity? A deluge comes; the mountain would have disappeared beneath its waves long before the birds ceased to fly above it, and if a single ark should float upon the surface of the cataclysm, they will alight thereon, will float with it, watch with it the going down of the waters, and the new world that shall emerge from this chaos will see soaring above it the thought of the submerged world, winged and alive.

And when one observes that this mode of expression is not only the most conservative, but also the most simple, the most convenient, the most practicable of all; when one considers that it does not drag after it a bulky baggage, and requires no cumbersome apparatus; when we compare the thought requiring for its interpretation in a building, to put in motion four or five other arts and tons of gold, a mountain of stone and a forest of timber as well as a whole population of workmen; when one compares to it the thought becoming a book, needing only a little paper, a little ink and a pen, why be surprised that human intelligence should have quitted architecture for printing? Cut abruptly the origi-

nal bed of a river by a canal dug below its level, the stream will forsake its channel.

Behold how, beginning with the discovery of printing, architecture gradually declines, withers and becomes denuded. How one feels the water sinking, the sap departing, that the thought of the time and the people is departing from it. The indifference is almost imperceptible in the fifteenth century; the press is yet too weak and can only draw off somewhat of the superabundant life of mighty architecture. But beginning with the sixteenth century the malady of architecture becomes visible: it no longer is the essential expression of society; it transforms itself into a miserable classic art; from being Gallic, European, indigenous, it becomes Greek and Roman, from the true and the modern, it becomes pseudo-antique. It is this decadence which is called Renaissance. Magnificent decadence, however; for the ancient Gothic genius, whose sun sets behind the gigantic press of Mayence, for some time longer penetrates with its last rays that range of hybrid Latin arcade and Corinthian columns.

It is the setting sun which we mistake for an aurora.

However, from the moment when architecture is an art like any other, when it is no longer art in totality, the sovereign, the

tyrant, architecture has no longer the force to retain the other arts. They emancipate themselves, break the yoke of the architect, and go each its own way. Each of them gains by this divorce. Isolation enlarges all. Sculpture becomes statuary. Imagery becomes painting. The pipe becomes music. One might compare it to a dismembered empire at the death of its Alexander, whose provinces become kingdoms.

Hence Raphael, Michel Angelo, Jean Gonjon, Palestrina, those splendors of the dazzling sixteenth century. At the same time as the arts, thought emancipates itself in all directions. The heresiarchs of the Middle Ages had already made large breaches into Catholicism. The sixteenth century shatters religious unity. Before printing reform had been merely a schism, printing converted it into a revolution. Take away the press; heresy becomes unnerved. Be it fatality or the work of Providence, Guttenberg is the precursor of Luther.

Be this as it may, when the sun of the Middle Ages is completely set, when the genius of the Gothic is forever extinct upon the horizon, architecture gradually becomes dim, loses its color and little by little fades away. The printed book, the gnawing worm of the edifice, sucks and devours it. Archi-

tecture decays, crumbles and becomes emaciated before the eye. It is poor, it is cheap, it is null. It expresses nought, not even the souvenir of the art of the past. Reduced to itself, abandoned by the other arts because it is abandoned by human thought, it summons journeymen instead of artists. Window-glass replaces the colored panes. The stonecutter succeeds to the place of the sculptor. Farewell all sap, all originality, all intelligence. It debases itself like a lamentable workshop mendicant from copy to copy. Michel Angelo, who, no doubt, even at the beginning of the sixteenth century had felt that it was dying, had a last idea, an idea of despair. That Titan of art piled the Pantheon upon the Parthenon, and made Saint Peter's at Rome. Great work which is deservedly unique, the last originality of architecture, signature of a giant artist at the bottom of the colossal register of stone which was closing forever. Michel Angelo dead, what becomes of that miserable architecture which outlives itself in a shadowy, ghostly state? It takes Saint Peter's at Rome, copies it, parodies it. It is a mania. It is pitiable. Each century has its Saint Peter's of Rome. In the seventeenth the Val de Grace; in the eighteenth Sainte Geneviève. Each country has its Saint Peter's of Rome. London, St. Petersburg, Paris has

two or three. Trifling inheritance, last dotage of a great art which becomes decrepit and falls into infancy before it dies.

If, instead of the characteristic monuments we have just described, we examine the general aspect of the art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we shall see the same phenomena of decay and phthisis. From the time of Francis II. the architectural form diminishes more and more in the construction, leaving visible the geometrical character, like the bony framework of the emaciated invalid. The fine lines of art make way for the cold, inexorable forms of geometry. An edifice is no longer an edifice; it is a polyhedron. Architecture, however, still struggles to conceal this nudity. Look at the Greek pediment inscribed within the Roman, and vice versa. It is always the Pantheon within the Parthenon, Saint Peter's of Rome. Here are the brick houses with stone corners dating from Henry IV. in the Place Royal, in the Place Dauphine. Here are the churches of Louis III., heavy, squat, thick-set, crowded, loaded with a dome as with a hump. We have the Mazarin architecture, the bad pasticcio Italian of the Quatre-Nations. Witness the palaces of Louis XIV., long barracks for courtiers, stiff, cold, tiresome. Finally we come to the style of Louis XV., with its

chiccory and vermicelli ornament, the warts and fungi which disfigure that decrepit, toothless, coquettish old architecture. From Francis II. to Louis XV. the evil has increased in geometrical progression. Art has nothing but skin and bones left. It perishes miserably.

Meanwhile, what becomes of printing? All the life which abandons architecture is absorbed by it. In proportion as architecture dies, printing swells and grows in power. The capital of energy which human thought once expended upon buildings is expended henceforth upon books. Indeed, from the sixteenth century the press, lifted to the level of diminished architecture, contends with it and conquers it. In the seventeenth century the press has gained such an ascendancy, such a triumph, such a victory over its rival as to give to the world the feast of a great literary age. In the eighteenth, having reposed for a long time at the court of Louis XIV., it again seizes the old sword of Luther, places it in the hands of Voltaire and rushes forth tumultuously to the attack of ancient Europe, whose architectural expression it has already destroyed. At the close of the eighteenth century, it has destroyed everything. In the nineteenth it begins to reconstruct.

Now, we ask, which of the two arts has really represented human thought during the

past three centuries? which translated it? not expressing alone its literary and artistic vagaries, but its vast, profound, universal movement? Which superposes itself, constantly, without rupture or gap, upon the human race, ever progressing like a monster with a thousand feet? Architecture or printing? It is printing. Let one here make no mistake; architecture is dead, irrevocably dead, killed by the printed book, killed because less lasting, killed because of greater cost. Each cathedral represents millions. Let the reader now imagine the capital necessary to rewrite the architectural book, to raise again the myriad edifices; to return once more to the time when the throng of monuments was such, in the words of an eye-witness, "that one would have said that the world had shaken off its old habiliments in order to clothe itself in a white garment of churches." *Erat enim at si mundus, ipse excutiondo semet, rejecta vetustate, candidam ecclesiarum vestem indueret.* (For it was as if the world shaking itself had cast aside its old garments to clothe itself with a shining white vestment of churches)—*Glaber Radulphus.*

A book is soon made, costs but little and can go so far! Why should there be surprise that all human thought glides through this channel? This does not imply that architec-

ture shall not yet here and there produce a fine monument, an isolated masterpiece. It is yet possible, from time to time, even under the reign of printing, I suppose, for an army to make a column of melted cannon, as we had during the reign of architecture. Iliads and Romanceros, Mahâbhâratas and Nibelungenlieds, made by a whole people out of combined and collected rhapsodies. The great accident of an architect of genius may occur in the twentieth century, as that of Dante in the thirteenth. But architecture will not again be the social art, the collective, the dominant art. The great poem, the great edifice, the great work of humanity will no longer be constructed; it will be printed.

And if, henceforth, architecture should again rise by accident, it will never be mistress. It will be subservient to the law of literature, formerly subject to it. The respective positions of the two arts will be reversed. It is certain that during the domination of architecture such rare poems as appeared, resembled the monuments. In India, Vyasa is as complex, strange and impenetrable as a pagoda. In Egypt poetry has, like its buildings, both vastness and repose of line; in ancient Greece beauty, serenity and calm; in Christian Europe, the majesty of the Catholic faith, the simplicity of popular taste; the rich and

luxuriant vegetation of an epoch of renewal. The Bible resembles the Pyramids, the Iliad the Parthenon, Homer, Phidias. Dante in the thirteenth century is the last Roman church; Shakespeare in the sixteenth, the last Gothic cathedral.

Thus, to sum up what we have thus far stated in a manner necessarily incomplete and mutilated, humanity has two books, two registers, two testaments; masonry and printing, the Word in stone and the Word in paper. Without doubt when one contemplates these two testaments, laying so broadly before us the history of the centuries, it is permissible to regret the visible majesty of that granite record, those gigantic alphabets of colonnades, of pylons, of obelisks, this species of human mountains which cover the world and the past, from the Pyramid to the steeple, from Cheops to Strasburg. The past as recorded upon these marble pages should be read again and again. This great book of architecture should have our incessant perusal and admiration; but we must not refuse to acknowledge the grandeur of the edifice which has in turn been raised by printing.

This edifice is colossal. I do not know what statistician has made the calculation that, were all the volumes which have issued from the press since Guttenberg's day piled

one upon another, they would fill the space from the earth to the moon; but this is not the sort of greatness of which we desire to speak. However, when one tries to collect a comprehensive image in one's mind, of the total product of printing down to our days, does this image not take the form of an immense construction based upon the entire world, and upon which humanity labors without ceasing and whose monstrous crest is lost in the mists of the future? It is the ant-hill of human intelligence. It is the hive where all the creations of imagination, those golden bees, arrive with their honey. The edifice has a thousand stories. Here and there upon its landings we see the openings to the gloomy caverns of science which cross each other in the profound depths. Everywhere upon its surface the eye is gratified by an artistic luxury of arabesques, rose-windows and delicate lace carving. There each individual work, however capricious and isolated it may seem, has its place and its importance. Harmony results from the whole. From the cathedral of Shakespeare to the mosque of Byron, a thousand belfries crowd each other pell-mell above this metropolis of universal thought. At its base have been written again some ancient titles of humanity which architecture had failed to preserve. At the left of

the entrance, fixed in the wall, is the antique bas-relief in white marble of Homer; at the right the Bible of all languages rears its seven heads. The hydra of the Romancero, with the Vedas and Nibelungen, mingled with other hybrid forms, can be descried farther on. But the immense building is never completed. The printing-press, that giant machine which pumps unceasingly all the intellectual sap of society, perpetually vomits forth fresh materials for its work.

The whole human race is upon the scaffolding. Every mind is a mason. The most humble may stop a hole or place a stone. Rétif de la Bretonne brings his hod of plaster. Each day a new course rises. Independently of the original and individual product of each writer, there are collective contingents. The eighteenth century gives the *Encyclopædia*, the revolution gives the *Moniteur*. Assuredly, it is a construction which grows and piles up in spirals without end; there also are confusion of tongues, unceasing activity, indefatigable labor, the heated rivalry of all humanity; a refuge promised to intelligence from another Deluge, against an overflow of barbarians. It is the second tower of Babel of the human race.

BOOK SIX

BOOK VI.

I.

AN IMPARTIAL GLANCE AT THE ANCIENT MAGISTRACY

A right enviable personage, in the year of grace 1482, was the noble gentleman Robert d'Estouteville, knight, Sieur of Beyne, Baron of Ivry and Saint Andry in Marche, councillor and chamberlain to the king and keeper of the provostry of Paris. Already it was nearly seventeen years since he had received from the king, on the 7th of November, 1465, the year of the comet, that fine place of Provost of Paris, which was considered rather as a dignity than an office—*Dignitas*, says Joannes Lœmnœus, *quæ cum non exiguâ potestate politiam concernente, atque prærogativis multis et juribus conjuncta est* (a dignity, to which is joined no small influence in affairs of state and many prerogatives and rights). It was an extraordinary thing in 1482 for a gentleman to hold a commission from the king, whose letters of institution dated as far back

as the time of the marriage of the natural daughter of Louis XI. with monsieur the bastard of Bourbon. On the same day that Robert d'Estouteville had taken the place of Jacques de Villiers in the provostry of Paris, Maître Jean Dauvet succeeded Messire Hélye de Thorrettes in the first presidency of the court of parliament, Jean Jouvénel des Ursins supplanted Pierre de Morvilliers in the office of Chancellor of France, and Regnault des Dormans relieved Pierre Puy of the post of master of requests in ordinary to the king's household. Over how many heads had the presidency, the chancellorship and the mastership traveled since Robert d'Estouteville had held the provostry of Paris! It had been "granted into his keeping," said the letters-patent; and well had he kept it forsooth. So closely had he clung to it, so completely had he incorporated himself, identified himself with it, that he had escaped that mania for change which possessed Louis XI., a suspicious, tormenting and toiling sovereign, bent upon maintaining, by frequent appointments and dismissals, the elasticity of his power. Nay, more—the worthy knight had procured the reversion of his office for his son; and for two years past the name of the noble gentleman Jacques d'Estouteville, Esquire, figured beside his own at the head of the register of

the ordinary of the provostry of Paris. Rare, indeed, and signal favor! True it is that Robert d'Estouteville was a good soldier; that he had loyally raised the banner against "the league of the public weal;" and that he had presented the queen, on the day of her entry into Paris in the year 14—, a most wonderful stag, all made of sweetmeats. He had, moreover, a good friend in Messire Tristan l'Hermite, provost-marshal of the king's household. Thus Messire Robert enjoyed a very smooth and pleasant existence. First of all, he had a very good salary; to which were attached and from which hung extra bunches of grapes from his vine, the revenues of the registries, civil and criminal, of the provostry; plus the revenues, civil and criminal, of the Auditoires d'Embas, or inferior courts, of the Châtelet; to say nothing of some little toll at the bridge of Mante and Corbeil, the tax on all the onions, leeks and garlic brought into Paris, and on the corders of firewood and the measurers of salt. Add to all this the pleasure of displaying, in his official rides through the town, in contrast with the gowns, half red and half tawny, of the sheriffs and police, his fine military dress, which you may still admire sculptured upon his tomb at the abbey of Valmont in Normandy, and his richly embossed morion at Montlhéry. Besides, was it

nothing to have entire supremacy over the sergeants of the police, the porter and the watch of the Châtelet—*auditores Castelleti* (auditors of the Châtelet)—the sixteen commissaries of the sixteen quarters, the jailor of the Châtelet, the four enfeoffed sergeants, the hundred and twenty mounted sergeants, the hundred and twenty sergeants of the wand, and the knight of the watch, with his watch, the under-watch, the counter-watch and the rear-watch? Was it nothing to exercise high and low justice, to exercise the right of interrogating, hanging and drawing, besides the jurisdiction over minor offences in the first resort—*in prima instantia* (in the first instance), as the charters have it—over that viscounty of Paris, to which were so gloriously appended seven noble bailiwicks? Can anything more gratifying be conceived than to issue orders and pass judgment, as Messire Robert d'Estouteville daily did in the Grand Châtelet, beneath the wide elliptic arches of Philip Augustus; and to go, as was his wont, every evening to that charming house situate in the Rue Galilee, in the purlieus of the Palais Royal, which he held in right of his wife, Madame Ambroise de Loré, to rest from the fatigue of having sent some poor devil to pass the night in "that little lodge in the Rue de l'Escorcherie, which the provosts and

échevins of Paris were wont to make their prison; the same being (according to the accounts of the estate, 1383) eleven feet in length, seven feet four inches in width and eleven feet in height?"

And not only had Messire Robert d'Estouteville his particular court as provost and viscount of Paris, but also he had a share, both by presence and action, in the grand justice of the king. There was not a head of any distinction but passed through his hands before it fell into those of the executioner. It was he who had gone to the Bastille Saint Antoine to fetch Monsieur de Nemours from thence to the Halles; and to conduct to the Grève Monsieur de Saint Pol, who clamored and resisted, to the great joy of monsieur the provost, who did not love monsieur the constable.

Here, assuredly, was more than enough to make a life happy and illustrious, and to deserve some day a notable page in that interesting history of the provosts of Paris, where we learn that Oudard de Villeneuve had a house in the Rue des Boucheries; that Guillaume de Hangest bought the great and the little Savoie; that Guillaume Thiboust gave his houses in the Rue Clopin to the nuns of Sainte Geneviève; that Hugues Aubriot lived in the Hôtel du Porc Epic; and other domestic incidents.

And yet, with all these reasons for taking life patiently and cheerfully, Messire Robert d'Estouteville had waked on the morning of the 7th of January, 1482, in a very surly and peevish mood. Whence came this ill-temper? He could not have told himself. Was it because the sky was gray? or because the buckle of his old Montlhéry sword-belt was badly fastened, and girded too militarily his provostal portliness? or had he beheld ribald fellows marching through the street, four by four, under his window, jeering at him as they passed by, in doublets without shirts, hats without crowns, and wallet and bottle at their side? Was it a vague presentiment of the three hundred and seventy livres sixteen sols eight deniers which the future king, Charles VIII., was to deduct the following year from the revenues of the provostry? The reader can take his choice; we, for our part, are much inclined to believe that he was in an ill-humor simply because he was in an ill-humor.

Moreover, it was the day after a holiday—a tiresome day for everyone, and above all for the magistrate whose business it was to sweep away all the filth, whether literally or figuratively, that a holiday accumulated in Paris. And then he was to hold a sitting in the Grand Châtelet. Now we have noticed, that judges in general contrive matters so, that

their day of sitting shall also be their day of ill-humor, in order that they may always have some one upon whom to vent it conveniently, in the name of the king and the law.

However, the audience had begun without him. His deputies, civil, criminal and private, were acting for him, according to custom; and since the hour of eight in the morning, some scores of citizens, men and women, crowded and crammed into a dark corner of the lower court-room of the Châtelet, between the wall and a strong barrier of oak, were blissfully looking on at the varied and exhilarating spectacle of the administration of civil and criminal justice by Maître Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet, deputy of monsieur the provost, in a somewhat confused and utterly haphazard manner.

The room was small, low and vaulted. A table, studded with fleurs-de-lis, stood at one end, with a large arm-chair of carved oak for the provost, which was empty, and, on the left hand of it, a stool for the auditor, Maître Florian. Below sat the registrar, scribbling. Opposite were the populace; and in front of the door, and in front of the table, were a number of sergeants of the provostry in their sleeveless jackets of violet camlet with white crosses. Two sergeants of the Parloir aux Bourgeois, or Common-hall, in jackets of

Toussaint half red and half blue, stood sentry before a low closed door, which was visible at the other end, behind the table. A single arched window, deep set in the massive wall, cast a ray of pale January sun upon two grotesque figures: the fantastic demon carved upon the keystone of the vaulted ceiling, and the judge, seated at the extremity of the chamber, upon the fleurs-de-lis.

Picture to yourself, in fact, at the provostal table, between two bundles of papers—leaning on his elbows, with his foot on the train of his gown of plain brown cloth, and his face in its framing of white lamb's wool, from which his eyebrows seemed to stand out—red—harsh-looking—winking, bearing majestically the load of his fat cheeks, which met under his chin—Maître Florian Barbedienne, auditor at the Châtelet.

Now, the auditor was deaf. A slight defect for an auditor. Maître Florian delivered judgment, none the less, without appeal and quite competently. It is certainly quite sufficient that a judge should appear to listen; and the venerable auditor the better fulfilled this condition, the only one essential to strict justice, as his attention could not possibly be distracted by any noise.

Moreover, there was among the audience a merciless censor of his deeds and gestures, in

the person of our friend Jehan Frollo du Moulin, the little student of the previous day —that "stroller" who was sure to be met with everywhere in Paris, except before the professor's chair.

"Look you," said he in a low tone to his companion Robin Poussepain, who was tittering beside him, while he commented on the scenes that were passing before them; "yonder is Jehanneton du Buisson. The beautiful daughter of the lazy dog at the Marché Neuf! —On my soul, he condemns her too, the old brute! He must have no more eyes than ears! Fifteen sous four deniers parisis for having worn two rosaries—'tis rather dear. *Lex duri carminis* (harsh law of invocation) —Who's that?—Robin Chief de Ville, hauberk-maker. For having been passed and admitted a master of the said trade. That is his entrance-money. So, ho! two gentlemen among these rascals—Aiglet de Soins, Hutin de Mailly. Two esquires!—*Corpus Christi!*—Ha! they've been dicing. When shall we see our rector here? A hundred livres parisis (fine) to the king! Barbedienne hits like a deaf man—as he is!—May I be my brother the archdeacon, if that shall hinder me from gaming; gaming by day, gaming by night, gaming while I live, gaming till I die, and staking my soul after my shirt! Holy

Virgin! what a lot of girls!—one after another, my lambs! Ambroise Lécuyère! Isabeau la Paynette! Bérarde Gironin! I know them all, by my fay! Fine 'em! fine 'em! That will teach you to wear gilt belts! Ten sols parisis, you coquettes!—Oh, the old snout of a judge! deaf and imbecile! Oh, Florian the blockhead! Oh, Barbedienne the dolt! There he is at the table—he dines off the pleader—he dines off the case—he eats—he chews—he crams—he fills himself! Fines—estrays — dues — expenses — costs — wages — damages—and interest—torture—prison and jail, and stocks with expenses—are to him Christmas spice-cake and marchpanes of Saint John. Look at him, the hog! Now then! Good!—another amorous wench! Thibaude la Thibaude, neither more nor less!—For going out of the Rue Glatigny!—What's this youth? Gieffroy Mabonne, gendarme bearing the cross-bow—he's been cursing the name of the Father. A fine for La Thibaude! a fine for Gieffroy! a fine for them both! The deaf old fool! he must have mixed up the two cases! Ten to one but he makes the girl pay for the oath, and the gendarme for the amour! Attention, Robin Poussepain! What are they bringing in now? Here are plenty of sergeants, by Jupiter! all the hounds of the pack. This must be the grand piece of game

of all—a wild boar, at least! 'Tis one, Robin —'tis one! and a fine one, too!—Hercle! 'tis our prince of yesterday—our fools' pope —our ringer—our one-eyed—our hunchback —our grin of grins! 'Tis Quasimodo!"

It was he indeed.

It was Quasimodo, bound, girded, roped, pinioned and well guarded. The detachment of sergeants that surrounded him were accompanied by the knight of the watch, in person, bearing the arms of France embroidered on his breast, and those of the Town on his back. There was nothing, however, about Quasimodo, excepting his deformity, to justify all this display of halberts and arquebusses. He was gloomy, silent and tranquil; only now and then did his single eye cast a sly and wrathful glance upon the bonds which confined him.

He cast the same glance about him; but it was so dull and sleepy that the women only pointed him out with their fingers in derision.

Meanwhile, Maître Florian, the auditor, turned over attentively the document in the complaint entered against Quasimodo, which the clerk handed him, and having glanced at it, appeared to reflect for a moment. Thanks to this precaution, which he was always careful to take at the moment of proceeding to an interrogatory, he knew beforehand the name,

titles and misdeeds of the accused, made premeditated replies to answers foreseen; and so contrived to extricate himself from all the sinuosities of the interrogatory without too much exposing his deafness. The written charge was to him as the dog to the blind man. If it so happened that his infirmity betrayed itself here and there, by some incoherent apostrophe or unintelligible question, it passed with some for profundity, with others for imbecility. In either case the honor of the magistracy did not suffer; for it is better that a judge should be reputed imbecile or profound than deaf. So he took great care to disguise his deafness from the observation of all; and he commonly succeeded so well that he had come at last even to deceive himself. This, indeed, is easier than one would imagine. Every hunchback walks with head erect; every stammerer harangues; every deaf person speaks low. As for him, he believed, at the most, that his ear was a little refractory. It was the sole concession in this respect that he made to public opinion, in his moments of frankness and self-examination.

Having, then, well ruminated on the affair of Quasimodo, he threw back his head and half closed his eyes, by way of greater majesty and impartiality; so that, at that moment, he was blind as well as deaf—a double condition,

without which no judge is perfect. It was in this magisterial attitude that he commenced the interrogatory:

"Your name?"

Now here was a case which had not been "foreseen by the law," that of one deaf man interrogated by another.

Quasimodo, receiving no intimation of the question thus addressed to him, continued to look fixedly at the judge, and made no reply. The deaf judge, receiving no intimation of the deafness of the accused, thought that he had answered, as accused persons generally did; and continued, with his mechanical and stupid self-confidence:

"Very well—your age?"

Again Quasimodo made no answer to this question. The judge, thinking it replied to, went on:

"Now—your calling?"

Still the same silence. The bystanders, however, were beginning to whisper and to exchange glances.

"Enough!" added the imperturbable auditor, when he supposed that the accused had finished his third reply. "You are accused before us—firstly, with nocturnal disturbance; secondly, with dishonest violence upon the person of a foolish woman—*in prejudicium meretricis* (as an example of a prostitute);

thirdly, of rebellion and disloyalty toward the archers of the guard of our lord the king. Explain yourself on all these points. Clerk, have you taken down what the prisoner has said thus far?"

At this unlucky question a burst of laughter rose from both clerk and audience—so violent, so uncontrollable, so contagious, so universal, that neither of the deaf men could help perceiving it. Quasimodo turned round, shrugging his hump with disdain; while Maître Florian, equally astonished, and supposing that the laughter of the spectators had been excited by some irreverent reply from the accused, rendered visible to him by that shrug, apostrophized him indignantly.

"For that answer, fellow, you deserve the halter. Know you to whom you speak?"

This sally was not likely to check the explosion of the general mirth. It seemed to all present so incongruous and whimsical, that the wild laughter spread to the very sergeants of the Parloir aux Bourgeois, a sort of pikemen, whose stupidity was part of their uniform. Quasimodo alone preserved his gravity; for the very good reason that he understood nothing of what was going on around him. The judge, more and more irritated, felt obliged to proceed in the same strain, hoping thereby to strike the accused with a terror that

would react upon the bystanders, and bring them back to a proper sense of respect:

"So, this is as much as to say, perverse and thieving knave that you are, that you presume to be lacking in respect to the auditor of the Châtelet; to the magistrate in charge of the chief police courts of Paris; appointed to inquire into all crimes, offenses and misdemeanors; to control all trades and prevent monopoly; to repair the pavements; to put down hucksters of poultry, fowl and wild game; to superintend the measuring of firewood and other sorts of wood; to cleanse the town of mud and the air of contagious distempers; in a word, with attending continually to public affairs, without wages, or hope of salary. Know you that I am called Florian Barbedienne, monsieur the provost's own proper deputy, and, moreover, commissary, inquisitor, comptroller and examiner, with equal power in provostry, bailiwick, conservatorship and presidial court?"

There is no reason why a deaf man talking to a deaf man should ever stop. Heaven knows where and when Maître Florian would have landed, thus launched at full speed in lofty eloquence, if the low door behind him had not suddenly opened and given entrance to monsieur the provost in person.

Maître Florian did not stop short at his

entrance, but, turning half round upon his heel, and abruptly directing to the provost the harangue with which, a moment before, he was overwhelming Quasimodo:

"Monseigneur," said he, "I demand such penalty as it shall please you upon the accused here present, for flagrant and aggravated contempt of court."

And he seated himself, utterly breathless, wiping away the great drops of sweat that fell from his brow and moistened, like tears, the parchments spread out before him. Messire Robert d'Estouteville frowned, and made a gesture to Quasimodo to attend, in a manner so imperious and significant that the deaf one in some degree understood it.

The provost addressed him sternly: "What hast thou done to be brought hither, varlet?"

The poor devil, supposing that the provost was asking his name, broke the silence which he habitually kept, and in a harsh and guttural voice, replied:—"Quasimodo."

The answer matched the question so little that the loud laugh began to circulate once more; and Messire Robert cried out, red with wrath: "Dost mock me too, thou arrant knave?"

"Bell-ringer of Notre-Dame," answered Quasimodo, thinking himself called upon to explain to the judge who he was.

"Bell-ringer!" returned the provost, who, as we have already said, had got up that morning in so bad a humor that his fury needed not to be kindled by such unaccountable answers—"Bell-ringer, indeed! I'll make them ring a peal of rods on thy back through every street in Paris—dost thou hear, rascal?"

"If you want to know my age," said Quasimodo, "I believe I shall be twenty next Martinmas."

This was too much. The provost could endure it no longer.

"Ha! so you jeer at the provostry, you wretch! Messieurs the sergeants of the wand, you will take me this knave to the pillory in the Grève, and there flog him and turn him for an hour. He shall pay for his impudence, 'Sdeath! And I order that this present sentence be proclaimed by four sworn trumpeters, in the seven castellanies of the viscounty of Paris."

The clerk instantly fell to work to record the sentence.

"Zounds! but that's a good sentence," cried the little schoolboy, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, from his corner.

The provost turned and fixed his flashing eyes once more on Quasimodo. "I believe the fellow said Zounds! Clerk, add a fine of twelve deniers parisis for swearing; and let

one-half of it go to the vestry of Saint Eustache—I have a particular devotion for Saint Eustache."

In a few minutes the sentence was drawn up. The tenor of it was simple and brief. The common law of the provostry and viscounty of Paris had not yet been elaborated by the president, Thibaut Baillet, and Roger Barmue, king's advocate; it was not yet obscured by that lofty hedge of quibbles and procedure which the two jurisconsults planted in it at the beginning of the sixteenth century. All was clear, expeditive, explicit; one went straight to the point—and at the end of every path was immediately visible, without thickets and without turnings, the wheel, the gibbet, or the pillory. One at least knew whither one was going.

The registrar presented the sentence to the provost, who affixed his seal to it, and departed, to pursue his round at the several auditories, in a frame of mind which seemed destined to fill every jail in Paris that day. Jehan Frollo and Robin Poussepain were laughing in their sleeves; Quasimodo gazed on the whole with an indifferent and astonished air.

However, at the moment when Maître Florian Barbedienne was in his turn reading over the judgment before signing it, the registrar

felt himself moved with pity for the poor condemned wretch; and, in the hope of obtaining some mitigation of the penalty, he approached the auditor's ear as close as he could, and said, pointing to Quasimodo: "That man is deaf."

He hoped that a sense of their common infirmity would awaken Maître Florian's interest in behalf of the condemned. But, in the first place, as we have already observed, Maître Florian did not care to have his deafness remarked; in the next place, he was so hard of hearing that he did not catch a single word of what the clerk said to him; nevertheless, he wished to appear to have heard, and replied: "Ah! ah! that is different—I did not know that. An hour more of the pillory, in that case."

And he signed the sentence thus modified.

"'Tis well done!" said Robin Poussepain, who cherished a grudge against Quasimodo, "that will teach him to handle people roughly."

II.

THE RAT-HOLE

With the reader's permission we shall conduct him back to the Place de Grève, which we quitted yesterday with Gringoire, to follow La Esmeralda.

It is the hour of ten in the morning. The appearance of everything indicates the morrow of a festival. The pavement is strewn with rubbish, ribbons, rags, feathers from tufts of plumes, drops of wax from the torches and fragments from the public banquet. A good many of the townspeople loiter about—turning over with their feet the extinct brands of the bonfire—going into raptures before the Maison aux Piliers at the recollection of the fine hangings of the preceding day, and now contemplating the nails that fastened them, the only remnant of the ravishing spectacle. The venders of beer and cider are trundling their barrels among the groups. Some busy passers-by come and go. The shopkeepers chatter and call to one another from their

thresholds. The holiday, the ambassadors, Coppenole, the Fools' Pope, are in every one's mouth; each striving to crack the best jokes and laugh the loudest. And yet, four sergeants on horseback, who have just posted themselves at the four sides of the pillory, have already gathered around them a good part of the populace scattered on the Place, which condemns itself to immobility and fatigue in the hope of a small execution.

Now, if the reader will, after surveying this lively and noisy scene which is being enacted in all parts of the square, turn his eyes toward that ancient half-Gothic, half-Roman building, the Tour Roland, which stands at the western corner next the quay, he will observe, at the angle of its façade, a large public breviary richly illuminated, protected from the rain by a small penthouse, and from thieves by a grating, which, however, permits of the leaves being turned. Close by this breviary is a narrow, arched window-hole, guarded by two iron bars placed crosswise, and looking toward the square—the only opening through which a little air and light are admitted into a small cell without a door, built on the ground-floor, in the thickness of the wall of the old house—and filled with a stillness the more profound, a silence the more dead, inasmuch as a public square, the most populous

and the noisiest in Paris, is swarming and clamoring around it.

This cell had been celebrated in Paris for nearly three centuries, since Madame Rolande, of Roland's Tower, in mourning for her father who died in the Crusades, had caused it to be hollowed out of the wall of her own house, to shut herself up in it forever, keeping of all her palace only this wretched nook, the door of which was walled up, and the window open to the elements, in winter as in summer—giving all the rest to God and to the poor. The disconsolate damsel had, in fact, awaited death for twenty years in this premature tomb, praying day and night for the soul of her father, sleeping in ashes, without even a stone for her pillow, clad in black sackcloth, and living only upon such bread and water as the pity of the passers-by deposited upon the edge of her window-place —thus receiving charity after she had given it. At her death—at the moment of her passing into the other sepulchre—she had bequeathed this one in perpetuity to women in affliction, mothers, widows or maidens, who should have occasion to pray much for others or for themselves, and should choose to bury themselves alive in the greatness of their grief or their penitence. The poor of her day paid her the best of funeral rites in their tears and bless-

ings; but, to their great regret, the pious maiden had not been canonized, for lack of patronage. Such of them as were a little inclined to impiety, had hoped that the thing would be done more easily in heaven than at Rome, and had frankly besought God, instead of the Pope, in behalf of the deceased. Most of them, however, had contented themselves with holding the memory of Rolande sacred and converting her rags into relics. The City, on its side, had founded, in honor of the lady, a public breviary, which was fastened near the window of the cell, in order that the passers-by might halt there from time to time, were it only to pray; that prayer might remind them of alms; and that the poor recluses, inheriting the stony cave of Madame Rolande, might not absolutely die of famine and neglect.

Moreover, this sort of tomb was not so very rare a thing in the cities of the Middle Ages. There might often be found, in the most frequented street, in the most crowded and noisy market-place—in the very midst—under the horses' feet and the wagon-wheels, as it were—a cave—a well—a walled and grated cabin—within which a human being prayed day and night, voluntarily devoted to some everlasting lamentation or some great expiation. And all the reflections which that

strange spectacle would awaken in us to-day —that horrible cell, a sort of intermediary link between the house and the tomb, the city and the cemetery—that living being cut off from human community, and thenceforth reckoned among the dead—that lamp consuming its last drop of oil in the darkness—that remnant of life flickering in the grave —that breath, that voice, that everlasting prayer, encased in stone—that face forever turned toward the other world—that eye already illumined by another sun—that ear glued to the wall of the sepulchre—that soul a prisoner in that body—that body a prisoner in that dungeon and under that double envelope of flesh and granite, the murmur of that soul in pain—nothing of all this was noted by the crowd.

The piety of that age, unreasoning and far from subtile, did not see so many sides in an act of religion. It took things in the gross; honoring, venerating and hallowing, at need, the sacrifice; but not analyzing the sufferings, nor feeling any depth of pity for them. It brought some pittance, from time to time, to the miserable penitent; looked through the hole, to see if he were yet living; knew not his name; hardly knew how many years ago he had begun to die; and to the stranger, who questioned them about the living skel-

eton rotting in that cellar, the neighbors replied simply, "It is the recluse."

Everything was then viewed without metaphysics, without exaggeration, without magnifying-glass, with the naked eye. The microscope had not yet been invented, either for material or for spiritual things.

However, the instances of this sort of seclusion in the heart of cities, though they raised but little wonder, were, as we have already observed, in reality frequent. There were in Paris a considerable number of those cells of penitence and prayer; and nearly all of them were occupied. It is true that the clergy did not care to leave them empty, as that implied lukewarmness among the faithful; and that lepers were put into them when penitents were not to be had. Besides the cell on the Grève, there was one at Montfaucon, one at the charnel-house of the Holy Innocents, another we hardly recollect where —at the Clichon House, we believe—and others still at many spots, where traces of them are found in traditions, in default of memorials. The University had also its own. On the Montagne Sainte Geneviève, a sort of Job of the Middle Ages sang for thirty years the seven penitential psalms, upon a dung-heap at the bottom of a cistern, beginning anew when he had come to the end—

singing louder in the night time, *magna voce per umbras* (a loud voice through the shadows); and the antiquary still fancies that he hears his voice, as he enters the Rue du Puits-qui-parle, or street of the talking well.

To confine ourselves here to the cell in Roland's Tower—we are bound to declare that it had scarcely ever lacked for recluses. Since Madame Rolande's death, it had rarely been vacant even for a year or two. Many a woman had come thither and mourned until death over the memory of her parent, her lover, or her failings. Parisian malice, which meddles with everything, even with those things which concern it least, affirmed that it had beheld but few widows there.

According to the manner of that period, a Latin inscription on the wall, indicated to the lettered passer-by the pious purpose of this cell. The custom was retained until the middle of the sixteenth century, of placing a brief explanatory motto above the entrance of a building. Thus in France one still reads over the wicket of the prison belonging to the seigniorial mansion of Tourville, *Sileto et spera* (Be silent and hope); in Ireland, under the escutcheon placed above the great gateway of Fortescue Castle, *Forte scutum, salus ducum* (Strong shield, the safety of lords); and in England, over the principal entrance

of the hospitable mansion of the Earls Cowper, *Tuum est* (It is thine). In those days every edifice embodied a thought.

As there was no door to the walled-up cell of the Tour Roland, there had been carved, in large Roman capitals, over the window, these two words:

TU, ORA (Pray, thou).

Hence the people, whose common-sense sees not so many subtleties in things, but readily translates *Ludovico Magno* into *Porte Saint Denis*, gave to this dark, damp, dismal cavity the name of *Trou aux Rats* (signifying rat-hole)—an explanation possibly less sublime than the other, but more picturesque.

III.

THE STORY OF A WHEATEN CAKE

At the time of which this story treats the cell in the Tour Roland was occupied. If the reader wishes to know by whom, he has but to listen to the conversation of three fair gossips, who, at the moment that we have called his attention to the Rat-Hole, were proceeding toward the same spot, going up the river-side from the Châtelet toward the Grève.

Two of these women were dressed like good *bourgeoises* of Paris. Their fine white ruffs; their petticoats of linsey-woolsey, with red and blue stripes; their white knitted stockings, with clocks embroidered in colors, pulled well up over the leg; the square-toed shoes, of tawny leather with black soles; and above all, their head-gear, that sort of tinsel horn, loaded with ribbons and lace, still worn by the women of Champagne, in common with the grenadiers of the Russian imperial guard, announced that they belonged to that class of

rich tradeswomen which holds the middle-ground between what the lackeys call *a woman* and what they term *a lady*. They wore neither rings nor gold crosses; but it was easy to see that this was not from poverty, but simply from fear of a fine. Their companion was decked out nearly in the same manner; but there was that indescribable something in her dress and bearing which suggested the wife of a country notary. It was evident, from the shortness of her waist, that she had not been long in Paris; add to this a plaited tucker—knots of ribbon upon her shoes—her skirt striped across instead of downward—and various other enormities which shocked good taste.

The first two walked with the step peculiar to Parisian women showing Paris to their country friends. The provincial one held by the hand a big, chubby boy, who held in his a large, flat cake. We regret to be obliged to add that, owing to the rigor of the season, his tongue was performing the office of his pocket-handkerchief.

The boy was being dragged along, *non passibus æquis* (unequal steps), as Virgil says, stumbling every moment, with many exclamations from his mother. It is true that he was looking more at the cake than upon the ground. Some serious reason, no doubt, prevented him from biting it (the cake), for he

contented himself with looking at it affectionately. But the mother ought surely to have taken charge of the cake herself; it was cruel thus to make a Tantalus of the chubby-cheeked boy.

Meanwhile the three damoiselles (for the epithet of dame or lady was then reserved for noble women) were all talking at once.

"Let us make haste, Damoiselle Mahiette," said the youngest, who was also the lustiest of the three, to her country friend. "I am much afraid we shall be too late; we were told at the Châtelet that they were to put him in the pillory forthwith."

"Ah, bah! what are you talking about, Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier?" interrupted the other Parisian. "He will stay two hours on the pillory. We shall have time enough. Have you ever seen any one in the pillory, my dear Mahiette?"

"Yes," said the provincial; "at Rheims."

"Ah, bah! what's that, your pillory at Rheims? A paltry cage, where they turn nothing but peasants. A fine sight, truly!"

"Nothing but peasants?" said Mahiette. "In the cloth-market! at Rheims! We've seen some very fine criminals there—people who had killed both father and mother! Peasants, indeed! What do you take us for, Gervaise?"

It is certain that the country dame was on the point of taking offence for the honor of her pillory. Luckily, the discreet Damoiselle Oudarde Musnier gave a seasonable turn to the conversation.

"By-the-by, Damoiselle Mahiette, what say you to our Flemish ambassadors? Have you any so fine at Rheims?"

"I confess," replied Mahiette, "that it's only at Paris one can see Flemings such as they."

"Did you see, among the embassy, that great ambassador who is a hosier?" asked Oudarde.

"Yes," said Mahiette; "he looks like a very Saturn."

"And that fat one, with a face like a round paunch? And that little fellow with small eyes and red lids, as ragged and hairy as a head of thistle?"

"Their horses are the finest sight," said Oudarde; "dressed out as they are in the fashion of their country."

"Ah! my dear," interrupted the rustic Mahiette, assuming in her turn an air of superiority, "what would you say, then, if you had seen, in '61, at the coronation at Rheims, eighteen years ago, the horses of the princes and of the king's retinue! Housings and trappings of all sorts; some of Damascus

cloth, fine cloth of gold, garnished with sables—others of velvet, furred with ermine —others all loaded with goldwork and great gold and silver fringe. And the money that it all cost—and the beautiful boy-pages that were upon them!"

"That does not alter the fact," dryly responded Damoiselle Oudarde, "that the Flemings have very fine horses—and that yesterday they had a splendid supper given them by monsieur the provost-merchant, at the Hôtel de Ville; where they served up sweetmeats, hippocrass, spices, and such like singularities."

"What are you talking about, neighbor?" cried Gervaise—"it was with the lord cardinal, at the Petit Bourbon, that the Flemings supped."

"No, no—it was at the Hôtel de Ville."

"Yes, yes, I tell you—it was at the Petit Bourbon."

"So surely was it at the Hôtel de Ville," returned Oudarde sharply, "that Doctor Scourable made them a speech in Latin, with which they seemed mightily pleased. It was my husband, who is one of the licensed booksellers, who told me so."

"So surely was it at the Petit Bourbon," returned Gervaise no less warmly, "that I'll just tell you what my lord cardinal's attorney made them a present of—twelve double quarts

of hippocrass, white, claret and vermilion; four-and-twenty cases of gilt double Lyons marchpane; as many wax-torches of two pounds each; and six half-casks of Beaune wine, white and red, the best that could be found. I hope that's decisive. I have it from my husband, who is captain of fifty men in the Commonalty Hall, and who was making a comparison this morning between the Flemish ambassadors and those of Prester John and the Emperor of Trebizond, who came to Paris from Mesopotamia, in the last king's time, and who had rings in their ears."

"So true is it that they supped at the Hôtel de Ville," replied Oudarde, not a whit moved by all this display of eloquence, "that never was there seen so fine a show of meats and sugar-plums."

"But I tell you that they were waited on by Le Sec, one of the city guard, at the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon—and 'tis that has misled you."

"At the Hôtel de Ville, I tell you."

"At the Petit Bourbon, my dear!—for they illuminated the word *Hope* which is written over the great doorway, with magical glasses."

"At the Hôtel de Ville! at the Hôtel de Ville!—for Hussen le Voir was playing the flute to them."

"I tell you, no."

"I tell you, yes."

"I tell you, no."

The good plump Oudarde was making ready to reply; and the quarrel might perhaps have gone on to the pulling of caps, if Mahiette had not suddenly exclaimed, "See those people, crowding together at the end of the bridge! There's something in the midst of them that they are looking at."

"Surely I hear the sound of a tambourine," said Gervaise. "I think it's little Smeralda, doing her mummeries with her goat. Quick, Mahiette—make haste, and pull your boy along. You are come here to see the curiosities of Paris. Yesterday you saw the Flemings—to-day you must see the little gypsy."

"The gypsy?" exclaimed Mahiette, turning sharply round and grasping tightly the arm of her son. "God forbid! She would steal my child—Come, Eustache!"

And she set off running along the quay toward the Grève, until she had left the bridge far behind her. But the boy, whom she dragged after her, stumbled and fell upon his knees; she stopped out of breath. Oudarde and Gervaise now came up with her.

"That gypsy steal your child!" said Gervaise; "that's an odd notion of yours!"

Mahiette shook her head thoughtfully.

"'Tis singular," observed Oudarde, "that the Sachette has the same notion about gypsy women."

"What's the Sachette?" inquired Mahiette.

"Hey!" said Oudarde, "Sister Gudule."

"And what is Sister Gudule?" returned Mahiette.

"You are indeed from your Rheims—not to know that!" answered Oudarde. "She is the recluse of the Rat-Hole."

"What?" asked Mahiette; "the poor woman to whom we are carrying the cake?"

Oudarde nodded affirmatively.

"Just so. You will see her presently, at her window on the Grève. She looks as you do upon those vagabonds of Egypt who go about tambourining and fortune-telling. Nobody knows what has given her this horror of zingari and Egyptians. But you, Mahiette, wherefore should you take to your heels thus at the mere sight of them?"

"Oh!" said Mahiette, clasping with both hands the chubby head of her boy; "I would not have that happen to me which happened to Pâquette la Chantefleurie!"

"Ah! you must tell us that story, good Mahiette," said Gervaise, taking her arm.

"I will gladly," answered Mahiette; "but you must, indeed, be from Paris—not to know that! You must know, then (but we need not

stop while I tell you the story), that Pâquette la Chantefleurie was a pretty girl of eighteen when I was one too, that is to say eighteen years ago; and that it's her own fault if she is not at this day, as I am, a good, hearty, fresh-looking mother of six-and-thirty, with a husband and a boy—but alack! from the time that she was fourteen years old, it was too late. She was the daughter of Guybertaut, a boat-minstrel at Rheims—the same that played before King Charles VII. at his coronation; when he went down our river Vesle from Sillery to Muison, and, more by token, the Maid of Orleans was in the barge with him. The old father died while Pâquette was quite a child, so she had only her mother, who was sister to Monsieur Matthieu Pradon, a master-brazier and coppersmith at Paris, Rue Parin Garlin, who died last year. You see she came of good family. The mother was unluckily a simple woman, and taught Pâquette little but to make finery and playthings, which did not hinder the little girl from growing very tall and remaining very poor. The two lived at Rheims, by the riverside, Rue de Folle Peine—mark that! for, I believe 'tis that which brought ill-luck to Pâquette. In '61, the year of the coronation of our King Louis XI., whom God preserve! Pâquette was so gay and so pretty, that every-

where they called her La Chantefleurie (the song blossom). Poor girl! What beautiful teeth she had! and she would laugh that she might show them. Now a girl who likes to laugh is on the high-road to weep—fine teeth are the ruin of fine eyes. Such was La Chantefleurie. She and her mother had hard work to earn their bread—they were fallen very low since the minstrel's death—their needlework brought them scarce more than six deniers a week, which is not quite two eagle farthings. Where was the time when father Guybertaut used to get twelve Paris pence, at a coronation, for a single song! One winter (it was in that same year '61), when the two women had neither logs nor fagots, the weather was very cold, and gave such a beautiful color to La Chantefleurie, that the men called her 'Pâquette'—some called her 'Pâquerette' (a daisy)—and then she was ruined—Eustache, let me see you bite the cake, if you dare!—We saw directly that she was ruined, one Sunday when she came to church with a gold cross on her neck.—At fourteen years of age! think of that! First it was the young Viscount de Cormontreuil, whose castle is about three-quarters of a league from Rheims; then, Messire Henri de Triancourt, the king's equerry; then, something lower, Chiart de Beaulion, sergeant-at-arms; then lower still,

Guery Aubergeon, the king's carver; then Macê de Frépus, monsieur the dauphin's barber; then Thévenin le Moine, the king's first cook; then, still descending, to men older and less noble, she fell to Guillaume Racine, viol-player—and to Thierry de Mer, lamp-maker. Then, poor Chantefleurie, she became common property—she was come to the last sou of her gold-piece. What think you, my damoiselles? At the coronation, in the same year '61, it was she that made the bed for the king of the ribalds!—That self-same year!—"

Mahiette sighed, and wiped away a tear that had started to her eyes.

"Here's a story," said Gervaise, "that's not very uncommon; and I do not see that it has anything to do with either gypsies or children."

"Patience!" resumed Mahiette—"As for a child, we shall soon come to it. In '66, sixteen years ago this month, on Saint Paul's day, Pâquette was brought to bed of a little girl. Poor creature; she was in great joy at it—she had long wished for a child. Her mother, poor simple woman, who'd never known how to do anything but shut her eyes; her mother was dead. Pâquette had nothing in the world to love and none to love her. For five years past, since she had gone astray, poor Chantefleurie had been a wretched crea-

ture. She was alone, alone in the world; pointed at, shouted after, through the streets; beaten by the sergeants; mocked by little ragged boys. And then she had seen her twentieth year—and twenty is old age for light women. Her wantonness was beginning to bring her in scarcely more than her needlework had formerly. Every fresh wrinkle made a crown less in her pocket; winter became again a hard season; again wood was scarce on her hearth, and bread in her cupboard. She could no longer work; for in giving way to pleasure she had become idle, and she suffered much more than formerly, because when she became idle she longed for pleasure. At least, it is thus that monsieur the curé of Saint Remy explains how it is that such women feel cold and hunger more than other poor creatures do, when they are old—"

"Yes," interrupted Gervaise; "but the gypsies?"

"Wait a moment, Gervaise!" said Oudarde, whose attention was less impatient; "what should we have at the end, if everything was at the beginning? Continue, Mahiette, I beg. That poor Chantefleurie!—"

Mahiette continued:

"Well, then—she was very sorrowful, very wretched, and her tears wore deep furrows in her cheeks. But in the midst of her shame,

her folly and her debauchery, she thought she would be less shameful, less wild and less dissipated, if there were something or some one in the world that she could love, and that could love her. It must be a child, for only a child could be innocent enough for that. She was aware of this after trying to love a thief, the only man that would have anything to say to her—but in a little time she had found out that the thief despised her. Those women of love require either a lover or a child to fill their hearts. Otherwise they are very unhappy. Not being able to find a lover, all her wishes turned toward having a child; and, as she had all along been pious, she prayed to God continually to send her one. So the good God took pity on her and gave her a little girl. I can not describe to you her joy—it was a fury of tears, kisses and caresses. She suckled the child herself; she made it swaddling-clothes out of her coverlet, the only one she had upon her bed; and no longer felt cold or hungry. She became beautiful once more in consequence of it. An old maid makes a young mother. Gallantry claimed her once more; men came again to see La Chantefleurie; she found customers for her wares; and out of all those horrors she made baby-clothes, capes and bibs, lace robes and little satin caps—without

so much as thinking of buying herself another coverlet—Master Eustache, I've already told you not to eat that cake—It is certain that little Agnès—that was the child's name: its Christian name—for, as to a surname, it was long since La Chantefleurie had ceased to have one!—certain it is that the little thing was more swathed with ribbons and embroideries than a dauphiness of Dauphiny. Among other things, she had a pair of little shoes, the like of which King Louis XI. certainly never had. Her mother had stitched and embroidered them herself; she had lavished on them all her skill as an embroideress, and all the embellishments of a robe for the Holy Virgin. They were the two sweetest little pink shoes that ever were seen. They were no longer than my thumb; and unless one saw the child's tiny feet slip out of them, one would never have believed they could have gone in. To be sure, the little feet were so small, so pretty, so rosy—rosier than the satin of the shoes! When you have children, Oudarde, you will know that there is nothing prettier than those little feet and those little hands."

"I wish for nothing better," said Oudarde, sighing; "but I must wait the good pleasure of Monsieur Andry Musnier."

"Besides," resumed Mahiette, "Pâquette's

child had not pretty feet only. I saw her when she was but four months old; she was a little love. Her eyes were larger than her mouth, and she had the most beautiful, fine, dark hair, which already curled. She would have made a superb brunette at sixteen! Her mother became more and more crazy about her every day. She hugged her—kissed her—tickled her—washed her—dressed her out—devoured her! She lost her head over her; she thanked God for her. Its pretty little rosy feet above all were an endless source of wonderment; they were a delirium of joy! She was always pressing her lips to them, and could not recover from amazement at their smallness. She put them into the little shoes, took them out, admired them—wondered at them—held them up to the light—would pity them while she was trying to make them walk upon her bed—and would gladly have passed her life on her knees, putting the shoes on and off those little feet, as if they had been those of an infant Jesus."

"The tale is fair and very good," said Gervaise, in an undertone, "but what is there about gypsies in all that?"

"Why, here," replied Mahiette. "One day there came to Rheims a very odd sort of gentry. They were beggars and vagabonds, who were roving about the country, headed

by their duke and their counts. They were swarthy, their hair all curly, and rings of silver in their ears. The women were still uglier than the men. Their faces were darker, and always uncovered; they wore a sorry kirtle about their body; an old cloth woven with cords, bound upon their shoulder; and their hair hanging like a horse's tail. The children wallowing under their feet would have frightened an ape. An excommunicated gang! They were all come in a straight line from lower Egypt to Rheims, through Poland. The Pope had confessed them, it was said, and had ordered them by way of penance to wander for seven years together without sleeping in a bed; and so they called themselves penancers, and stank. It seems that they were once Saracens; so they must have believed in Jupiter, and demanded ten Tours pounds from all archbishops, bishops and abbots that carried crosier and mitre. It was a papal bull gave them this right. They came to Rheims to tell fortunes in the name of the King of Algiers and the Emperor of Germany. You can readily imagine that no more was needed for them to be forbidden entrance to the town. Then the whole band encamped of their own accord near the gate of Braine, upon that mound where there's a windmill, close by the old chalk-pits. And all Rheims went to see

them. They looked into your hand, and told you marvelous prophecies—they were equal to predicting to Judas that he would become Pope. Nevertheless, there were ugly rumors about their child-stealing, purse-cutting and eating of human flesh. The wise folks said to the foolish ones, 'Don't go there!' and then went themselves by stealth. It was an infatuation. The fact is, that they said things fit to astonish a cardinal. Mothers boasted loudly of their children after the gypsy-women had read all sorts of miracles in their hands, written in Turkish and Pagan. One of them had got an emperor—another a pope—another a captain. Poor Chantefleurie was seized with curiosity—she had a mind to know what she had got, and whether her pretty little Agnès would not some day be Empress of Armenia, or of elsewhere. So she carried her to the gypsies; and the gypsy-women admired the child, fondled it, kissed it with their black mouths and wondered over its little hand—alas! to the great joy of its mother. They were particularly delighted with the pretty feet and the pretty shoes. The child was not yet a year old. She had begun to lisp a word or two—laughed at her mother like a little madcap—was plump and quite round—and had a thousand little gestures of the angels in paradise. But she was frightened at the

gypsy-women, and fell a-crying. Her mother kissed her the harder, and went away overjoyed at the good fortune which the soothsayers had told her Agnès. She was to be beautiful, virtuous and a queen. So she returned to her garret in the Rue Folle Peine, quite proud to carry with her a queen. The next day she took advantage of a moment when the child was asleep on her bed (for she always had it to sleep with herself), gently left the door ajar, and ran to tell a neighbor, in the Rue de la Sêchesserie, that the day was to come when her daughter Agnès was to be waited on at table by the King of England and the Archduke of Ethiopia—and a hundred other marvels. On her return, hearing no sound as she went up the stairs, she said to herself, 'Good, the child is still asleep.' She found her door wider open than she had left it—the poor mother, however, went in and ran to the bed. The child was no longer there—the place was empty. Nothing remained of the child but one of its pretty shoes. She rushed out of the room, flew down the stairs, and began to beat her head against the wall, crying, 'My child! who has my child? who has taken my child?' The street was deserted—the house stood alone—no one could tell her anything about it; she went about the town—searched all the streets—ran

hither and thither the whole day, wild, mad, terrible, peeping at the doors and windows like a wild beast that has lost its little ones. She was panting, disheveled, frightful to look upon—and in her eyes there was a fire that dried her tears. She stopped the passers-by, and cried, 'My daughter! my daughter! my pretty little daughter!—he that will restore me my daughter, I will be his servant—the servant of his dog, and he shall eat my heart if he likes.' She met monsieur the curê of Saint Remy, and said to him, 'Monsieur le curê, I will till the earth with my finger-nails —but give me back my child!' It was heart-rending, Oudarde—and I saw a very hard-hearted man, Maître Ponce Lacabre, the attorney, that wept. Ah! the poor mother! When night came she went home. During her absence, a neighbor had seen two gypsy-women steal slyly up stairs with a bundle in their arms; then come down again, after shutting the door, and hurry off. After they were gone, something like the cries of a child were heard in Pâquette's room—the mother laughed wildly—ran up the stairs as if on wings—burst in her door like a cannon going off, and entered the room. A frightful thing to tell, Oudarde!—instead of her sweet little Agnès, so fresh and rosy, who was a gift from the good God, there was a sort of little monster,

hideous, shapeless, one-eyed, with its limbs all awry, crawling and squalling upon the floor. She hid her eyes in horror. 'Oh!' said she, 'can it be that the witches have changed my child into that frightful animal!' They carried the little club-footed creature away as quick as possible. He would have driven her mad. He was the monstrous offspring of some gypsy-woman given over to the devil. He seemed to be about four years old, and spoke a language which was not a human tongue—there were words that were impossible. La Chantefleurie flung herself upon the little shoe, all that was left her of all that she had loved. There she remained so long motionless, speechless, breathless, that they thought she was dead. Suddenly she trembled all over — covered her relic with frantic kisses, and burst out sobbing, as if her heart were broken. I assure you we all wept with her. She said, 'Oh, my little girl! my pretty little girl! where art thou?'—and it wrung your very heart. I weep still when I think of it. Our children, I can tell you, are the very marrow of our bones. My poor Eustache! thou art so handsome! If you did but know how clever he is! Yesterday he said to me, 'I want to be a gendarme, I do.' Oh, my Eustache, if I were to lose thee!—All at once Chantefleurie sprang up and ran

through the streets of Rheims, shouting: 'To the gypsies' camp! to the gypsies' camp! Bring guards to burn the witches!' The gypsies were gone—it was pitch dark. No one could follow them. On the morrow, two leagues from Rheims, on a heath between Gueux and Tilloy, the remains of a large fire were found, some ribbons which had belonged to Pâquette's child, drops of blood and some goat's dung. The night just passed happened to be a Saturday night. There could be no further doubt that the Egyptians had held their Witches' Sabbath on that heath, and had devoured the child in company with Beelzebub, as the Mahometans do. When La Chantefleurie learnt these horrible things, she did not weep—she moved her lips as if to speak, but could not. On the morrow her hair was gray. On the second day she had disappeared."

"'Tis in truth a frightful tale!" said Oudarde; "enough to draw tears from a Burgundian!"

"I am no longer surprised," added Gervaise, "that the fear of gypsies should haunt you so."

"And you had all the reason," resumed Oudarde, "to flee with your Eustache just now, since these, too, are gypsies from Poland."

"Not so," said Gervaise; "'tis said that they come from Spain and Catalonia."

"Catalonia!—well, that may be," answered Oudarde; "Polonia, Catalonia, Valonia—those places are all one to me. There's one thing sure, they are gypsies."

"Who certainly," added Gervaise, "have teeth long enough to eat little children. And I should not be surprised if La Smeralda ate a little, too, for all her dainty airs. That white goat of hers has got too many mischievous tricks for there not to be some wickedness behind."

Mahiette walked on in silence. She was absorbed in that reverie which is a sort of prolongation of a doleful story, and which ends only after having communicated the emotion, from vibration to vibration, to the very last fibres of the heart. Gervaise, however, addressed her: "And so it was never known what became of La Chantefleurie?" Mahiette made no answer—Gervaise repeated her question, shaking her arm and calling her by her name. Mahiette seemed to awake from her reverie:

"What became of La Chantefleurie?" said she, mechanically repeating the words whose impression was still fresh in her ear. Then, making an effort to recall her attention to the meaning of the words—"Ah," she said sharply, "it was never known."

After a pause she added:

"Some said she had been seen to quit Rheims at nightfall by the Fléchembault gate; others, at daybreak, by the old Basée gate. A poor man found her gold cross hanging on the stone cross in the field where the fair is held. It was that trinket that had ruined her in '61. It was a gift from the handsome Viscount de Cormontreuil, her first lover. Pâquette would never part with it, even in her greatest wretchedness—she clung to it as to life. So when we saw this cross abandoned, we all thought she was dead. However, there were people, at the Cabaret les Vautes, who said they'd seen her go by on the Paris road, walking barefoot over the stones. But then she must have gone out through the Porte de Vesle, and all that did not agree. Or rather, I believe, that she did actually go out by the gate of Vesle, but she went out of this world."

"I do not understand you," said Gervaise.

"The Vesle," answered Mahiette, with a melancholy smile, "is the river."

"Poor Chantefleurie!" said Oudarde, with a shiver; "drowned!"

"Drowned," replied Mahiette. "And who could have foretold to the good father Guybertaut, when he floated down the stream under the Tinqueux bridge, singing in his boat, that his dear little Pâquette should one

day pass under that same bridge, but with neither song nor boat!"

"And the little shoe?" inquired Gervaise.

"Disappeared with the mother," answered Mahiette.

"Poor little shoe!" said Oudarde.

Oudarde, a fat and tender-hearted woman, would have been quite content to sigh in company with Mahiette. But Gervaise, more curious, had not yet come to the end of her questions.

"And the monster?" said she all at once to Mahiette.

"What monster?" asked the other.

"The little gypsy monster left by the witches at La Chantefleurie's in exchange for her child. What was done with it? I hope you drowned it, too."

"Not so," answered Mahiette.

"What? burned it then? I' faith, that was a better way of disposing of a witch's child."

"Neither the one nor the other, Gervaise. Monsieur the archbishop took an interest in the child of Egypt; he exorcised it, blessed it, carefully took the devil out of its body, and sent it to Paris to be exposed upon the wooden bed at Notre-Dame as a foundling."

"Those bishops!" muttered Gervaise; "because they're learned, forsooth, they can never do anything like other folks. I just put it to

you, Oudarde—the idea of placing the devil among the foundlings—for that little monster was assuredly the devil. Well, Mahiette, and what did they do with him in Paris? I suppose no charitable person wanted him."

"I don't know, indeed," answered the native of Rheims. "It was just at that time that my husband bought the place of notary at Beru, two leagues from the town; and we thought no more of all that story—particularly as right by Beru there are the two hills of Cernay, which quite hide the spires of Rheims cathedral."

While talking thus, the three worthy bourgeoises had arrived at the Place de Grève. In their preoccupation they had passed the public breviary of the Tour Roland without stopping, and were proceeding mechanically toward the pillory, around which the crowd increased momentarily. Probably the sight, which at this instant attracted every eye, would have made them completely forget the Rat-Hole and the halt which they intended to make there, if the sturdy six-years-old Eustache, whom Mahiette led by the hand, had not suddenly reminded them of it. "Mother," said he, as though some instinct warned him that the Rat-Hole was behind them, "now may I eat the cake?"

Had Eustache been more adroit, that is to

say, less greedy, he would have waited a little longer; and not until they had reached home, in the University, at Maître Andry Musnier's, in the Rue Madame la Valence, when the two channels of the Seine and the five bridges of the City would have been between the cake and the Rat-Hole, would he have hazarded that simple question—"Mother, now may I eat the cake?"

This same question, an imprudent one at the moment when it was put by Eustache, roused Mahiette's attention.

"By the way," she exclaimed, "we are forgetting the recluse! Show me your Rat-Hole, that I may carry her the cake."

"At once," said Oudarde, "for 'tis charity."

This was not at all to Eustache's liking.

"Oh, my cake!" said he, rubbing both ears alternately with his shoulders, which in such cases betokens supreme discontent.

The three women retraced their steps; and as they approached the house of the Tour Roland, Oudarde said to the other two:

"We must not all three look into the hole at once, lest we should frighten the Sachette. You two pretend to read the Dominus in the breviary, while I take a peep at the window-hole. The Sachette knows me a little. I'll tell you when you may come."

She went to the window alone. The moment that she looked in, profound pity took possession of every feature, and her frank, gay visage altered its expression and color as suddenly as if it had passed from a ray of sunshine to a ray of moonlight; her eyes grew moist, and her mouth quivered as if she were about to weep. A moment later, she put her finger to her lips and beckoned to Mahiette to come and look.

Mahiette, much moved, joined her silently and on tip-toe, like one approaching a death-bed.

It was in truth a melancholy sight that presented itself to the eyes of the two women, as they gazed through the grated window of the Rat-Hole, neither stirring nor breathing.

The cell was small, broader than it was long, with an arched ceiling, and, seen from within, looked like the inside of a huge bishop's mitre. On the bare flag-stones that formed its floor, in one corner, a woman was sitting, or rather crouching. Her chin rested on her knees, which her crossed arms pressed closely against her breast. Doubled up in this manner, clad in brown sackcloth which covered her loosely from head to foot, her long, gray hair pulled over in front and hanging over her face, down her legs to her feet

—she seemed at first only a strange form outlined against the dark background of the cell —a sort of dusky triangle, which the ray of light entering at the window divided distinctly into two tones, one dark, the other illuminated. It was one of those spectres, half light, half shade, such as are seen in dreams, and in the extraordinary work of Goya—pale—motionless—sinister—crouching over a tomb, or leaning against the grating of a dungeon. It was neither woman nor man, nor living being, nor definite form; it was a figure, a sort of vision, in which the real and the fanciful intermingled like twilight and daylight. Beneath her hair, which fell to the ground, the outlines of a stern and emaciated profile were barely visible; scarcely did her garment permit the extremity of a bare foot to escape, which contracted on the hard, cold pavement. The little of human form that was discernible under that mourning envelope caused a shudder.

This figure, which looked as if riveted to the flag-stones, seemed to have neither motion, thought, nor breath. In that thin sackcloth, in January, lying on a stone floor, without fire, in the darkness of a dungeon, whose oblique loophole admitted only the chill blast, and never the sun—she appeared not to suffer, not even to feel. She seemed to

have been turned to stone like her dungeon, to ice like the season. Her hands were clasped; her eyes were fixed. At the first glance she seemed a spectre; at the second, a statue.

At intervals, however, her blue lips were parted by a breath, and trembled, but as dead and mechanical as the leaves which the wind sweeps aside.

Meanwhile those haggard eyes cast a look, an ineffable look, a profound, lugubrious, imperturbable look, incessantly fixed on one corner of the cell, which could not be seen from without; a gaze which seemed to concentrate all the gloomy thoughts of that suffering spirit upon some mysterious object.

Such was the creature who was called from her habitation the *recluse*, and from her coarse garment the Sachette.

The three women (for Gervaise had come up to Mahiette and Oudarde) peered through the aperture. Their heads intercepted the feeble light in the cell, without the wretched being whom they thus deprived of it seeming to pay any attention to them. "Let us not disturb her," whispered Oudarde; "she is in her ecstasy; she is praying."

But Mahiette was gazing with an ever increasing anxiety at that wan, withered, disheveled head, and her eyes filled with tears.

"That would indeed be singular!" muttered she.

Passing her head through the bars of the window, she contrived to get a glimpse of the corner upon which the unfortunate woman's eyes were invariably riveted.

When she withdrew her head from the window her cheeks were bathed with tears.

"What do you call that woman?" said she to Oudarde.

Oudarde answered, "We call her Sister Gudule."

"And I," returned Mahiette, "call her Pâquette la Chantefleurie."

Then, laying her finger on her lips, she motioned to the amazed Oudarde to put her head through the aperture, and look.

Oudarde looked and saw, in the corner upon which the eye of the recluse was fixed in that gloomy absorption, a tiny shoe of pink satin, embroidered with countless gold and silver spangles.

Gervaise looked after Oudarde; and then the three women, gazing upon the unhappy mother, began to weep.

But neither their looks nor their tears disturbed the recluse. Her hands remained clasped; her lips mute; her eyes fixed; and to any one who knew her story, that gaze of hers upon that little shoe was heartrending.

The three women had not yet breathed a word; they dared not speak, even in a whisper. This profound silence, this great grief, this entire oblivion of all but one thing, had upon them the effect of the high altar at Easter or Christmas. They were silent, absorbed, ready to fall upon their knees. It seemed to them as if they had just entered a church on the Saturday in Passion-week.

At length Gervaise, the most curious of the three, and therefore the least sensitive, tried to make the recluse speak: "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

Thrice did she repeat this call, raising her voice every time. The recluse stirred not—there was no word, no look, no sigh, no sign of life.

Oudarde in her turn, in a sweeter and more caressing voice, said to her, "Sister—holy Sister Gudule!"

The same silence, the same immobility.

"A strange woman!" exclaimed Gervaise, "and one who would not start at a bombard."

"She is perchance deaf," said Oudarde, with a sigh.

"Perchance blind," said Gervaise.

"Perchance dead," observed Mahiette.

It is certain that if the spirit had not already quitted that inert, torpid, lethargic body, it had at least retired within it, and

hidden itself in depths whither the perceptions of the external organs no longer penetrated.

"We shall have to leave the cake on the window-sill," said Oudarde; "and some lad will take it. What can we do to rouse her?"

Eustache, whose attention had until that moment been diverted by a little cart drawn by a great dog, which had just passed, noticed all at once that his three conductresses were looking at something through the hole in the wall; and curiosity taking possession of him in turn he climbed upon a stone post, raised himself on tip-toe, and thrusting his red, chubby face through the opening, cried out, "Mother, let me see, too."

At the sound of this childish voice, clear, fresh and ringing, the recluse started. She turned her head with the sharp, abrupt movement of a steel spring; her two long, thin hands brushed back the hair from her forehead; and she fixed upon the child a look of astonishment, bitterness and despair. That look was but a flash.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed suddenly, hiding her head upon her knees—and it seemed as if her hoarse voice tore her breast in passing—"at least do not show me those of others!"

"Good-day, madame," said the boy, gravely.

But the shock, however, had, as it were, awakened the recluse. A long shiver ran through her entire frame, from head to foot; her teeth chattered; she half raised her head, and said, pressing her elbows to her sides, and clasping her feet in her hands, as if to warm them:

"Oh, how cold it is!"

"Poor creature," said Oudarde, with deep pity, "would you like a little fire?"

She shook her head in token of refusal.

"Well," resumed Oudarde, offering her a flask, "here is some hippocrass, that will warm you. Drink."

Again she shook her head, looked at Oudarde fixedly, and replied: "Water!"

Oudarde insisted: "No, sister; that is no January beverage. You must drink a little hippocrass, and eat this leavened cake of maize, which we have baked for you."

She put aside the cake, which Mahiette offered her, and said, "Some black bread!"

"Come," said Gervaise, seized with a charitable impulse in her turn, and unfastening her woolen mantle—"here is a cloak something warmer than yours—put this over your shoulders."

She refused the cloak as she had the flask and the cake, and answered, "Sacking!"

"But surely," resumed the kind-hearted

Oudarde, "you must have perceived, I should think, that yesterday was a holiday."

"I am aware of it," said the recluse. "'Tis two days now since I have had any water in my crock."

She added, after a pause, "'Tis a holiday, and they forget me—they do well. Why should the world think of me, who think not of it? When the fire goes out the ashes are soon cold."

And as though fatigued with having said so much, she dropped her head on her knees again. The simple and charitable Oudarde, who fancied that she understood from her last words that she was still complaining of the cold, replied innocently, "Then will you have a little fire?"

"Fire?" said the Sachette with a strange accent—"and will you make a little, also, for the poor little one who has been beneath the sod for these fifteen years?"

Her limbs shook, her voice trembled, her eyes flashed. She raised herself upon her knees; suddenly she stretched her thin white hand towards the child, who was looking at her in surprise. "Take away that child!" she cried, "the Egyptian woman is about to pass by."

Then she fell with her face to the ground, and her forehead struck the floor with the

sound of one stone upon another. The three women thought her dead. But a moment later she stirred, and they saw her crawl upon her hands and knees to the corner where the little shoe was. Then they dared not look; they no longer saw her, but they heard a thousand kisses and sighs, mingled with heart-rending cries and dull blows, like those of a head striking against a wall; then, after one of these blows, so violent that they all three started, they heard nothing more.

"Has she killed herself?" said Gervaise, venturing to put her head in at the aperture. "Sister! Sister Gudule!"

"Sister Gudule!" repeated Oudarde.

"Ah, good heavens! she no longer stirs!" exclaimed Gervaise—"Is she dead, think you? —Gudule! Gudule!"

Mahiette, whose utterance had been choked until then, now made an effort. "Wait," said she; and then, bending down to the window, "Pâquette!" she cried, "Pâquette la Chantefleurie!"

A child who thoughtlessly blows upon the ill-lighted fuse of a petard, and makes it explode in his face, is no more terrified than was Mahiette at the effect of this name thus suddenly flung into the cell of Sister Gudule.

The recluse shook all over; sprang upon

her feet, and bounded to the window with eyes so flaming that Mahiette and Oudarde and the other woman and the child retreated to the parapet of the quay.

But still the forbidding face of the recluse appeared pressed against the bars of the window. "Oh, oh!" she cried, with a frightful laugh, "'tis the Egyptian who calls me!"

At this instant the scene which was passing at the pillory caught her wild eye. Her forehead wrinkled with horror—she stretched out of her den her two skeleton arms, and cried out, in a voice that resembled a death-rattle: —"So, 'tis thou once more, daughter of Egypt—'Tis thou who callest me, stealer of children! Well, be thou accursed! accursed! accursed!—"

IV.

A TEAR FOR A DROP OF WATER

These words were, so to speak, the connecting link between two scenes which, until that moment, had been simultaneously developing themselves, each upon its particular stage—the one, that which has just been related, at the Trou aux Rats; the other, now to be described, at the pillory. The former was witnessed only by the three women whose acquaintance the reader has just made; the latter had for spectators the whole crowd which we saw some time since collect upon the Place de Grève, around the pillory and the gibbet.

This crowd, which the four sergeants posted from nine o'clock in the morning at the four corners of the pillory had inspired with the hope of some sort of an execution—not a hanging, probably—but a whipping, a cutting off of ears, something in short—this crowd had increased so rapidly that the four sergeants, too closely besieged, had been obliged

more than once to "press it," as they expressed it, by sound blows of their whit-leather whips and the haunches of their horses.

The populace, well accustomed to wait for public executions, did not manifest great impatience. It amused itself looking at the pillory—a very simple sort of structure, consisting of a cubical mass of stonework, some ten feet high, and hollow within. A very steep flight of steps, of unhewn stone, called by distinction the "ladder," led to the upper platform, upon which was seen a horizontal wheel of solid oak. The victim was bound upon this wheel, on his knees, and his arms pinioned. An upright shaft of timber, set in motion by a capstan concealed inside the little structure, gave a rotary motion to the wheel, which always maintained its horizontal position, thus presenting the face of the culprit successively to each side of the Square in turn. This was called "turning" a criminal.

It is evident that the pillory of the Grève was far from possessing all the attractions of the pillory of the Markets. There was nothing architectural, nothing monumental. There was no iron-cross roof—no octagonal lantern — there were no slender columns, spreading out at the edge of the roof into capitals composed of foliage and flowers—no fantastic and monster-headed gutter-spouts—

no carved woodwork—no delicate sculpture cut deep into the stone.

They were forced to be content with those four rough stone walls, with two buttresses of sandstone, with a sorry stone gibbet, meagre and bare, on one side.

The treat would have been indeed a poor one for lovers of Gothic architecture. It is true, however, that none were ever less interested in architecture than the good cockneys of the Middle Ages, who cared very little for the beauty of a pillory.

At last the culprit arrived, tied to the tail of a cart, and as soon as he was hoisted upon the platform, so that he could be seen from all parts of the Square, bound with cords and straps to the wheel of the pillory, a prodigious hooting, mingled with laughter and acclamations, burst from the assemblage in the Square. They had recognized Quasimodo.

It was he, in fact. It was a strange reverse. Pilloried on the very place where the day before he had been saluted, acclaimed and proclaimed Pope and Prince of Fools, escorted by the Duke of Egypt, the King of Tunis and the Emperor of Galilee. One thing is certain, and that is that there was not a soul in the crowd—not even himself, in turn triumphant and a victim, who could clearly make out in his own mind the connection between

the two situations. Gringoire and his philosophy were lacking from this spectacle.

Presently, Michel Noiret, sworn trumpeter to the king, imposed silence on the louts and proclaimed the sentence, pursuant to the ordinance and command of monsieur the provost. He then fell back behind the cart, with his men in livery surcoats.

Quasimodo, impassive, did not wince. All resistance on his part was rendered impossible by what was then called, in the language of criminal law, "the vehemence and firmness of the bonds"—that is to say, that the small straps and chains probably entered his flesh. This, by-the-by, is a tradition of the jail and the galleys which is not yet lost, and which the handcuffs still preserve with care among us, a civilized, mild, and humane people (the guillotine between parentheses).

He had allowed himself to be led, thrust, carried, hoisted, bound and bound again. Nothing was to be seen upon his countenance but the astonishment of a savage or an idiot. He was known to be deaf; he seemed to be blind.

They placed him on his knees on the circular plank; he made no resistance. He was stripped of shirt and doublet to the waist; he submitted. They bound him down under a fresh system of straps and buckles; he let

them buckle and strap him. Only from time to time he breathed heavily, like a calf, whose head hangs dangling over the side of the butcher's cart.

"The dolt!" said Jehan Frollo du Moulin to his friend Robin Poussepain (for the two students had followed the sufferer, as in duty bound), "he understands no more about it than a cockchafer shut up in a box."

There was a wild laugh among the crowd when they saw, stripped naked to their view, Quasimodo's hump, his camel breast, his callous and hairy shoulders. Amidst all this mirth, a man of short stature and robust frame, in the livery of the city, ascended the platform, and placed himself by the culprit. His name speedily circulated among the spectators —it was Maître Pierrat Torterue, official torturer at the Châtelet.

He began by depositing on one corner of the pillory a black hour-glass, the upper cup of which was filled with red sand, which was filtering through into the lower receptacle. Then he took off his parti-colored doublet; and there was seen hanging from his right hand a slender whip with long, white thongs, shining, knotted, braided and armed with points of metal. With his left hand he carelessly rolled his right shirt-sleeve up to his armpit.

Meanwhile Jehan Frollo shouted, lifting his curly, blond head above the crowd (he had mounted for that purpose on the shoulders of Robin Poussepain), "Come and see—messieurs! mesdames! — they're going to peremptorily flagellate Master Quasimodo, the bell-ringer of my brother monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas—a knave of oriental architecture, who has a back like a dome, and legs like twisted columns!"

And the people laughed, especially the boys and young girls.

At length the executioner stamped with his foot. The wheel began to turn; Quasimodo staggered under his bonds. The amazement suddenly depicted upon his deformed visage redoubled the bursts of laughter all around him.

All at once, at the moment when the wheel in its rotation presented to Maître Pierrat Quasimodo's humped back, Maître Pierrat raised his arm, the thin lashes hissed sharply in the air like a handful of vipers, and fell with fury upon the poor wretch's shoulders.

Quasimodo made a spring as if starting from his sleep. He now began to understand. He writhed in his bonds. A violent contraction of surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face; but he heaved not a sigh. Only he turned his head backward to the right, then to

the left, balancing it as a bull does when stung in the flank by a gadfly.

A second stroke followed the first—then a third—then another—and another—and so on and on. The wheel did not cease to turn, nor the blows to rain down.

Soon the blood spurted; it streamed in countless rivulets over the swarthy shoulders of the hunchback; and the slender thongs in their rotary motion which rent the air sprinkled drops of it upon the crowd.

Quasimodo had relapsed, in appearance at least, into his former apathy. At first he had striven, silently and without any great external effort, to burst his bonds. His eye had been seen to kindle, his muscles to stiffen, his limbs to gather all their force and the straps and chains stretched. The effort was powerful, prodigious, desperate—but the old shackles of the provostry resisted. They cracked; and that was all. Quasimodo sank down exhausted. Amazement gave place in his countenance to an expression of bitter and deep discouragement. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast, and seemed as if he were dead.

Thenceforward he stirred no more. Nothing could wring any motion from him—neither his blood, which continued to flow; nor the blows which fell with redoubled fury; nor the

rage of the executioner, who worked himself up and became intoxicated with the execution; nor the noise of the horrid lashes, keener and sharper than the stings of a wasp.

At length an usher of the Châtelet, clothed in black, mounted on a black horse, and stationed by the side of the steps from the commencement of the punishment, extended his ebony wand toward the hour-glass. The executioner stopped. The wheel stopped. Quasimodo's eye slowly reopened.

The flagellation was finished. Two assistants of the official torturer bathed the bleeding shoulders of the sufferer, anointed them with some kind of unguent, which immediately closed all the wounds, and threw over his back a sort of yellow cloth cut in the form of a chasuble. Meanwhile Pierrat Torterue let the blood that soaked the lashes of his scourge drain from them in drops upon the ground.

But all was not yet over for Quasimodo. He had still to undergo that hour on the pillory which Maître Florian Barbedienne had so judiciously added to the sentence of Messire Robert d'Estouteville—all to the greater glory of the old physiological and psychological play upon words of Jean de Cumène—*Surdus absurdus* (a deaf man is absurd).

The hour-glass was therefore turned, and

the hunchback was left bound to the plank, that justice might be fully satisfied.

The populace, particularly in the Middle Ages, is in society what the child is in a family. So long as they remain in that state of primitive ignorance, of moral and intellectual minority, it may be said of them as of a child,

"That age is a stranger to pity."

We have already shown that Quasimodo was generally hated—for more than one good reason, it is true. There was hardly a spectator among that crowd but either had or thought he had some cause of complaint against the malevolent hunchback of Notre-Dame. The joy at seeing him appear thus in the pillory had been universal; and the harsh punishment he had just undergone, and the piteous plight in which it had left him, far from softening the hearts of the populace, had but rendered their hatred more malicious by arming it with the sting of mirth.

Accordingly, "public vengeance," as the legal jargon still styles it, once satisfied, a thousand private spites had now their turn. Here, as in the Great Hall, the women were most vehement. All bore him some grudge—some for his mischievousness, others for his ugliness. The latter were the more furious.

"Oh! thou phiz of Antichrist!" exclaimed one.

"Thou broomstick-rider!" cried another.

"What a fine tragical grin!" bawled a third, "and one that would have made him Fools' Pope if to-day had been yesterday."

"'Tis well!" chimed in an old woman. "This is the pillory grin; when is he to give us the gallows grin?"

"When art thou to have thy big bell clapped upon thy head a hundred feet under ground, thou cursed ringer?" shouted one.

"And to think 'tis this devil rings the Angelus!"

"Oh! thou deaf man! thou one-eyed creature! thou hunchback! thou monster!"

"A face to make a woman miscarry, better than all the drugs and medicines."

And the two students, Jehan du Moulin and Robin Poussepain, sang at the top of their lungs, the old popular refrain—

A halter for the gallows rogue!
A fagot for the witch!

Countless other insults rained upon him, and hootings, and imprecations, and laughter, and now and then a stone.

Quasimodo was deaf, but his sight was good; and the public fury was not less forcibly expressed on their faces than by their words. Besides, the stones that struck him explained the bursts of laughter.

He bore it for a time. But, by degrees, that patience which had resisted the lash of the torturer relaxed and gave way under these insect stings. The Asturian bull that has borne unmoved the attacks of the picador is irritated by the dogs and the banderillas.

At first he slowly rolled around a look of menace at the crowd. But, shackled as he was, his look was powerless to chase away those flies which galled his wound. He then struggled in his bonds; and his furious contortions made the old wheel of the pillory creak upon its timbers. All which but increased the derision and the hooting.

Then the poor wretch, unable to break the collar which chained him like a wild beast, once more became quiet; only, at intervals, a sigh of rage heaved the hollows of his breast. On his face there was not a blush nor a trace of shame. He was too far from the social state, and too near the state of nature, to know what shame was. Moreover, with such a degree of deformity, is infamy a thing that can be felt? But resentment, hatred, despair, slowly spread over that hideous visage a cloud which grew darker and darker, more and more charged with electricity which burst forth in a thousand flashes from the eye of the cyclops.

However, that cloud was lightened for a

moment as a mule passed through the crowd, bearing a priest on his back. As far away as he could see that mule and that priest, the poor sufferer's countenance softened. The fury which convulsed it gave way to a strange smile, full of ineffable sweetness, gentleness, tenderness. As the priest approached this smile became more pronounced, more distinct, more radiant. It was as if the unfortunate creature hailed the arrival of a deliverer. But the moment the mule was near enough to the pillory for its rider to recognize the sufferer, the priest cast down his eyes, wheeled about, clapped spurs to his beast, as if in haste to escape a humiliating appeal, and by no means desirous of being known and addressed by a poor devil in such a situation.

This priest was the Archdeacon Dom Claude Frollo.

Quasimodo's brow was overcast by a darker cloud than ever. The smile was still mingled with it for a time; but bitter, disheartened and profoundly sad.

Time passed. He had been there at least an hour and a half; lacerated, abused, mocked, and almost stoned to death.

All at once he again struggled in his chains, with redoubled desperation, that shook the whole framework that held him; and, breaking the silence which he had hitherto obsti-

nately kept, he cried in a hoarse and furious voice, which was more like a bark than a human cry, and which drowned the noise of the hooting, "Water!"

This exclamation of distress, far from exciting compassion, heightened the mirth of the good people of Paris who surrounded the pillory, and who, it must be admitted, taken as a whole and as a multitude, were at this time scarcely less cruel and brutal than that horrible tribe of Truands, to whom we have already introduced the reader, and who were simply the lowest stratum of the people. Not a voice was raised around the unhappy victim, except to jeer at his thirst. Certainly he was at this moment more grotesque and repulsive than he was pitiable—with his face purple and dripping, his wild eye, his mouth foaming with rage and suffering, and his tongue lolling half out. It must also be stated that had there even been any good, charitable soul of a townsman or townswoman among the rabble, who might have been tempted to carry a glass of water to that miserable creature in pain, so strong an idea of shame and ignominy was attached to the infamous steps of the pillory as would have sufficed to repel the good Samaritan.

In a few minutes, Quasimodo cast a despairing look upon the crowd, and re-

peated in a still more heart-rending voice, "Water!"

Everyone laughed.

"Drink this!" cried Robin Poussepain, flinging in his face a sponge which had been dragged in the gutter. "There, deaf scoundrel, I am thy debtor!"

A woman threw a stone at his head, saying: "That will teach thee to waken us at night with thy cursed ringing!"

"Well, my lad!" bawled a cripple, striving to reach him with his crutch, "wilt thou cast spells on us again from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame?"

"Here's a porringer to drink out of," said one man, hurling a broken pitcher at his breast. "'Tis thou that, with only passing before her, made my wife be brought to bed of a child with two heads!"

"And my cat of a kitten with six paws!" yelped an old crone as she flung a tile at him.

"Water!" repeated Quasimodo for the third time, panting.

At that moment, he saw the populace make way. A young girl, fantastically dressed, emerged from the throng. She was followed by a little white goat with gilded horns, and carried a tambourine in her hand.

Quasimodo's eye sparkled. It was the gypsy-girl whom he had attempted to carry off the

night before, for which piece of presumption he had some confused notion that they were punishing him at that very moment—which, in point of fact, was not in the least the case, since he was punished only for the misfortune of being deaf and of being tried by a deaf judge. He doubted not that she, too, was come to take her revenge, and to deal her blow like all the rest.

Thus, he beheld her rapidly ascend the steps. He was choking with rage and vexation. He would have liked to crumble the pillory to atoms; and could the flash of his eye have dealt death, the gypsy would have been reduced to ashes before she could have reached the platform.

Without a word, she approached the sufferer, who writhed in a vain effort to escape her; and detaching a gourd from her girdle, she raised it gently to the poor wretch's parched lips.

Then in that eye, hitherto so dry and burning, a big tear was seen to start, which fell slowly down that misshapen face so long convulsed by despair. It was possibly the first that the unfortunate creature had ever shed.

Meanwhile, he forgot to drink. The gypsy-girl made her little pout with impatience; and smiling, pressed the neck of the gourd to the tusked mouth of Quasimodo.

He drank deep draughts. His thirst was burning.

When he had done, the poor wretch put out his black lips, undoubtedly to kiss the fair hand which had just succored him; but the young girl, who, remembering the violent attempt of the preceding night, was perhaps not without some mistrust, drew back her hand with the frightened gesture of a child afraid of being bitten by some animal.

Then the poor deaf creature fixed upon her a look of reproach and unutterable sorrow.

It would have been a touching sight anywhere—this beautiful, fresh, pure, charming girl, who was at the same time so weak, thus piously hastening to the relief of so much wretchedness, deformity and malevolence. On a pillory the spectacle was sublime.

The very populace were moved by it, and clapped their hands, shouting, "Noël, Noël!"

It was at that moment that the recluse caught sight from the loophole of her cell of the gypsy-girl on the pillory, and hurled at her her sinister imprecation, "Accursed be thou, daughter of Egypt! accursed! accursed!"

V.

END OF THE STORY OF THE CAKE

Esmeralda turned pale, and with faltering step descended from the pillory; the voice of the recluse pursued her still. "Get thee down! get thee down! Egyptian thief! thou shalt go up there again!"

"The Sachette is in one of her humors," said the people, grumbling—and that was the end of it. For that sort of woman was feared, which rendered them sacred. Nobody in those days was willing to attack any one that prayed day and night.

The hour had come to release Quasimodo. He was unbound, and the crowd dispersed.

Near the Grand Pont, Mahiette, who was going away with her companions, suddenly halted.

"By-the-by, Eustache," said she, "what hast thou done with the cake?"

"Mother," said the boy, "while you were talking to that lady in the hole, there was a great dog came and bit of my cake—and then I bit of it too."

"What, sir!" cried she, "have you eaten it all?"

"Mother, it was the dog. I told him so; but he would not listen to me. Then I bit a piece too—that's all."

"'Tis a terrible child," said the mother, smiling and scolding at the same time. "Look you, Oudarde—he already eats by himself all the fruit from the cherry-tree in our croft at Charlerange. So his grandfather says he'll be a captain. Just let me catch you at it again, Master Eustache. Get along, you fat, little pig!"

NOTE

NOTRE-DAME, VOLUME II

Page 101. Line 9, "year of the comet"—This comet, against which Pope Calixtus, uncle of Borgia, ordered public prayers, is the same which reappeared in 1835.

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